Mrs. Z. BARNUM.

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CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

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1847

CHAMBERS'S
MISCELLANY
OF
USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING
TRACTS

W&RC
J Bower Edinr

EDINBURGH
WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

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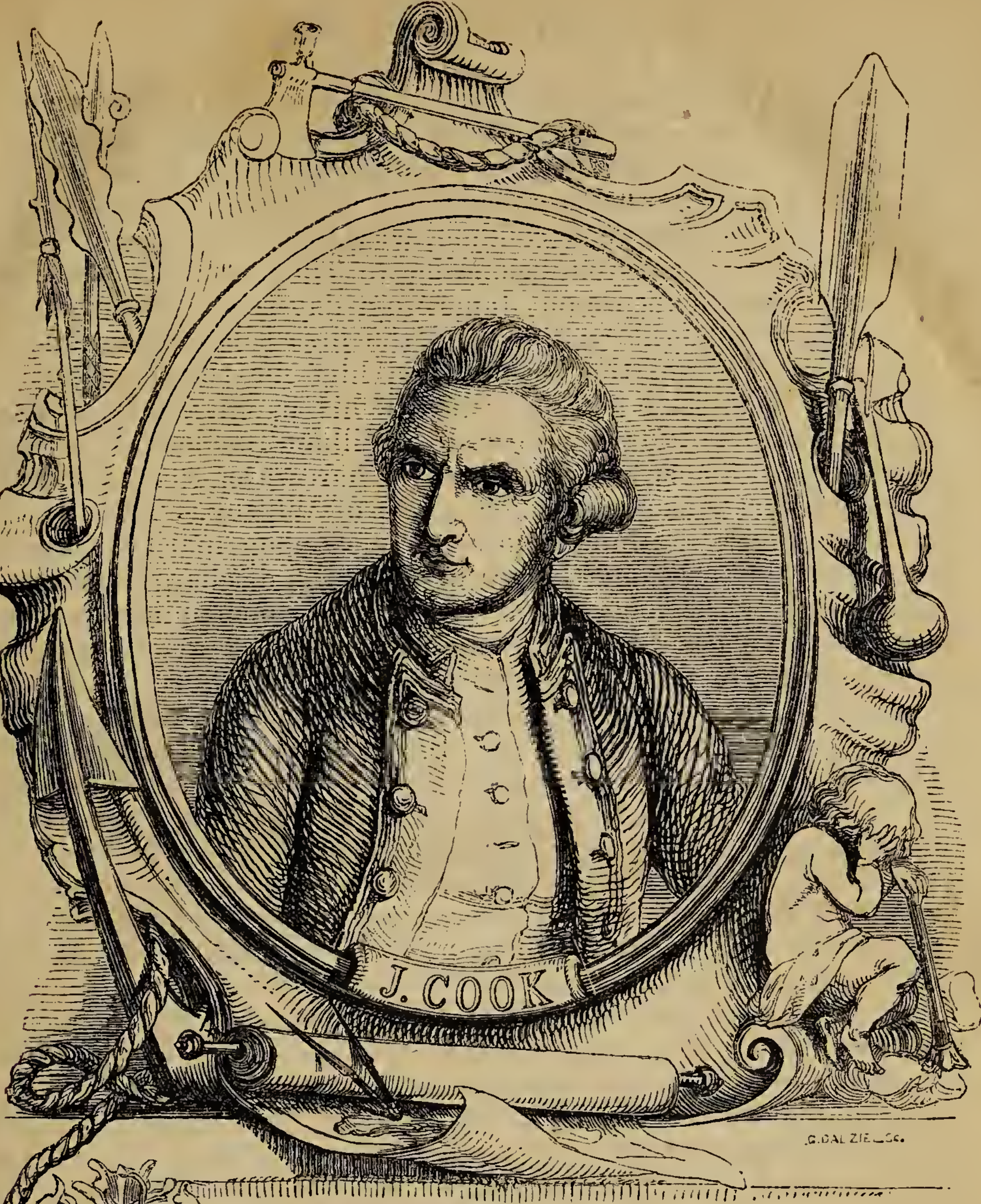

A LOVE of maritime enterprise is one of those well-known characteristics of British youth, which have led to innumerable instances of daring intrepidity on the seas around our coasts, as well as the most distant parts of the ocean. This quality of mind, to which Britain owes so much of her supremacy in the scale of nations, has been seldom more strikingly manifested than in the case of Captain Cook, a man who, from the humblest rank in life, and after encountering the difficulties which usually lie in the path of a sailor, rose, by dint of good behaviour, intelligence, and the energy of his character, to the highest honours of his profession. As an inspiring page in general biography, we offer a sketch of the life of this distinguished individual.

James Cook was born in a mud hut at Marton, in the north riding of Yorkshire, 27th October 1728. His father was an agricultural servant, who, with his wife, bore a most unexceptionable character for honesty and industry. The village schoolmistress taught the boy to read; but at eight years of age his father, through his good conduct, was appointed to be bailiff of a farm near Great Ayton, belonging to Thomas Skottowe, Esq., who at his own expense put James to a day-school in that town, where he was taught writing and the first rules in arithmetic. The predilection of the lad inclined him for the sea; but as this stood contrary to the wishes of his parents, he was soon after his twelfth year apprenticed to William Sanderson, a general dealer in haberdashery, grocery, hardware, &c. at Staith, upon the coast, about ten miles north of Whitby. The youth's mind, however, continued more occupied upon maritime affairs than anything else, and though he faithfully discharged his duty to his master, he longed to be at sea. An opportunity occurred to favour his desires. Mr Sanderson cancelled his indentures, and left him to pursue his inclinations. Thus freed, he bound himself to Messrs John and Henry Walker, who owned the Freelove, in which Cook embarked. She was principally engaged in the coal trade, but made a voyage or two to the north; and when his time was out, the youngster still continued to serve as a foremast-man till he was made mate of one of Mr John Walker's ships. During this period he evinced no particular marks of genius. His associates, however, were not exactly the class of persons to observe the real bent of his mind; they thought him taciturn, and sometimes sullen; but this doubtless arose from his studious habits, and endeavours to acquire knowledge. As for practical seamanship, there could be no better school than a collier.

When in his twenty-seventh year, war broke out between England and France, and Cook, who was then in the Thames, tried to escape the pressgang, which was sweeping the river of every seaman that could be picked up. This restraint, however, did not meet his views; he looked upon the service of his country as honourable, and at once entered for the Eagle, of 60 guns, commanded by Captain Hamer, who, a few months afterwards, was superseded by Captain (subsequently Sir Hugh) Palliser. The young man's steady conduct and seaman-like qualities soon attracted this officer's attention. His knowledge of the coasts was excellent; and Mr Skottowe having applied to Mr Osbaldeston, M.P. for Scarborough, to exert his influence to raise Cook to the quarter-deck, by the joint interest of this gentleman, with Captain Palliser, a warrant as master was obtained on 10th May 1759, James being then in his thirty-first year. He joined the Grampus, but she had a master already; he was then appointed to the Garland, but she was abroad; and eventually he sailed in the Mercury, to join the fleet under Sir Charles Saunders, then engaged in conjunction with General Wolfe in the reduction of Quebec. Here the peculiar talents of Mr Cook were called into active operation. The buoys in the navigation of the St Lawrence had all been removed by the French at the first appearance of the English fleet, and it was essentially necessary that a survey should be made of the channels, and correct soundings obtained, to enable the ships to keep clear of the numerous shoals. By the recommendation of his old commander, Captain Palliser, this onerous duty was confided to Mr Cook, who readily undertook it in a barge belonging to a 74. This could only be executed in many parts during the darkness of the night, on account of the enemy; and he experienced a narrow escape one night when detected, his boat having been boarded by Indians in the pay of the French, and carried off in triumph, he and his companions getting away just in time to save their lives and scalps. Through Mr Cook's judicious arrangements, the fleet reached the island of Orleans in safety; and he afterwards surveyed and made a chart of the St Lawrence, which, together with sailing directions for that river, were published in London.

On his return from Quebec, Mr Cook was appointed master of the Northumberland, under Lord Colville, who was stationed as commodore at Halifax. Here he enjoyed much leisure during the winter; but instead of frittering it away in the frivolous or worse amusements of a seaport, he diligently employed it in studies suitable to his profession. No sailor can possibly advance beyond the rank of an ordinary seaman unless he be acquainted with the theory as well as the practice of navigation; and to gain this knowledge, he must attain a certain proficiency in mathematics. Aware of this, Cook began by gaining an accurate knowledge of Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry; and proceeded thence to the higher branches of mathematical study, including nautical astronomy. By these means he learned to take astronomical observations, to calculate a ship's progress, and to ascertain the degree of latitude and longitude at any given spot on the trackless ocean. In short, he became an accomplished mariner, ready for any office of trust. Besides improving himself in these useful branches of education, he possessed sufficient tact to cultivate urbanity of manner, and to gain the confidence and esteem of his acquaintance. This was a point of some consequence; for intellectual acquirements, without a polite and high moral bearing, are of small avail in the general intercourse of the world, and, personally, may do more harm than good. It is gratifying to know that Cook aimed at gentlemanly behaviour not less than skill in his profession; and to this commendable effort—which the most humble may practise—is perhaps owing not a little of his future success in life.

In 1762 the Northumberland was ordered to Newfoundland, to assist in the recapture of that island; and here the talents and assiduity of our hero were again conspicuous. Greatly improved by his winter's studies, he was now still more able to make nautical surveys, and these he carried on to a considerable extent on the coast of Newfoundland; laying down bearings, marking headlands and soundings, and otherwise placing on record many facts which proved highly advantageous to future voyagers, especially those engaged in fishing speculations.

Towards the close of this year (1762) Mr Cook returned to England, and was married at Barking, in Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Batts, who has been spoken of as a truly amiable and excellent woman. In the following year, through the intervention of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Graves, the governor of Newfoundland, who was well acquainted with Cook's worth, he was appointed to survey the whole coast of that island, which he accomplished with great ability, as well as Miquelon and St Pierre, which had been ceded to the French. Cook then returned to England, but did not remain long. His constant friend, Sir Hugh Palliser, assumed the command at Newfoundland, and took Mr Cook with him, bearing the appointment of marine surveyor, and a schooner was directed to attend upon him in his aquatic excursions. His charts and observations, particularly on astronomy, brought him into correspondence with the members of the Royal Society; and some scientific observations on the eclipse of the sun were inserted in the 57th volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

Here may be said to close the first chapter in Cook's life. We have traced him from the humble home of his father, an obscure peasant, through the early part of his career, till his thirty-fourth year, at which time he had gained a footing among the most learned men in England. The youthful aspirant will observe that this enviable point had not been reached without patient study. Cook could have gained no acquaintanceship with members of the Royal Society, nor could he have placed himself in the way of promotion, had he been contented to remain an illiterate seaman.

FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

Prepared by diligent self-culture, Cook was ready for any enterprise which circumstances might produce. The project of a voyage of discovery, involving certain important astronomical observations, fortunately came under discussion while he was in a state of hesitation as to his future movements. The principal object of the expedition was to observe a transit of the planet Venus over the face of the sun, which could only be done somewhere in the Pacific or Southern ocean. The transit was to happen in June 1769. The Royal Society, as interested in the phenomenon for the sake of science, applied to George III. to fit out an expedition suitable to take the observations. The request was complied with; and no other man being so well calculated to take the command, it was given to Cook. The appointment was quite to the mind of our hero, and he was soon ready for sea. He received the commission of a lieutenant from his majesty, and the Endeavour, of 370 tons, was placed at his disposal. About this time Captain Wallis returned from his voyage of discovery, and reported Otaheite (now called Tahiti) to be the most eligible spot for the undertaking. That island was therefore fixed upon for the observation. Mr Charles Green undertook the astronomical department, and Mr Banks (afterwards Sir Joseph) and Dr Solander, purely through a love of science, and at great expense to themselves, obtained permission to accompany the expedition.

The Endeavour was victualled for eighteen months, armed with 12 carriage guns and 12 swivels, and manned with a complement of 84 seamen. Every requisite preparation was made for such a voyage that human foresight could suggest; trinkets and other things were put on board to trade with the natives; and on the 26th August 1768 they sailed from Plymouth Sound for the hitherto but little explored South Seas. On the 13th September they anchored in Funchal roads, Madeira, and here commenced the researches and inquiries of the men of science. From hence they departed on the night of the 18th; and falling short of water and provisions on the Brazil coast, they put into the beautiful harbour of Rio Janeiro on the 13th November. The viceroy of this fine city could make nothing of the scientific intentions of the English, and was exceedingly troublesome and annoying. When told that they were bound to the South Seas to observe the transit of Venus, he could form no other conception of the matter than that it was the passing of the north star through the south pole. Numerous difficulties were thrown in the way of the departure of the voyagers after they had victualled and watered; and when they sailed, shots were fired at them from the fort of Santa Cruz, a heavy battery at the entrance of the harbour; and on inquiry, Mr Cook ascertained that the pass for the Endeavour had not been sent from the city. A spirited remonstrance was made, and the viceroy apologised.

On the 7th December the voyagers finally quitted this place, and on the 14th January 1769 entered the Straits of Le Maire, where the sea was running tremendously high, and on the following day anchored in the Bay of Good Success. Although the season was extremely inclement, yet the love of botany induced Mr Banks, Dr Solander, Mr Monkhouse the surgeon, and Mr Green the astronomer, to ascend the mountains in search of plants. They took with them their attendants and servants, with two seamen; and after suffering severe hardships from the cold and the torpor it produced, they got back to the ship on the second day, leaving two black men, who had accompanied them, dead from the extreme severity of the weather. They could not be got on, but lay down to rest, and slept the sleep of death. Dr Solander with great difficulty was saved; for although the first to warn others against the danger of reposing, yet he was eventually himself so overcome, that great exertion was required to force him along. They found the inhabitants on the coasts of these straits a wretched set of beings, with scarcely any covering; dwelling in hovels made of sticks and grass, that offered no obstruction to the entrance of the wind, the snow, and the rain. They wandered about, picking up a scanty subsistence wherever they could, though they had not a single implement to dress their fish when caught, or any other food: still, they appeared to be contented; and the only things they coveted from the English were beads and useless trinkets.

On the 26th January the Endeavour took her departure from Cape Horn, and before March 1st had run 660 leagues. Several islands were discovered in their progress, most of which were supposed to be inhabited; and their beautiful verdure and delightful appearance were highly gratifying to the sea-worn mariners. On the 11th April they came in sight of Otaheite, and two days after anchored in Port Royal (Matavai), where the scientific gentlemen landed, and fixed upon a spot to serve them for an observatory. The natives displayed much friendship; but, to prevent collision, Mr Cook drew up a code of regulations by which communication and traffic were to be carried on. A tent was erected on the site proposed—the natives keeping outside a marked boundary—and a midshipman with thirteen marines were placed over it as guards. As soon as this was accomplished, the party proceeded to examine the interior of the island; but soon after their departure, one of the natives snatched away the musket of the sentry. The marines were ordered to fire, and the thief was shot dead. This greatly alarmed the natives; but in a day or two they again became familiarised and friendly. Mr Cook proceeded to erect a fort round the observatory, and mounted six swivel guns, which caused apprehensions amongst the chiefs; but the natives assisted in the works; and the commander displayed his sense of justice by publicly flogging the butcher for having attempted or threatened the life of a wife of one of the chiefs, who was particularly favourable to the English. On the first stroke of the lash, the natives earnestly solicited that the man should be forgiven; but Mr Cook deemed the example essential, and inflicted the whole punishment, greatly to the pain and regret of the compassionate Indians, many of whom shed tears.

As soon as the fort was completed, and the astronomical instruments were landed, they sought for the quadrant by which the transit was to be observed, but it was nowhere to be found. Diligent search was made, and a reward offered, but without success; and it was feared that the object of their long and arduous voyage would remain unaccomplished. At length, through the judicious intervention of Mr Banks, the quadrant was recovered from the natives who had stolen it, and with great joy set up in its place. The approach of the time of observation produced anxiety and excitement; and hoping that the atmosphere would be clear and favourable, as well as to make assurance sure, Mr Cook established two other observatories—one on the island of Eimeo, under Mr Banks, and the other to the eastward of the main observatory, under Mr Hicks (the master). The morning of the 3d June was ushered in with a cloudless sky, and at the fort the transit was observed in the most satisfactory manner. The success of their enterprise was highly gratifying to the voyagers; but their pleasure was somewhat damped by the violence which at times was engendered between the natives and the seamen, the former of whom proved to be dexterous thieves. But Mr Cook would not allow the plunderers to be fired upon, as he considered the issue of life and death to be of too important a nature to be intrusted to a sentinel, without any form of trial or show of equity; nor did he deem a petty theft as meriting so severe a punishment. On one occasion, however, he seized upon all their fishing canoes, fully laden; and though from motives of humanity he gave up the fish, yet he detained the vessels, under a hope that several articles which had been pilfered would be restored. But in this he was mistaken; for nothing of value was given up, and ultimately he released the canoes. Mr Cook and Mr Banks circumnavigated the island, and visited many villages, where they renewed acquaintance with the several chiefs. Exploring parties were also sent into the interior; and Mr Banks planted the seeds of water-melons, oranges, lemons, limes, and other plants and trees which he had collected for the purpose (some of which are now in rich perfection); and it was ascertained that parts of the island manifested appearances of subterranean fire.

On the 7th July the carpenters began to dismantle the fort preparatory to departure, and on the 13th the ship weighed anchor. Tupia, one of the principal natives, and chief priest of the country, with a boy of thirteen, having obtained permission from Mr Cook to embark for England, they took an affecting and affectionate leave of their friends. Few places possess more seductive influences than Otaheite. The climate is delightful, the productions of the earth bountiful and almost spontaneous, and the people, though addicted to pilfering, simple, kind-hearted, and hospitable.

After quitting Otaheite, the Endeavour visited the islands Huaheine, Ulietea, Otaha, and Bolabola, where Mr Cook purchased various articles of food. They also anchored at Owharre, and exchanged friendly gifts with the natives; and presents of English medals, &c. with inscriptions, were made to the king Oree. Ulietea had been conquered by the king of Bolabola, but he received the English with considerable courtesy. These visits occupied rather more than three weeks; and Ulietea, Otaha, Bolabola, Huaheine, Tabai, and Mawrua, as they lay contiguous to each other, were named by Mr Cook the Society Islands.

In their intercourse with the natives of these places (all of which more or less resembled the manners and habits of the Otaheitans), they were greatly assisted by Tupia, who was very proud of the power possessed by his new friends. On the 9th August, the Endeavour quitted Ulietea, and on the 13th made the island Oheteoa, where they attempted to land; but the natives displayed so much hostility, that Mr Cook deemed it best to desist, and proceeded on his way to the southward in search of a supposed continent. On the 25th they celebrated the anniversary of their departure from England, and on the 30th they observed a comet; it was just above the horizon, to the eastward, at one A.M.; and about half-past four, when it passed the meridian, its tail subtended an angle of forty-five degrees. Tupia declared that its appearance would be the signal for the warriors of Bolabola to attack the Ulieteans and drive them to the mountains. The vessel was now proceeding in a south-westerly direction from the Pacific towards New Zealand, Cook designing to return by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and thus circumnavigate the globe. On the 6th October land was discovered, which proved to be a part of New Zealand; where, having anchored, an attempt was made to open a communication with the natives, but without effect. Their hostile menaces and actions were all of a decidedly warlike nature, and it was only when they felt the superiority of firearms, of which they seemed to have been in ignorance, that they desisted from attacks. Tupia addressed them to be peaceable, and they understood his language; but he could not prevail upon them to put confidence in the English. A conflict took place, in which some of the New Zealanders were rather unnecessarily killed, and three boys were taken prisoners, who were treated with much kindness. As the place afforded nothing that the voyagers wanted, Mr Cook named it Poverty Bay. The boys were dismissed, and the treatment they had experienced induced some of the Indians to come off to the ship; but it appeared almost impossible to conciliate any one of them for long. Armed parties in large canoes assembled, and paddled off to the Endeavour, under pretext of trading, but in reality to plunder; and in various instances it was deemed essentially necessary to fire upon them. They also seized Tayeto, Tupia's boy, but were compelled to relinquish their prey through the effects of a musket ball; and the lad, taking advantage, leaped from the canoe, in which he had been held down, and swam back to the ship. Whilst standing along the coast, they fell in with the largest canoe they had yet seen: her length was 68½ feet, her breadth 5 feet, and her depth 3 feet 6 inches. About this time the Endeavour narrowly escaped being wrecked on the rocks that lay some distance from the land; but by the skill and judgment of Mr Cook, the danger was avoided. On the 9th November, Lieutenant Cook, accompanied by Mr Green, landed with the necessary instruments to observe the transit of Mercury over the sun's disc, and this they performed to their entire satisfaction.

On the 5th December, whilst turning out of the Bay of Islands, it fell calm; and the Endeavour drifted so close to the shore, that notwithstanding the incessant roar of the breakers, they could converse with the natives on the beach. The pinnace was got out to tow the vessel's head round; but none expected to escape destruction, when a light land-breeze sprang up, and gradually they got clear from their perilous situation—the ground was too foul to anchor. About an hour afterwards, just as the man heaving the lead sang out "seventeen fathoms," she struck on a sunken rock with force; but the swell washed her over, and she was again in deep water. On the 30th December they made the land, which they judged to be Cape Maria, Van Diemens; and on the 14th January 1770, anchored in a snug cove in Queen Charlotte's Sound, to refit the ship and clean her bottom. Here they caught a great quantity of fish by means of the seine—at one time not less than three hundredweight at two hauls. They also found an excellent stream of fresh-water. In one of their researches they discovered an Indian family; and it is related that they had indisputable proofs of the custom of eating human flesh. The place they were in is described as very delightful; and Mr Cook took several opportunities of obtaining views from the high hills, and examining the nearest coast. The inhabitants were friendly disposed, and everywhere received the English with hospitality. Mr Cook selected a favourable spot, on which he erected a pole, and having hoisted the union jack, named the place Queen Charlotte's Sound, in honour of her majesty. Coins and spike-nails were given to the Indian spectators; and after drinking the queen's health in wine, the empty bottle was bestowed upon the man who had carried it when full, with which he was much delighted.

On the 5th February he quitted this part of New Zealand, and proceeded to explore three or four islands in that locality, giving names to capes, headlands, rocks, &c. But this was not accomplished without considerable peril, on account of the strength of the currents. To one place he gave the name of Admiralty Bay, where he took in wood and filled his water-casks, and sailed again on the 31st March, intending to return home by way of the East Indies. On the 19th April they came in sight of New Holland (or New South Wales, as it is now called), and anchored in Botany Bay on the 28th, where they landed; but contrary to the will of two or three Indians, who attacked the English with their lances, but on the firing of muskets, fled. The voyagers left beads and trinkets in the huts of the natives, and during the time they remained at that place they were untouched. The inhabitants seemed utterly regardless of the ship, though they could never have seen such a spectacle before. Here they caught a fish called a string-ray, which, after the entrails were taken out, weighed 336 pounds.

Mr Cook prosecuted his discoveries in New South Wales with zeal and energy over a track of 1300 miles; but on the 10th June, near Trinity Bay, the Endeavour struck on a reef of coral rocks, and was compelled to start her water, throw her guns overboard, and use every mode to lighten the vessel; but with four pumps at work, they could not keep her free; and every soul, though struggling hard for life, yet prepared for that death which now appeared to be inevitable. Upon these rocks the ship remained for nearly forty-eight hours, her sheathing ripped off, and the very timbers nearly rubbed through: by great exertion, however, she was got afloat at high tide, and it was found that she made no more water than when aground; and the men, by working incessantly at the pumps, kept her afloat. At the suggestion of Mr Monkhouse, a sail was fothered (that is, pieces of oakum and other light materials were slightly stitched to it), and being hauled under the ship's bottom, the loose pieces were sucked into the leaks, and in a great measure stopped the holes, so that they were enabled to keep the water in the hold under with only one pump. On the morning of the 17th, after running aground twice, they got into a convenient harbour for repairing their damages; and here, when the vessel was hove down, they found a large piece of rock in the ship's bottom, firmly jammed in the hole it had made, so as to exclude the sea, and which, if it had fallen out, must have proved fatal to all.

About this time the scurvy broke out amongst them, and attacked indiscriminately both officers and men; but the quantity of fish that was caught, allowing each man two pounds and a-half per day, together with turtle and herbs, somewhat checked its progress. Three of the turtle caught weighed together 791 pounds. The natives took but little notice of the voyagers at first, but afterwards became familiar; and on one occasion, when refused something which they wanted, one of them seized a firebrand, and going to windward of the place where the armourer was at work, set fire to the high grass, so that every part of the smith's forge that would burn was destroyed. A musket ball was fired at them, and they ran away. The fire was repeated in the woods shortly afterwards, but without injury, as the stores and powder that had been landed were already on board. The hills all round burned fiercely for several nights.

It must here be mentioned, that the injuries sustained by the vessel proved destructive to many valuable specimens that had been collected by Mr Banks, which had been put for security in the bread-room, but the salt-water saturating a great portion, they were utterly spoiled. The place where they refitted was named by Mr Cook Endeavour River. Its entrance for many miles was surrounded with shoals, and the channels between them were very intricate. On the 4th August they quitted their anchorage, and it was not till the 24th that they got clear of the reefs and sandbanks. After another narrow escape from being wrecked, they made New Guinea on the 3d September, where they an-

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chored, and went on shore; but the hostility of the natives, who resembled those of New South Wales, prevented intercourse. The latter used a sort of combustible material that ignited, without any report. The land looked rich and luxurious in vegetation, and the cocoa-nut, the bread-fruit, and the plantain trees, flourished in the highest perfection. Mr Cook made sail to the westward, contrary to the wish of his people, who wanted to cut down the trees to get their fruit, but which, through humanity to the natives, he would not permit. In pursuing their voyage, they fell in with islands which were not upon the charts, and passed Timor and others, intending to run for Java: on the 17th they saw a beautiful island, and found Dutch residents, with cattle and sheep. The crew of the Endeavour had suffered many privations and hardships, and the scurvy was making havoc among them, so that they complained of their commander not having put in at Timor; but now they obtained nine buffaloes, six sheep, three hogs, thirty dozen of fowls, &c. with several hundred gallons of palm syrup. This was the island Savu, and the natives are spoken of as highly pure in their morals and integrity, and their land a perfect paradise.

On the 21st Mr Cook again sailed, and on the 1st October came within sight of Java, and on the 9th brought up in Batavia Roads, where they found the Harcourt East Indiaman, and once more enjoyed the pleasure of communicating with their countrymen, and obtaining news from home. As it was deemed necessary to re-examine the Endeavour's bottom, preparations were made for that purpose. Tupia and his boy Tayoeta were almost mad with delight on viewing the display of European manners on shore; but sickness assailed all who resided in the city, and the two Indians became its victims. In about six weeks there were buried Mr Spearing, assistant to Mr Banks, Mr Parkinson, artist, Mr Green, astronomer, the boatswain, the carpenter and his mate, Mr Monkhouse and another midshipman, the sailmaker and his assistant, the ship's cook, the corporal of marines, and eleven seamen.

On the 27th December the Endeavour, being completed, stood out to sea, and on the 5th January 1771 anchored at Prince's Island, but sailed again on the 15th for the Cape of Good Hope, where they arrived on the 15th March. On the 14th April Mr Cook resumed his voyage home, touched at St Helena (1st May to 4th), made the Lizard on the 10th June, and anchored the next day in the Downs, where Mr Cook left her.

The arrival of Mr Cook, and the publication of sketches of his voyage, produced earnest desires to ascertain the full extent of his discoveries. Unknown parts had been explored; vast additions were made to geographical and scientific knowledge; the productions of various countries, together with the manners, habits, and customs of the natives, excited universal curiosity and deep interest; so that, when Dr Hawkesworth's account of the voyage, from the papers of Mr Cook and Mr Banks, was published, it was eagerly bought up at a large price. The astronomical observations threw much information on the theory of the heavenly bodies; navigation had eminently proved its vast capabilities: it had been in a great measure determined that no southern continent existed, or at least that neither New Zealand nor New South Wales were parts of such a continent; and most interesting accounts were given of the places visited and the perils encountered.

Mr Cook was promoted to the rank of commander; the Royal Society honoured him with especial favour and notice; and his society was courted by men of talent and research, eager for information. His worthy patrons, Sir Charles Saunders and Sir Hugh Palliser, were gratified to find their recommendations had been so well supported; the Earl of Sandwich, then at the head of the Admiralty Board, paid him considerable attention; and his majesty George III. treated him with more than ordinary consideration. Captain Cook enjoyed sufficient to make him proud; but he was too humble in mind, too modest in disposition, and too diffident in manners, to cherish one atom of unbecoming self-estimation.

SECOND VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

The idea of the existence of a southern continent, or, as the learned called it, *Terra Australis Incognita*, had existed for more than two centuries; and though Cook had sailed over many parts where it was said to be situated, without seeing land, yet his first voyage did not altogether destroy the expectation that it might yet be found. Besides, his discoveries in the South Seas had whetted the public appetite for still further knowledge on the subject. The king, well pleased with what had been done, wished more to be accomplished; and accordingly, two stout ships built at Hull were purchased—the Resolution, of 462 tons, commanded by Captain Cook, with a complement of 112 persons; and the Adventure, of 336 tons, commanded by Tobias Furneaux, with a crew, including officers, of 81 souls. These appointments took place on 28th November 1771, and the most active exertions were immediately called into operation to fit them for the undertaking. Experience had taught Captain Cook what was most essential and requisite for such a voyage; not only for the comforts and preservation of his people from scurvy, not only for commerce with the natives, but cattle and seeds of various kinds, and numerous things which philanthropy suggested, were shipped for the purpose of spreading the advantages of propagation and fertility amongst the South Sea islands; the benefits of which have since been experienced by other voyagers in an eminent degree. The Admiralty engaged Mr W. Hodges as landscape painter; Mr J. R. Forster and son were appointed to collect specimens of natural history; and Mr

Wales in the Resolution, and Mr Bayley in the Adventure, were sent by the Board of Longitude to superintend astronomical observations, for which they were furnished with admirable instruments and four excellent time-pieces.

The instructions given to Captain Cook were—"To circumnavigate the whole globe in high southern latitudes, making traverses from time to time into every part of the Pacific Ocean that had not undergone previous investigation, and to use his best endeavours to resolve the much agitated question of the existence of a southern continent."

On the 13th July 1772 the two vessels quitted Plymouth, and after touching at Madeira for wine, and at the Cape de Verds for water, crossed the line with a brisk south-west wind, and anchored in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 30th October. Here Captain Cook ascertained that the French were prosecuting discoveries in the South Seas, and that, about eight months before, two French ships had sailed about forty miles along land in the latitude of 48 degrees, but had been driven off by a gale of wind. He also learned that two others had recently left the Mauritius for a similar purpose. On the 22d November Captain Cook took leave of Table Bay, and pursued his voyage for Cape Circumcision, but encountered very severe gales, which destroyed much of the live stock, and the people experienced great inconvenience from the intensity of the cold. The judicious management of the commander, however, prevented any fatal result. Warm clothing was given to the men; the decks below were kept well dried and ventilated, as well as warmed; and an addition was made to the issue of grog. On the 10th December they fell in with immense icebergs, some two miles in circuit at the edge of the water, and about sixty feet in height, over which the sea was breaking with tremendous violence. On the 14th the ships were stopped by a field of low ice, to which no end could be seen, either east, west, or south. On the 18th they got clear of this obstruction, but continued amongst the fields and bergs, with heavy gales of wind, till the 1st January 1773, when it was clear enough to see the moon, which they had only done once before since quitting the Cape. The fogs had been so impenetrable as to obscure the heavens. Various indications had induced a belief that land was not far distant, and Captain Cook had as near as possible pursued a course for the supposed Cape Circumcision. By the 17th January they had reached the latitude of 67 degrees 15 minutes south, where they found the ice closely packed from east to west-south-west, and further progress debarred, unless by running the hazard of getting blocked up, as the summer in this part of the world was rapidly passing away. The captain therefore desisted from penetrating further to the south, and returned northerly, to look for the asserted recently-discovered land of the French. On the 1st February they were in latitude 48 degrees 30 minutes south, and longitude

58 degrees 7 minutes east, where it was stated to have been seen; but nothing of the kind presented itself to view. He traversed this part of the ocean with similar results; and during a dense fog, parted company with the Adventure. On the 23d they were in latitude 61 degrees 52 minutes south, and longitude 95 degrees 2 minutes east; the weather thick and stormy, and the ship surrounded by drifting ice. Captain Cook therefore stood to the north in a hard gale with a heavy sea, which broke up the mountains of ice, and rendered them, by their numbers, still more dangerous, especially in the long dark nights. On the 13th and 14th March the astronomers got observations which showed the latitude to be 58 degrees 22 minutes south, and the longitude 136 degrees 22 minutes east, whilst the watches showed the latter to be 134 degrees 42 minutes east. Captain Cook had become convinced he had left no continent south of him, and consequently shaped a course for New Zealand, to refresh his men, refit his ship, and look for the Adventure. He made the land, and anchored in Dusky Bay on the 26th March, after having been 117 days at sea, and traversed 3660 leagues without seeing any land; whilst during the whole time, through the arrangements and supplies of Captain Cook, scarcely a single case of scurvy occurred. From Dusky Bay they removed to another anchorage, where fish were plentifully caught, and the woods abounded with wild fowl; timber and fire-wood were close at hand, and a fine stream of fresh water within a hundred yards of the ship's stern. This place was named Pickersgill Harbour, in honour of the lieutenant who discovered it. The workmen erected tents for the forge, the carpenters, the sailmakers, coopers, and others, and a spot was selected for an observatory. Some tolerably good beer was manufactured from the branches and leaves of a tree resembling the American black spruce, mixed with the inspissated juice of wort and molasses.

On the 28th some of the natives visited them, and though at first shy, a friendly intercourse was subsequently established. Captain Cook surveyed Dusky Bay, where, in retired spots, he planted seeds, and left several geese. They also caught a number of seals, from which they procured a supply of oil. On the 11th May they quitted this place for Queen Charlotte's Sound, and on the 17th it fell perfectly calm, and they had an opportunity of seeing no less than six waterspouts, one of which passed within fifty yards of the Resolution. The next day they made the Sound, where the Adventure had already arrived, and great was the joy at meeting. On the 4th June they celebrated the birthday of George III., and a chief and his family, consisting of ninety persons, were shown the gardens which had been made, which they promised to continue in cultivation. A male and female goat were put on shore on the east side of the Sound, and a boar and two sows near Cannibal Cove, which it was hoped would not be molested.

On the 17th June the ships sailed, and on the 29th July the crew of the Adventure manifested rather alarming symptoms of a sickly state. The cook died, and about twenty of her best men were incapable of duty through scurvy and flux; whilst at this period only three men were sick in the Resolution, and but one of these with the scurvy. The difference was attributed to the people of the former ship not having fed much upon celery, scurvy-grass, and other greens, whilst at Queen Charlotte's Sound. On the 1st August they were in the supposed position of Pitcairn's Island, laid down by Captain Carteret in 1767; but as its longitude was incorrectly stated, they did not see it, but must have passed it about 15 leagues to the westward. On the 6th of August the ships got the advantage of the trade-winds at south-east, being at that time in latitude 19 degrees 36 minutes south, and longitude 131 degrees 32 minutes west. The captain directed his course west-north-west, passed a number of islands and rocks, which he named the Dangerous Archipelago, and on the 15th August came in sight of Osnaburgh Island, or Maitea, which had been discovered by Captain Wallis, and sail was immediately made for Otaheite, which they saw the same evening.

On the 17th the ships anchored in Oaiti-piha Bay, and the natives immediately crowded on board with fruits and roots, which were exchanged for nails and beads; and presents of shirts, axes, &c. were made to several who called themselves chiefs. Their thieving propensities, however, could not be restrained; and some articles of value having been stolen, Captain Cook turned the whole of them out of the ship, and then fired musketry over their heads, to show them the hazard which they ran. It is worthy of remark, that though Tupia was well known to the islanders, yet very few inquired what had become of him; and those who did, on being informed that he was dead, expressed neither sorrow, suspicion, nor surprise; but every one anxiously asked for Mr Banks and others who had accompanied Captain Cook in his former voyage. With respect to the Otaheitans, considerable changes had occurred. Toutaha, the regent of the great peninsula of that island, had been slain in battle about five months before the Resolution's arrival, and Otoo was now the reigning chief. Several others friendly to the English had fallen; but Otoo manifested much friendship for them. A few days subsequent to their anchoring in the bay, a marine died; the rest of the men, who had laboured under sickness and scorbutic weakness, very soon recovered, through the supplies of fresh meat and vegetables.

On the 24th the ships got under weigh, and the next evening anchored in Matavai Bay, where the decks became excessively crowded by natives, who had visited them the voyage previous. On the following day Captain Cook went to Oparre to see Otoo, whom he describes as a fine well-made man, six feet high, and about thirty years of age. He was not, however, very courageous, for he declined accompanying the captain on board the Resolution, as he was "afraid of the guns." The observatory was fitted up, the sick were landed, as well as a guard of marines, and the natives brought hogs and fruits to barter. Some disturbance that took place through two or three marines behaving rudely to the women, caused at the time considerable alarm; but the men were seized and punished, and tranquillity restored.

Everything being ready for sea, on the 1st September the ships quitted Matavai Bay, and visited the other islands. At Owharre, the chief brought the presents he had received from Captain Cook on the previous voyage, to show that he had treasured them. He also behaved very generously, in sending the best fruits and vegetables that could be procured for the captain's table. The intercourse with the natives was proceeding very quietly, when, on the 6th, without any provocation, a man assailed Captain Cook with a club at the landing-place; and Mr Sparrman, who had gone into the woods to botanise, was stripped and beaten. The Indians expressed great contrition for this outrage; and the king, on being informed of it, not only wept aloud, but placed himself under the entire control of the English, and went with them in search of the stolen articles. His subjects endeavoured to prevent this, but his sister encouraged him; and not meeting with success, Oree insisted on being taken on board the Resolution to remain as a hostage. He dined with Captain Cook, and was afterwards landed by that officer, to the great joy of the people, who brought in hogs and fruits, and soon filled two boats. The only thing recovered belonging to Mr Sparrman was his hanger. The next day the ships unmoored, and put to sea for Huaheine, where they remained a short time, and received on board a native named Omai, who afterwards figured much in England.

The inhabitants of the Society Islands generally manifested great timidity; on some occasions they offered human sacrifices to a supreme being. The voyagers quitted this part of the world on the 17th, and sailed to the westward, and gave the name of Harvey's Island to land they discovered on the 23d. It was in 19 degrees 18 minutes south, and 158 degrees 4 minutes west. By October 1st they reached Middleburg, and were welcomed with loud acclamations by the natives. Barter commenced; but the people ashore seemed more desirous to give than to receive, and threw into the boats whole bales of cloth, without asking or waiting for anything in return. After leaving some garden seeds, and other useful things, the ships proceeded to Amsterdam, where they met a similar reception; but Captain Cook putting a stop to the purchase of curiosities and cloth, the natives brought off pigs, fowls, and fruits in abundance, which they exchanged for spike nails. The island was extensively cultivated; there appeared to be not an inch of waste ground; and the fertility of the soil was excellent. Captain Cook paid a visit to the head chief, who was seated, and seemed to be in a sort of idiotic stupor, nor did he take the slightest notice of the captain or any one else. The inhabitants of these islands are described as being of good shape, regular features, brisk and lively; particularly the women, who were constantly merry and cheerful. Most of the people had lost one or both of their little fingers, but no reason could be gathered as to the cause of amputation.

The voyage was renewed on the 7th October, and on the 21st they came in sight of New Zealand, eight or ten leagues from Table Cape, when Captain Cook presented the chief with two boars, two sows, four hens, two cocks, and a great variety of seeds—wheat, peas, beans, cabbage, turnips, onions, &c., and a spike nail about ten inches in length, with which latter he seemed to be more delighted than with all the rest put together. After beating about the coast in a variety of tempestuous weather, the Resolution anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the 3d November; but the Adventure was separated from them in a heavy gale, and was never seen or heard of during the remainder of the voyage. In this place they made the best use of the means they possessed to repair the damage they had sustained, but, on examining the stock of bread, ascertained that 4992 pounds were totally unfit for use, and other 3000 pounds in such a state of decay that none but persons situated as our voyagers were could have eaten it. On inquiry after the animals left on the island by Captain Cook, most of them were preserved in good condition, with the exception of two goats that a native had destroyed. The articles planted in the gardens were in a flourishing condition. To his former gifts the captain now added many others, and placed them in such situations that they were not likely to be disturbed. Whilst lying here, complaint was made that some of the Resolution's men had plundered a native hut. The thief was discovered, tied up to a post, and flogged in the presence of the chiefs and their people, who expressed themselves satisfied with the punishment inflicted. It was a great principle with Cook to set an example of strict honesty.

In this second voyage the captain gained indisputable proofs that the New Zealanders were eaters of human flesh; but he firmly believed that it was the flesh of captives, or those who had been killed in battle.

Captain Cook quitted New Zealand on the 26th November, his ship's company in good health and spirits, and nowise daunted at the prospects of hardships they were about to endure in again searching for a southern continent or islands in high latitudes. They were not long before they once more encountered fields and islands of ice, and when in latitude 67 degrees 5 minutes, they were nearly blocked up. On the 22d December they attained the highest latitude they could venture—this was 67 degrees 31 minutes south, and in longitude 142 degrees 54 minutes west; but no land was discovered. The crew of the Resolution were attacked by slight fever, caused by colds, but on coming northward, it was cured in a few days; and on the 5th January 1774, when in 50 degrees south, there were not more than two or three persons on the sick list.

After traversing the ocean as far south as it was prudent to go, all the scientific men expressed their belief that ice surrounded the pole without any intervening land; the Resolution consequently returned to the northward to look for the island of Juan Fernandez. About this time Captain Cook was seized with a dangerous and distressing disease, and it was several days before the worst symptoms were removed. On his amending, there being no fresh provisions on board, and his stomach loathing the salt food, a favourite dog of Mr Forster was killed and boiled, which afforded both broth and meat, and upon this fare he gained strength. The Resolution, on the 11th March, came in sight of Easter Island, situated in 27 degrees 5 minutes south, and 109 degrees 46 minutes west, where they remained a few days, and found the inhabitants very similar in appearance and character to the people of the more western isles. The place, however, afforded scarcely any food or fuel, the anchorage was unsafe, and the only matters worthy of notice were some rudely-carved gigantic statues in the interior. Captain Cook left Easter Island to pursue a course for the Marquesas, and got sight of them on the 6th April. During the passage the captain had a recurrence of his disorder, but it was neither so violent nor so long in duration as before. The ship was anchored in Resolution Bay, at the island of St Christina, where thievery was practised equally as much as at the Society and other isles; and one of the natives was unfortunately killed whilst in the act of carrying away the iron stanchion of the gangway. They had now been nineteen weeks at sea, entirely on salt provisions; but still, owing to the anti-scorbutic articles and medicines, and the warmth and cleanliness preserved, scarcely a man was sick. Here they obtained fresh meat, fruits, yams, and plantains, but in small quantities; and the captain having corrected, by astronomical observations, the exact position of these islands, once more made sail for Otaheite. During the passage they passed several small islands, and discovered four others, which Cook named after his old commander, Sir Hugh Palliser. On the 22d April the anchor was again let go in Matavai Bay, where the usual process was gone through of erecting the observatory to try the rates of the watches; but no tent was required for the sick, as there was not a man ill on board.

During the stay of Captain Cook at this island, where refreshments of all kinds were readily obtained, and particularly in exchange for some red feathers that had been brought from Amsterdam, the old friendships were renewed with Otoo and other chiefs; there was a constant interchange of visits; and on one occasion the Otaheitans got up a grand naval review.

The large canoes in this part of the world are extremely graceful and handsome in display, particularly the double war canoes, with flags and streamers, paddling along with great swiftness, and performing their evolutions with considerable skill. No less than 160 of the largest double war canoes were assembled, fully equipped, and the chiefs and their men, habited in full war costume, appeared upon the fighting stages, with their clubs and other instruments of warfare ready for action. Besides these large vessels, there were 170 smaller double canoes, each of these last having a mast and sail, and a sort of hut or cabin on the deck. Captain Cook calculated that the number of men embarked in them could not be fewer than 7760, most of them armed with clubs, pikes, barbed spears, bows and arrows, and slings for throwing large stones; in fact, strongly resembling the representations of engagements with galleys in the Mediterranean described some centuries before. The spectacle at Otaheite was extremely imposing, and greatly surprised the English.

Whilst lying at Matavai Bay, one of the islanders was caught in the act of stealing a water-cask. Captain Cook had him secured and sent on board the Resolution, where he was put in irons, and in this degraded situation was seen by Otoo and other chiefs, who intreated that the man might be pardoned. But the captain would not comply with their requests; he told them that "any act of dishonesty amongst his own people was severely punished, and he was resolved to make an example of the thief he had caught." Accordingly, the culprit was taken ashore to the tents, the guard turned out, and the offender being tied to a post, received two dozen lashes, inflicted by a boatswain's mate. Towha, one of the chiefs, then addressed the people, and recommended them to abstain from stealing in future. To make a further impression on them, the marines were ordered to go through their exercise, and load and fire with ball.

A few days afterwards one of the gunner's mates attempted to desert, and it was soon ascertained that he had formed an attachment on shore, and if he had got away, the natives would have concealed him up the country. Indeed the temptations for remaining in this beautiful country were very great. Every requisite to sustain existence was abundant, the scenery splendid, the earth spontaneously fertile, the waters abounding with fish—in short, a few hours' exertion was sufficient to obtain a week's supply; and in a climate replete with health, a European might have rendered others subservient to his will, and lived without labour of any kind.

They next anchored in Owharre harbour, at Huaheine, and the former amicable intercourse was repeated. The stock of nails and articles of traffic being much reduced, the smiths were set to work to manufacture more. Whilst lying here, the voyagers had an opportunity of witnessing a theatrical representation, principally founded on an actual occurrence. A young girl had quitted Otaheite and her friends to accompany a seaman to Ulietea, and she was now present to see the drama. It described her as running away from her home, the grief of her parents, and a long string of adventures, which terminated in her returning to her native place, where her reception was none of the most gentle that can be conceived. The poor girl could hardly be persuaded to wait for the conclusion, and she cried most bitterly.

They parted from the inhabitants with much regret, and having called at Ulietea, they sailed past Howe Island, and discovered another nearly surrounded with reefs, to which the name of Palmerston was given. On the 20th July fresh land was seen, on which they went ashore, but found the natives fierce and hostile. The firing of muskets did not deter them; and one came close enough to throw a spear at the captain, which passed just over his shoulder. The captain presented his piece, but it missed fire, and the daring fellow was saved. They named this Savage Island. It lies in latitude 19 degrees 1 minute south, longitude 169 degrees 37 minutes west. From thence, after passing a number of small islets, they anchored on the 26th on the north side of Anamocka, Rotterdam, and commenced trade for provisions. But here, as at the other islands, frequent disputes and conflicts took place with the inhabitants on account of their thievish propensities. Here they ascertained that a chain of islands, some of which they could see, existed in the neighbourhood, forming a group within the compass of three degrees of latitude, and two of longitude, and which Captain Cook named the Friendly Isles; which designation they certainly merited, for the social qualities and conduct of the natives.

Pursuing their course westward, they came, on the 1st July, to a small island, which, on account of the great number of turtle, was named after that amphibious creature; and on the 16th they saw high land; and after coasting it for two other days, they anchored in a harbour in the island of Mallecollo, to which the captain gave the name of Port Sandwich. At first the natives were hostile, but they were soon conciliated through the bland manners of Cook, and were found strictly honest in all their dealings. In fact, they are described as totally different to any they had yet visited. They were very dark, extremely ugly, and ill-proportioned, and their features strongly resembled those of a monkey.

Soon after getting to sea, various other islands were seen and named; and an affray took place with some of the natives, in which two of them were wounded. A promontory near where the skirmish occurred they called Traitor's Head. After cruising about amongst the great number of islands in this locality, making observations and taking surveys, they steered towards New Zealand, to wood and water, previous to a renewal of their search to the southward; and on the 4th September discovered land, and entered a pleasant harbour on the following day, where they were well received. On the 13th they weighed again, and surveyed the coast, by which they ascertained that the island was very extensive; and, from certain peculiarities, Cook named it New Caledonia. Botany here received great accessions. Many plants were collected hitherto unknown: and both geography and natural history afforded much research to the scientific men. A small island, on which were growing some pine trees, received the name of Pine Island; and another was called Botany, from the great variety of specimens obtained.

The Resolution, in proceeding for New Zealand, touched at an uninhabited island, abounding with vegetation, which was named Norfolk Island, and on the 18th October anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte's Sound, where she refitted and the captain completed his survey. Captain Cook had buried a bottle near the Cove when he was here before, and in digging now it was not to be found. It was therefore supposed that the Adventure had anchored here, and her people had removed it. On the 10th November they took their departure; and having sailed till the 27th in different degrees of latitude, from 43 degrees to 54 degrees 8 minutes south, Captain Cook gave up hopes of falling in with any more land in this ocean. He therefore resolved to steer for the west entrance of the Straits of Magellan, in order to coast along the south side of Terra del Fuego, round Cape Horn to the Straits of Le Maire. On 17th December he reached his first destination, and here the scenery was very different from what they had before beheld. Lofty rocky mountains entirely destitute of vegetation, craggy summits, and horrible precipices; the whole aspect of the country barren and savage. Yet near every harbour they were enabled to procure fresh-water and fuel; and there were plenty of wild fowl and geese. The inhabitants were wretchedly poor and ignorant.

On the 25th January 1778, having coasted it as far as 60 degrees south, the land presenting the same uncouth appearance, covered with ice and snow, and the ship exposed to numerous storms, and the people to intense cold, the course was altered to look for Bouvet's Land; but though they reached the spot where it was laid down on the charts, and sailed over and over it, yet no such place could be discovered; and after two days' search more to the southward, Cook came to the conclusion that Bouvet had been deceived by the ice, and once more bent his thoughts towards home—especially as the ship stood in need of repairs, and her sails and rigging were nearly worn out—and consequently steered for the Cape of Good Hope, where he heard of the Adventure, and anchored in Table Bay on the 22d March. From thence he sailed again on the 27th April, touched at St Helena on the 15th May, and remained till the 21st, and then got under weigh for Ascension, where he arrived on the 28th; and from thence shaped a course for the remarkable island Fernando de Noronha, which he reached on the 9th June; and pursuing his way for the western islands, anchored in Fayal Roads on the 14th July, where Mr Wales the astronomer determined the position of the Azores by a series of observations. The Resolution ultimately entered Portsmouth on the 30th; and Captain Cook landed after an absence of three years and eighteen days, having sailed 20,000 leagues in various climates—from the extreme of heat to the extreme of cold. But so judicious had been the arrangements for preserving health, and so carefully had Captain Cook attended to the ventilation between decks, and the mode of promoting warmth, as well as the food, &c. of the people, that he lost only one man by sickness. It may naturally be supposed that the wear and tear of the ship was great, her rigging scarcely trustworthy, and her sails unfit to meet a fresh breeze; yet so careful were the officers of the masts and yards, that not a single spar of any consequence was carried away during the whole voyage.

The fame of Captain Cook as a navigator, coupled with his marked humanity as a man, now exalted him in public estimation far beyond what he had before experienced; and the utmost anxiety prevailed to obtain intelligence relative to his discoveries, &c. The king, to testify his approbation, made him a post captain nine days subsequent to his arrival; and three days afterwards, a captaincy in Greenwich Hospital was conferred upon him, to afford an honourable and competent retirement from active service. On the 29th February 1776 he was elected a member of the Royal Society, and in a short time he was honoured with the gold medal; Sir John Pringle, in presenting it, uttering a well-merited eulogium on the worthy receiver. The account of his second voyage was written by Captain Cook himself, and manifests a plain manly style, giving facts rather than embellishments.

COOK'S LAST VOYAGE.

The discovery of a supposed north-west passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific oceans had for many years been ardently sought for both by the English and the Dutch. Frobisher in 1576 made the first attempt, and his example was in succeeding times followed by many others. But though much geographical information had been gained in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, Davis' Straits, Baffin's Bay, and the coast of Greenland, yet no channel whatever was found. By act of parliament, £20,000 was offered to the successful individual. But though Captain Middleton in 1741, and Captains Smith and Moore in 1746, explored those seas and regions, the object remained unattained. The Honourable Captain Phipps (afterwards Earl Mulgrave) was sent out in the Racehorse, accompanied by Captain Lutwidge in the Carcase (Lord Nelson was a boy in this latter ship), to make observations, and to penetrate as far as it was practicable to do so. They sailed on the 2d June 1773, and made Spitzbergen on the 28th; but after great exertions, they found the ice to the northward utterly impenetrable. Once they became closely jammed, and it was only with great difficulty they escaped destruction. On the 22d August, finding it impossible to get further to the northward, eastward, or westward, they made sail, according to their instructions, for England, and arrived off Shetland on the 7th September.

Notwithstanding these numerous failures, the idea of an existing passage was still cherished; and Earl Sandwich continuing at the head of the Admiralty, resolved that a further trial should be made, and Captain Cook offered his services to undertake it. They were gladly accepted, and on the 10th February 1776 he was appointed to command the expedition in his old but hardy ship, the Resolution, and Captain Clerke, in the Discovery, was ordered to attend him. In this instance, however, the mode of experiment was to be reversed, and instead of attempting the former routes by Davis' Straits or Baffin's Bay, &c. Cook, at his own request, was instructed to proceed into the South Pacific, and thence to try the passage by the way of Behring's Straits; and as it was necessary that the islands in the southern ocean should be revisited, cattle and sheep, with other animals, and all kinds of seeds, were shipped for the advantage of the natives.

Every preparation having been made, the Resolution quitted Plymouth on the 12th July (the Discovery was to follow), taking Omai, the native brought from the Society Isles, with him. Having touched at Teneriffe, they crossed the equator on the 1st September, and reached the Cape on the 18th October, where the Discovery joined them on the 10th November. Whilst lying in Table Bay, the cattle were landed; and some dogs getting into the pens, worried and killed several of the sheep, and dispersed the rest. Two fine rams and two ewes were lost; but the two latter were recovered; the others could not be got back. Captain Cook here made an addition to his stock, and, besides other animals, purchased two young stallions and two mares.

The ships sailed again on the 30th November, and encountered heavy gales, in which several sheep and goats died. On the 12th December they saw two large islands, which Cook named Prince Edward's Islands; and three days afterwards several others were seen; but having made Kerguelen's Land, they anchored in a convenient harbour on Christmas day. On the north side of this harbour one of the men found a quart bottle fastened to a projecting rock by stout wire, and on opening it, the bottle was found to contain a piece of parchment, on which was an inscription purporting that the land had been visited by a French vessel in 1772-3. To this Cook added a notice of his own visit; the parchment was then returned to the bottle, and the cork being secured with lead, was placed upon a pile of stones near to the place from which it had been removed. The whole country was extremely barren and desolate; and on the 30th they came to the eastern extremity of Kerguelen's Land. To his great chagrin, whilst exploring the coast, Captain Cook lost through the intense cold two young bulls, one heifer, two rams, and several of the goats.

On the 24th January 1777 they came in sight of Van Diemen's Land, and on the 26th anchored in Adventure Bay, where intercourse was opened with the natives, and Omai took every opportunity of lauding the great superiority of his friends the English. Here they obtained plenty of grass for the remaining cattle, and a supply of fresh provisions for themselves. On the 30th they quitted their port, convinced that Van Diemen's Land was the southern point of New Holland. Subsequent investigations, however, have proved this idea to be erroneous; Van Diemen's Land being an island separated from the mainland of Australia by Bass's Straits.

On the 12th February Captain Cook anchored at his old station in Queen Charlotte's Sound, New Zealand; but the natives were very shy in approaching the ships, and none could be persuaded to come on board. The reason was, that on the former voyage, after parting with the Resolution, the Adventure had visited this place, and ten of her crew had been killed in an unpremeditated skirmish with the natives. It was the fear of retaliatory punishment that kept them aloof. Captain Cook, however, soon made them easy upon the subject, and their familiarity was renewed; but great caution was used, to be fully prepared for a similar attack, by keeping the men well armed on all occasions. Of the animals left at this island in the former voyages, many were thriving; and the gardens, though left in a state of nature, were found to contain cabbages, onions, leeks, radishes, mustard, and a few potatoes. The captain was enabled to add to both. At the solicitation of Omai he received two New Zealand lads on board the Resolution, and by the 27th was clear of the coast.

After landing at a number of islands, and not finding adequate supplies, the ships sailed for Anamocka, and the Resolution was brought up in exactly the same anchorage that she had occupied three years before. The natives behaved in a most friendly manner, and but for their habits of stealing, quiet would have been uninterrupted. Nothing, however, could check this propensity, till Captain Cook shaved the heads of all whom he caught practising it. This rendered them an object of ridicule to their countrymen, and enabled the English to recognise and keep them at a distance. Most of the Friendly Isles were visited by the ships, and everywhere they met with a kind reception. On the 10th June they reached Tongataboo, where the king offered Captain Cook his house to reside in. Here he made a distribution of his animals amongst the chiefs, and the importance of preserving them was explained by Omai. A horse and mare, a bull and cow, several sheep and turkeys, were thus given away; but two kids and two turkey-cocks having been stolen, the captain seized three canoes, put a guard over the chiefs, and insisted that not only the kids and turkeys should be restored, but also everything that had been taken away since their arrival. This produced a good effect, and much of the plunder was returned.

Captain Cook remained at the Friendly Islands nearly three months, and lived almost entirely during that period upon fresh provisions, occasionally eating the produce of the seeds he had sown there in his former visits. On the 17th July they took their final leave of these hospitable people, and on the 12th August reached Otaheite, and took up a berth in Oaiti-piha Bay, which it was discovered had been visited by two Spanish ships since the Resolution had last been there.

Animals of various kinds had been left in the country by the Spaniards, and the islanders spoke of them with esteem and respect. On the 24th the ships went round to Matavai Bay, and Captain Cook presented to the king, Otoo, the remainder of his live stock. There were already at Otoo's residence a remarkably fine bull and some goats that had been left by the Spaniards, and to these the captain added another bull, three cows, a horse and mare, and a number of sheep; also a peacock and hen, a turkey-cock and hen, one gander and three geese, a drake and four ducks. The geese and ducks began to breed before the English left the island.

They here witnessed a human sacrifice, to propitiate the favour of their gods in a battle they were about to undertake. The victim was generally some strolling vagabond, who was not aware of his fate till the moment arrived, and he received his death-blow from a club. For the purpose of showing the inhabitants the use of the horses, Captains Cook and Clerke rode into the country, to the great astonishment of the islanders; and though this exercise was continued every day by some of the Resolution's people, yet the wonder of the natives never abated.

On the return of Omai to the land of his birth, the reception he met with was not very cordial; but the affection of his relatives was strong and ardent. Captain Cook obtained the grant of a piece of land for him on the west side of Owharre harbour, Huaheine. The carpenters of the ships built him a small house, to which a garden was attached, planted with shaddocks, vines, pine apples, melons, &c. and a variety of vegetables; the whole of which were thriving before Captain Cook quitted the island. When the house was finished, the presents Omai had received in England were carried ashore, with every article necessary for domestic purposes, as well as two muskets, a bayonet, a brace of pistols, &c.

The two lads brought from New Zealand were put on shore at this place, to form part of Omai's family; but it was with great reluctance that they quitted the voyagers, who had behaved so kindly to them.

Whilst lying at Huaheine, a thief, who had caused them great trouble, not only had his head and beard shaved, but, in order to deter others, both his ears were cut off. On the 3d November the ships went to Ulietea, and here, decoyed by the natives, two or three desertions took place; and as others seemed inclined to follow the example, Captain Clerke pursued the fugitives with two armed boats and a party of marines; but without effect. Captain Cook experienced a similar failure: he therefore seized upon the persons of the chief's son, daughter, and son-in-law, whom he placed under confinement till the people should be restored; which took place on the 28th, and the hostages were released. One of the deserters was a midshipman of the Discovery, and the son of a brave officer in the service. Schemes were projected by some of the natives to assassinate Captain Cook and Captain Clerke; but though in imminent danger, the murderous plans failed.

At Bolabola, Captain Cook succeeded in obtaining an anchor which had been left there by M. Bouganville, as he was very desirous of converting the iron into articles of traffic. They left this place on the 8th December, crossed the line, and on the 24th stopped at a small island, which he named Christmas Island, and where he planted cocoa-nuts, yams, and melon seeds, and left a bottle enclosing a suitable inscription.

On the 2d January 1778 the ships resumed their voyage northward, to pursue the grand object in Behring's Straits. They passed several islands, the inhabitants of which, though at an immense distance from Otaheite, spoke the same language. Those who came on board displayed the utmost astonishment at everything they beheld; and it was evident they had never seen a ship before. The disposition to steal was equally strong in these as in the other South Sea islanders, and a man was killed who tried to plunder the watering party; but this was not known to Captain Cook till after they had sailed. They also discovered that the practice of eating human flesh was prevalent. To a group of these islands (and they were generally found in clusters) Captain Cook gave the name of the Sandwich Islands, in honour of the noble earl at the head of the Admiralty.

The voyage to the northward was continued on the 2d February, and the long-looked-for coast of New Albion was made on the 7th March, the ships being then in latitude 44 degrees 33 minutes north; and after sailing along it till the 29th, they came to an anchor in a small cove lying in latitude 49 degrees 29 minutes north. A brisk trade commenced with the natives, who appeared to be well acquainted with the value of iron, for which they exchanged the skins of various animals, such as bears, wolves, foxes, deer, &c. both in their original state and made up into garments. But the most extraordinary articles were human skulls, and hands not quite stripped of the flesh, and which had the appearance of having been recently on the fire. Thieving was practised at this place in a more scientific manner than they had before remarked; and the natives insisted upon being paid for the wood and other things supplied to the ships; with which Captain Cook scrupulously complied. This inlet was named King George's Sound; but it was afterwards ascertained that the natives called it Nootka Sound. After making every requisite nautical observation, the ships being again ready for sea on the 26th, in the evening they departed, a severe gale of wind blowing them away from the shore. From this period they examined the coast, under a hope of finding some communication with the Polar Sea; and one river they traced as high as latitude 61 degrees 30 minutes north, and which was afterwards named Cook's River.

They left this place on the 6th June, but notwithstanding all their watchfulness and vigilance, no passage could be found. The ships ranged across the mouth of the straits in about latitude 60 degrees, where the natives of the islands, by their manners, gave evident tokens of their being acquainted with Europeans—most probably Russian traders. They put in at Oonalaska and other places, which were taken possession of in the name of the king of England. On the 3d August Mr Anderson, surgeon of the Resolution, died from a lingering consumption, under which he had been suffering more than twelve months. He was a young man of considerable ability, and possessed an amiable disposition.

Proceeding to the northward, Captain Cook ascertained the relative positions of the two continents, Asia and America, whose extremities he observed. On the 18th they were close to a dense wall of ice, beyond which they could not penetrate, the latitude at this time being 70 degrees 44 minutes north. The ice here was from ten to twelve feet high, and seemed to rise higher in the distance. A prodigious number of sea-horses were crouching on the ice, some of which were procured for food. Captain Cook continued to traverse these icy seas till the 29th: he then explored the coasts in Behring's Straits both in Asia and America; and on the 2d of October again anchored at Oonalaska to refit; and here they had communication with some Russians, who undertook to convey charts and maps, &c. to the English Admiralty; which they faithfully fulfilled. On the 26th the ships quitted the harbour of Samganoodah, and sailed for the Sandwich Islands; Captain Cook purposing to remain there a few months, and then to return to Kamschatka. In latitude 20 degrees 55 minutes, the island of Mowee was discovered on the 26th of November; and on the 30th they fell in with another, called by the natives Owhyhee; and being of large extent, the ships were occupied nearly seven weeks in sailing round it, and examining the coast; and they found the islanders more frank and free from suspicion than any they had yet had intercourse with; so that on the 16th January 1779 there were not fewer than a thousand canoes about the two ships, most of them crowded with people, and well laden with hogs and other productions of the place. A robbery having been committed, Captain Cook ordered a volley of musketry and four great guns to be fired over the canoe that contained the thief; but this seemed only to astonish the natives, without creating any great alarm. On the 17th the ships anchored in a bay called by the islanders Karakakooa. The natives constantly thronged to the ships, whose decks consequently, being at all times crowded, allowed of pilfering without fear of detection; and these practices, it is conjectured, were encouraged by the chiefs. A great number of the hogs purchased were killed and salted down so completely, that some of it was good at Christmas 1780. On the 26th Captain Cook had an interview with Terreeoboo, king of the islands, in which great formality was observed, and an exchange of presents took place, as well as an exchange of names. The natives were extremely respectful to Cook; in fact, they paid him a sort of adoration, prostrating themselves before him; and a society of priests furnished the ships with a constant supply of hogs and vegetables, without requiring any return. On the 3d February, the day previous to the ships sailing, the king presented them with an immense quantity of cloth, many boat-loads of vegetables, and a whole herd of hogs. The ships sailed on the following day, but on the 6th encountered a very heavy gale, in which, on the night of the 7th, the Resolution sprung the head of her foremast in such a dangerous manner, that they were forced to put back to Karakakooa Bay in order to get it repaired. Here they anchored on the morning of the 11th, and everything for a time promised to go well in their intercourse with the natives. The friendliness manifested by the chiefs, however, was far from solid. They were savages at a low point of cultivation, and theft and murder were not considered by them in the light of crimes. Cook, aware of the nature of these barbarians, was anxious to avoid any collision, and it was with no small regret that he found that an affray had taken place between some seamen and the natives. The cause of the disturbance was the seizure of the cutter of the Discovery as it lay at anchor. The boats of both ships were sent in search of her, and Captain Cook went on shore to prosecute the inquiry, and, if necessary, to seize the person of the king, who had sanctioned the theft.

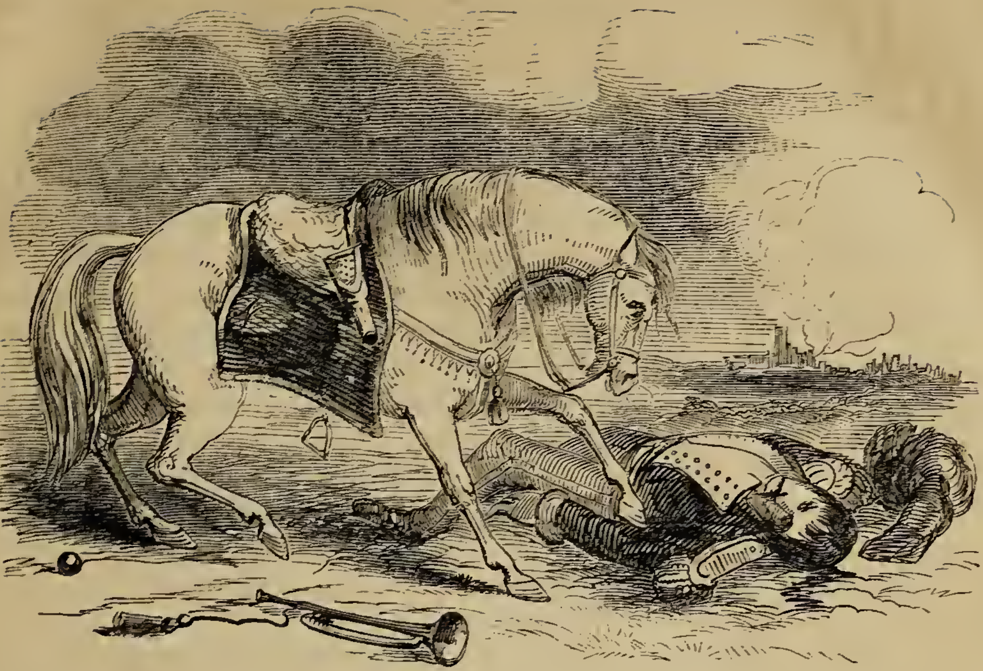
The narrative of what ensued is affectingly tragical. Cook left the Resolution about seven o'clock, attended by the lieutenant of marines, a sergeant, a corporal, and seven private men. The pinnace's crew were likewise armed, and under the command of Mr Roberts; the launch was also ordered to assist his own boat. He landed with the marines at the upper end of the town of Kavoroah, where the natives received him with their accustomed tokens of respect, and not the smallest sign of hostility was evinced by any of them; and as the crowds increased, the chiefs employed themselves as before in keeping order. Captain Cook requested the king to go on board the Resolution with him, to which he offered few objections; but in a little time it was observed that the natives were arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on the thick mats which they used by way of armour. This hostile appearance was increased by the arrival of a canoe from the opposite side of the bay, announcing that one of the chiefs had been killed by a shot from the Discovery's boat. The women, who had been conversing familiarly with the English, immediately retired, and loud murmurs arose amongst the crowd. Captain Cook perceiving the tumultuous proceedings of the natives, ordered Lieutenant Middleton to march his marines down to the boats, to which the islanders offered no obstruction. The captain followed with the king, attended by his wife, two sons, and several chiefs. One of the sons had already entered the pinnace, expecting his father to follow, when the king's wife and others hung round his neck, and forced him to be seated near a double canoe, assuring him that he would be put to death if he went on board the ship.

Whilst matters were in this position, one of the chiefs was seen with a dagger partly concealed under his cloak lurking about Captain Cook, and the lieutenant of marines proposed to fire at him; but this the captain would not permit; but the chief closing upon them, the officer of marines struck him with his firelock. Another native grasping the sergeant's musket, was forced to let it go by a blow from the lieutenant. Captain Cook, seeing the tumult was increasing, observed, that "if he were to force the king off, it could only be done by sacrificing the lives of many of his people;" and was about to give orders to re-embark, when a man flung a stone at him, which he returned by discharging small shot from one of the barrels of his piece. The man was but little hurt; and brandishing his spear, with threatenings to hurl it at the captain, the latter, unwilling to fire with ball, knocked the fellow down, and then warmly expostulated with the crowd for their hostile conduct. At this moment a man was observed behind a double canoe in the act of darting a spear at Captain Cook, who promptly fired, but killed another who was standing by his side. The sergeant of marines, however, instantly presented, and brought down the native whom the captain had missed. The impetuosity of the islanders was somewhat repressed; but being pushed on by those in the rear, who were ignorant of what was passing in front, a volley of stones was poured in amongst the marines, who, without waiting for orders, returned it with a general discharge of musketry, which was directly succeeded by a brisk fire from the boats. Captain Cook expressed much surprise and vexation: he waved his hand for the boats to cease firing, and to come on shore to embark the marines. The pinnace unhesitatingly obeyed; but the lieutenant in the launch, instead of pulling in to the assistance of his commander, rowed further off at the very moment that the services of himself and people were most required. Nor was this all the mischief that ensued; for, as it devolved upon the pinnace to receive the marines, she became so crowded, as to render the men incapable of using their firearms. The marines on shore, however, fired; but the moment their pieces were discharged, the islanders rushed *en masse* upon them, forced the party into the water, where four of them were killed, and the lieutenant wounded. At this critical period Captain Cook was left entirely alone upon a rock near the shore. He, however, hurried towards the pinnace, holding his left arm round the back of his head, to shield it from the stones, and carrying his musket under his right. An islander, armed with a club, was seen in a crouching posture cautiously following him, as if watching for an opportunity to spring forward upon his victim. This man was a relation of the king's, and remarkably agile and quick. At length he jumped forward upon the captain, and struck him a heavy blow on the back of his head, and then turned and fled. The captain appeared to be somewhat stunned. He staggered a few paces, and, dropping his musket, fell on his hands and one knee; but whilst striving to recover his upright position, another islander rushed forward, and with an iron dagger stabbed him in the neck. He again made an effort to proceed, but fell into a small pool of water not more than knee-deep, and numbers instantly ran to the spot, and endeavoured to keep him down; but by his struggles he was enabled to get his head above the surface, and casting a look towards the pinnace (then not more than five or six yards distant), seemed to be imploring assistance. It is asserted that, in consequence of the crowded state of the pinnace (through the withdrawal of the launch), the crew of that boat were unable to render any aid: but it is also probable that the emergency of this unexpected catastrophe deprived the English of that cool judgment which was requisite on such an occasion. The islanders, perceiving that no help was afforded, forced him under water again, but in a deeper place; yet his great muscular power once more enabled him to raise himself and cling to the rock. At this moment a forcible blow was given with a club, and he fell down lifeless. The savages then hauled his corpse upon the rock, and ferociously stabbed the body all over, snatching the dagger from each others' hands to wreak their sanguinary vengeance on the slain. The body was left some time exposed upon the rock; and as the islanders gave way, through terror at their own act and the fire from the boats, it might have been recovered entire. But no attempt of the kind was made; and it was afterwards, together with the marines, cut up, and the parts distributed amongst the chiefs. The mutilated fragments were subsequently restored, and committed to the deep with all the honours due to the rank of the deceased. Thus (February 14, 1779) perished in an inglorious brawl with a set of savages, one of England's greatest navigators, whose services to science have never been surpassed by any man belonging to his profession. It may almost be said that he fell a victim to his humanity; for if, instead of retreating before his barbarous pursuers with a view to spare their lives, he had turned revengefully upon them, his fate might have been very different.

The death of their commander was felt to be a heavy blow by the officers and seamen of the expedition. With deep sorrow the ships' companies left Owhyhee, where the catastrophe had occurred, the command of the Resolution devolving on Captain Clerke, and Mr Gore acting as commander of the Discovery. After making some further exploratory searches among the Sandwich Islands, the vessels visited Kamschatka and Behring's Straits. Here it was found impossible to penetrate through the ice either on the coast of America or that of Asia, so that they returned to the southward; and on the 22d August 1779 Captain Clerke died of consumption, and was succeeded by Captain Gore, who in his turn gave Lieutenant King an acting order in the Discovery. After a second visit to Kamschatka, the two ships returned by way of China, remained some time at Canton, touched at the Cape, and arrived at the Nore, 4th October 1780, after an absence of four years, two months, and twenty-two days, during which the Resolution lost only five men by sickness, and the Discovery did not lose a single man.

By this, as well as the preceding voyages of Cook, a considerable addition was made to a knowledge of the earth's surface. Besides clearing up doubts respecting the Southern Ocean, and making known many islands in the Pacific, the navigator did an inestimable service to his country in visiting the coasts of New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, and Norfolk Island—all now colonial possessions of Britain, and which promise at no distant day to become the seat of a large and flourishing nation of Anglo-Australians—the England of the southern hemisphere.

The intelligence of Captain Cook's death was received with melancholy regrets in England. The king granted a pension of £200 per annum to his widow, and £25 per annum to each of the children; the Royal Society had a gold medal struck in commemoration of him; and various other honours at home and abroad were paid to his memory. "Thus, by his own persevering efforts," as has been well observed by the author of the Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties, "did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. But better still than even all this fame—than either the honours which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness—the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition—the only satisfying reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity or endurance. Among the shipmates with whom Cook mixed when he first went to sea, there was perhaps no one who ever either raised himself above the condition to which he then belonged in point of outward circumstances, or enlarged in any considerable degree the knowledge or mental resources he then possessed. And some will perhaps say that this was little to be regretted, at least on their own account; that the many who spent their lives in their original sphere were probably as happy as the one who succeeded in rising above it: but this is, indeed, to cast a hasty glance on human life and human nature. That man was never truly happy—happy upon reflection, and while looking to the past or the future—who could not say to himself that he had made something of the faculties God gave him, and had not lived altogether without progression, like one of the inferior animals. We do not speak of mere wealth or station; these are comparatively nothing; are as often missed as attained, even by those who best merit them; and do not of themselves constitute happiness when they are possessed. But there must be some consciousness of an intellectual or moral progress, or there can be no satisfaction, no self-congratulation on reviewing what of life may be already gone, no hope in the prospect of what is yet to come. All men feel this, and feel it strongly; and if they could secure for themselves the source of happiness in question by a wish, would avail themselves of the privilege with sufficient alacrity. Nobody would pass his life in ignorance, if knowledge might be had by merely looking up to the clouds for it: it is the labour necessary for its acquirement that scares them; and this labour they have not resolution to encounter. Yet it is, in truth, from the exertion by which it must be obtained that knowledge derives at least half its value; for to this entirely we owe the sense of merit in ourselves which the acquisition brings along with it; and hence no little of the happiness of which we have just described its possession to be the source: besides that, the labour itself soon becomes an enjoyment." Let these observations meet with a ready reception among youth, in whatever rank in life. Honour and fame are not to be achieved by seeking for them alone, nor are their possession the end and aim of human existence. It is only by an *unwearied striving after a new and nobler nature;* only by being useful to our fellows, and making the most of those qualities of mind which God has given us, that happiness is to be attained, or that we fulfil the ends of our being.



ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

THE horse is universally acknowledged to be one of the noblest members of the animal kingdom. Possessing the finest symmetry, and unencumbered by those external appendages which characterise many of the larger quadrupeds, his frame is a perfect model of elegance and concentrated energy. Highly sensitive, yet exceedingly tractable, proud, yet persevering, naturally of a roaming disposition, yet readily accommodating himself to domestic conditions, he has been one of the most valuable aids to human civilisation—associating with man in all phases of his progress from the temporary tent to the permanent city.

By his physical structure, the horse is fitted for dry open plains that yield a short sweet herbage. His hoof is not adapted to the swamp; and though he may occasionally be seen browsing on tender shoots, yet he could subsist neither in the jungle nor in the forest. His lips and teeth, however, are admirably formed for cropping the shortest grass, and thus he luxuriates where many other herbivorous animals would starve, provided he be supplied with water, of which he is at all times a liberal drinker. He cannot crush his food like the hippopotamus, nor does he ruminate like the ox; but he grinds the herbage with a peculiar lateral motion of the jaw, which looks not unlike the action of a millstone. Delighting in the river-plain and open glade, the savannahs of America, the steppes of Asia, and the plains of Europe, must be regarded as his head-quarters in a wild state. There is doubt expressed, however, as to the original locality of the horse. The wild herds of America are looked upon as the descendants of Spanish breeds imported by the first conquerors of that continent; those of the Ukraine, in Europe, are said to be the progeny of Russian horses abandoned after the siege of Azoph in 1696; and even those of Tartary are regarded as coming from a more southern stock. Naturalists therefore look to the countries bordering on Egypt, as in all likelihood the primitive place of residence of this noble animal; and there is no doubt that the Arabian breed, when perfectly pure, presents the finest specimen of a horse in symmetry, docility, and courage. Regarding the horse as of Asiatic origin, we now find him associated with man in almost every region of the habitable globe. Like the dog, ox, sheep, and a few others of the brute creation, he seems capable of accommodating himself to very different conditions, and assumes a shaggy coat or a sleek skin, a size little inferior to that of the elephant, or not larger than that of an English mastiff, just as circumstances of climate and food require.*

In a state of nature, the horse loves to herd with his fellows, and droves of from four to five hundred, or even double that number, are not unfrequently seen, if the range be wide and fertile. The members of these vast droves are inoffensive in their habits, and when not startled or hunted, are rather playful and frolicsome; now scouring the plain in groups for mere amusement, now suddenly stopping, pawing the soil, then snorting, and off straight as an arrow, or wheeling in circles—making the ground shake with their wild merriment. It is impossible to conceive a more animated picture than a group of wild horses at play. Their fine figures are thrown into a thousand attitudes; and as they rear, curvette, dilate the nostril, paw in quivering nervousness to begin the race, or speed away with erect mane and flowing tail, they present forms of life and energy which the painter may strive in vain to imitate. They seldom shift their stations, unless compelled by failure of pasture or water; and thus they acquire a boldness and confidence in their haunts which it is rather unsafe to disturb. They never attack other animals, however, but always act upon the defensive. Having pastured, they retire either to the confines of the forest, or to some elevated portion of the plain, and recline on the sward, or hang listlessly on their legs for hours together. One or more of their number are always awake to keep watch while the rest are asleep, and to warn them of approaching danger, which is done by snorting loudly, or neighing. Upon this signal the whole troop start to their feet, and either reconnoitre the enemy, or fly off with the swiftness of the wind, followed by the sentinel and by the older stallions. Byron has happily described the manners of a herd surprised by the arrival of Mazeppa and his fainting charger on their pastures:—

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* In ordinary systems of zoology, the horse is classed with the *Pachyderms*, or thick-skinned animals, as the elephant, tapir, hog, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros. Differing from the rest of the class in many respects, he has been taken as the representative of a distinct family known by the name of *Equidæ* (*equus*, a horse), which embraces the horse, ass, zebra, quagga, onagga, and dzegguetai. All these animals have solid hoofs, are destitute of horns, have moderately-sized ears, are less or more furnished with manes, and have their tails either partially or entirely covered with long hair. The family may, with little impropriety, be divided into two sections—the one comprehending the horse and its varieties, and the other the ass, zebra, and remaining members. In the former, the tail is adorned with long flowing hair, the mane is also long and flowing, and the fetlocks are bushy; the latter have the tail only tipped with long hair, the mane erect, and the legs smooth and naked. The colours of the horse have a tendency to *dapple*—that is, to arrange themselves in rounded spots on a common ground; in the ass, zebra, and other genera, the colours are arranged in stripes more or less parallel.

> "They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
> Gallop a moment here and there,
> Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
> Then plunging back with sudden bound,
> Headed by one black mighty steed,
> Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
> Without a single speck or hair
> Of white upon his shaggy hide;
> They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
> And backward to the forest fly,
> By instinct, from a human eye."

They are seldom to be taken by surprise; but if attacked, the assailant seldom comes off victorious, for the whole troop unite in defence of their comrades, and either tear him to pieces with their teeth, or kick him to death.

There is a remarkable difference in the dispositions of the Asiatic and South American wild horses. Those of the former continent can never be properly tamed, unless trained very young, but frequently break out into violent fits of rage in after life, exhibiting every mark of natural wildness; while those of America can be brought to perfect obedience, and even rendered somewhat docile, within a few weeks, nay, sometimes days. It would be difficult to account for this opposition of temper, unless we can suppose that it is influenced by climate, or rather to the transmission of domesticated peculiarities from the original Spanish stock.

CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

As in South America we have the most numerous herds, and the most extensive plains for their pasture, so it is there that the catching and subduing of the wild horse presents one of the most daring and exciting engagements. If an additional horse is wanted, a wild one is either hunted down with the assistance of a trained animal and the *lasso*, or a herd are driven into a *corral* (a space enclosed with rough posts), and one selected from the number. The latter mode is spiritedly described by Miers, whose account we transcribe, premising that a *lasso* is a strong plaited thong, about forty feet in length, rendered supple by grease, and having a noose at the end :—"The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones about two or three years old. The chief guacho (native inhabitants of the plains are called peons or guachos), mounted on a strong steady animal, rode into the enclosure, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was forced out of the corral, his first idea was to gallop off; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him in the most effectual way. The peons now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his fore-legs, just above the fetlock, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly, that I really thought the fall he had got had killed him. In an instant a guacho was seated on his head, and with his long knife cut off the whole of the mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This they told me was a mark that the horse had once been mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve for a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head. The guacho who was to mount arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp; and while two men held the horse by the ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight. He then caught hold of the animal's ear, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle, upon which the men who held the halter threw the end to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of our English steed: however, the guacho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider.

"Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve guachos were mounted in a space which I think hardly exceeded an hour. It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the guachos were girthing the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff and in unnatural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of those for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

"It was now curious to look around and see the guachos on the horizon, in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work; for the poor creatures had been so scared there, that they were unwilling to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses; they were jumping and dancing in various ways, while the right arm of the guachos was seen flogging them.

At last they brought the horses back, apparently subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the animals trotted towards the corral, neighing to one another."

To hunt down the horse in the open plain, requires still greater address, and greater strength of arm. According to Captain Hall, the guacho first mounts a steed which has been accustomed to the sport, and gallops him over the plain in the direction of the wild herd, and, circling round, endeavours to get close to such a one as he thinks will answer his purpose. As soon as he has approached sufficiently near, the lasso is thrown round the two hind-legs, and as the guacho rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the hunter dismounts, and, snatching his *poncho* or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head. He then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the poncho, upon which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavours by a thousand vain efforts to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the animal to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his whole speed and strength to the capture of his companions.

DOMESTICATION.

The subduing of wild specimens in America, the Ukraine, Tartary, and other regions, must be regarded as merely supplementary to that domestication which the horse has undergone from the remotest antiquity. A wild adult may be subjugated, but can never be thoroughly trained; even the foal of a wild mother, though taught with the greatest care from the day of its birth, is found to be inferior to domestic progeny in point of steadiness and intelligence. Parents, it would seem, transmit to their offspring mental susceptibility as well as corporeal symmetry; and thus, to form a just estimate of equine qualities, we must look to the domesticated breeds of civilised nations. At what period the horse was first subjected to the purposes of man, we have no authentic record. He is mentioned by the oldest writers, and it is probable that his domestication was nearly coeval with the earliest state of society. Trimmed and decorated chargers appear on Egyptian monuments more than four thousand years old; and on sculptures equally, if not more ancient, along the banks of the Euphrates. One of the oldest books of Scripture contains the most powerful description of the war-horse; Joseph gave the Egyptians bread in exchange for horses; and the people of Israel are said to have gone out under Joshua against hosts armed with "horses and chariots very many." At a later date, Solomon is said to have obtained horses "out of Egypt, and out of all lands," and to have had "four thousand stalls for horses and chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen." Thus we find that in the plains of the Euphrates, Nile, and Jordan, the horse was early the associate of man, bearing him with rapidity from place to place, and aiding in the carnage and tumult of battle. He does not appear, however, to have been employed in the more useful arts of agriculture and commerce; these supposed drudgeries being imposed on the more patient ox, ass, and camel. Even in refined Greece and Rome, he was merely yoked to the war-chariot, placed under the saddle of the soldier, or trained for the race-course.

As civilisation spread westward over Europe, the demands upon the strength and endurance of the horse were multiplied, and in time he was called upon to lend his shoulder indiscriminately to the carriage and wagon, to the mill, plough, and other implements of husbandry. It is in this servant-of-all-work capacity that we must now regard him; and certainly a more docile, steady, and willing assistant it would be impossible to find. But it is evident that the ponderous shoulder and firm step necessary for the wagon would not be exactly the thing for the mail-coach; nor would the slow and steady draught, so valuable in the plough, be any recommendation to the hunter or roadster. For these varied purposes men have selected different stocks, which either exist naturally, or have been produced by a long-continued and careful system of breeding. In a state of nature, the horse assumes various qualities in point of symmetry, size, strength, and fleetness, according to the conditions of soil, food, and climate which he enjoys. It is thus that we have the Arabian, Tartar, Ukraine, Shetland, and other stocks, each differing so widely from the others, that the merest novice could not possibly confound them. Besides these primitive stocks, a thousand *breeds*, as they are called, have been produced by domestication, so that at the present time it would require volumes even for their enumeration. In our own country, for example, we have such breeds as the Flanders, Norman, Cleveland, Suffolk, Galloway, Clydesdale, and Shetland; and of these numerous varieties, as may be required for the turf, the road, the cart, or the carriage. All this exhibits the wonderful ductility of the horse, and proves how admirably he is adapted to be the companion and assistant of man, as the latter spreads himself over the tenantable regions of the globe. It is to the character of the horse thus domesticated that we intend to devote the rest of this sheet; to his intellectual and moral, rather than to his physical qualities; to those traits of spirit and daring, of aptitude, prudence, memory, and affection, with which his history abounds.

COURAGE.

Courage and unshrinking firmness have ever been attributes of the horse. The magnificent description given in the book of Job, must be familiar to every one:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?—the glory of his strength is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword; the quiver rattleth against him—the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head, and the ears far asunder, are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the forelock. This assertion is in all probability correct, for there is no reason why cerebral development should not influence the character of a horse as well as that of a man; but much, too, depends upon judicious training. Some, says Colonel Smith, habituated to war, will drop their head, pick at grass in the midst of fire, smoke, and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavouring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, shrapnell-shells, and rockets; and it was painful to witness their look of terror in battle, and to hear their groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge, dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect, at a charge in 1794—when the light-dragoon horse was larger than at present, and the French were wretchedly mounted—a party of British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes.

The horse, though naturally afraid of the lion, tiger, and other feline animals, has often sufficient confidence in a firm rider and his own courage to overcome this timidity, and to join in the attack. This was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Sir Robert Gillespie, and noticed in the Naturalists' Library. Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and commotion of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear from one of the bystanders, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger, probably, was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. Here, instead of swerving, the noble animal went right over his formidable enemy with a firmness that enabled the rider to use his lance with precision. This steed was a small gray, and was afterwards sent home as a present to the prince regent.

M. Arnauld, in his History of Animals, relates the following incident of ferocious courage in a mule. This animal belonged to a gentleman in Florence, and became so vicious and refractory, that he not only refused to submit to any kind of labour, but actually attacked with his heels and teeth those who attempted to compel him. Wearied with such conduct, his master resolved to make away with him, by exposing him to the wild beasts in the menagerie of the grand duke. For this purpose he was first placed in the dens of the hyenas and tigers, all of whom he would have soon destroyed, had he not been speedily removed. At last he was handed over to the lion, but the mule, instead of exhibiting any symptoms of alarm, quietly receded to a corner, keeping his front opposed to his adversary. Once planted in the corner, he resolutely kept his place, eyeing every movement of the lion, which was preparing to spring upon him. The lion, however, perceiving the difficulty of an attack, practised all his wiles to throw the mule off his guard, but in vain. At length the latter, perceiving an opportunity, made a sudden rush upon the lion, and in an instant broke several of his teeth by the stroke of his fore-feet. The "king of the animals," as he has been called, finding that he had got quite enough of the combat, slunk grumbling to his cage, and left the hardy mule master of the battle.

As may be readily supposed, the intrepidity of the horse is often of signal service in the cause of humanity, commanding at once our esteem and admiration. We know of no instance in which his assistance was so successfully rendered as in that which once occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, and which is related by M. De Pages in his "Travels Round the World." "I should have found it difficult," says he, "to give it credit, had it not happened the evening before my arrival; and if, besides the public notoriety of the fact, I had not been an eye-witness of those vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had justly excited in the mind of every individual at the Cape. A violent gale of wind setting in from north-north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bulged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. He alighted, and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, when again seating himself in the saddle, he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared; but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck, when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated no seldomer than seven times, and saved fourteen lives to the public; but, on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land; but his gallant rider, alas! was no more."

Occasionally, there is so much sagacity and affection combined with the intrepidity of the horse, that his conduct would do credit even to the bravest human nature. Like the dog, he has been known to swim to the assistance of a drowning creature, and this without any other impulse than that of his own generous feelings. Captain Thomas Brown, in his interesting Biographical Sketches of the Horse—a work to which we are indebted for several of the facts here recorded—mentions the following gratifying incident, which proves the possession of something more than mere unreasoning instinct:—A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a small pony, which had been long kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore without the slightest injury.

FLEETNESS, STRENGTH, AND ENDURANCE.

Although fleetness, strength, and power of endurance are strictly physical properties, yet they depend so intimately upon courage, emulation, and other moral qualities, that we cannot do better than consider them in this place. Taken separately, a greater degree of swiftness or of strength may be found in certain other animals, but in none are all these properties so fully and perfectly developed as in the horse. And what is also remarkable, in him they are improved by domestication, a process which tends to deteriorate them in most other animals. It is thus by the unwearied attention of breeders, that our own horses are now capable of performing what no others can. In 1755, Matchem ran the Beacon Course at Newmarket—in length four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards—with eight stone seven pounds, in seven minutes and twenty seconds. Flying Childers ran the same course in seven minutes and a half; and the Round Course, which is three miles six furlongs and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds, carrying nine stone and two pounds. In 1772, a mile was ran by Firetail in one minute and four seconds. In the year 1745, the postmaster of Stretton rode, on different horses, along the road to and from London, no less than 215 miles, in eleven hours and a half—a rate of above eighteen miles an hour; and in July 1788, a horse belonging to a gentleman of Billiter Square, London, was trotted for a wager thirty miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes—which is at the rate of more than twenty-one miles an hour. In September 1784, a Shetland pony, eleven hands high, carrying five stone, was matched for one hundred guineas to run from Norwich to Yarmouth and back again, which is forty-four miles. He performed it with ease in three hours and forty-five minutes, which was thought to be the greatest feat ever done by a horse of his height. In October 1741, at the Curragh meeting in Ireland, Mr Wilde engaged to ride 127 miles in nine hours; he performed it in six hours and twenty-one minutes, riding ten horses, and allowing for mounting and dismounting, and a moment for refreshment; he rode for six hours at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Mr Shafto, in 1762, with ten horses, and five of them ridden twice, accomplished fifty miles and a quarter in one hour and forty-nine minutes. In 1763 he won a second match, which was to provide a person to ride 100 miles-a-day, on any one horse each day, for twenty-nine days together, and to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine: he accomplished the task on fourteen horses; and on one day he rode 160 miles, on account of the tiring of his first horse. The celebrated Marquis de la Fayette rode, in August 1778, from Rhode Island to Boston, a distance of nearly seventy miles, in seven hours, and returned in six and a half. Mr Huell's Quibbler, however, afforded the most extraordinary instance on record of the stoutness as well as speed of the race-horse, when, in December 1786, he ran twenty-three miles round the flat at Newmarket in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds. Hundreds of other examples might be quoted, some of them even perhaps more wonderful than those above cited, but these will serve at least to show the astonishing fleetness of the horse, and to confirm our assertion, that in this particular he is not surpassed by any other quadruped.

The strength and power of draught in the horse is not less remarkable than his swiftness. "In London," says Bingley in his Animal Biography, "there have been instances of a single horse drawing, for a short space, the weight of three tons; and some of the pack-horses of the north usually carry burdens weighing upwards of 400 pounds; but the most remarkable proof of the strength of the British breed is in our mill-horses, some of which have been known to carry, at one load, thirteen measures of corn, that, in the whole, would amount to more than 900 pounds' weight." Useful as the horse may be to man on account of his great natural strength, his utility is increased tenfold by the assistance of art, as is well illustrated by the following trial which took place near Croydon, in Surrey:—The Surrey iron railway being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods from Wandsworth to Mertsham, a bet was made that a common horse could draw thirty-six tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road. A number of gentlemen assembled near Mertsham to witness this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve wagons loaded with stones, each wagon weighing about three tons, were chained together, and a horse belonging to Mr Harwood yoked to the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of wagons, with apparent ease, to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-six minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of the undertaking he was stopped four times, to show that it was not by the impetus of the descent the power was acquired. After each stoppage, a chain of four wagons was added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still farther to show the effect of the railway in facilitating motion, the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, were directed to mount the wagons; still the horse proceeded without the least distress; and, in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the wagons were taken to the weighing machine, when it was found that the whole weight was little short of fifty-five tons and a half!

The endurance of the horse is also exceedingly great, and equalled only perhaps by that of the camel. The elephant either breaks down under his own weight, or becomes infuriated when goaded beyond his accustomed powers; the ox, though extremely patient, soon suffers in his feet, or becomes faint through hunger; but the horse toils on unflinchingly, till not unfrequently he drops down dead through sheer exhaustion. The mares of the Bedouin Arabs will often travel fifty miles without stopping; and they have been known to go 120 miles on emergencies, with hardly a respite, and no food. In 1804, an Arab horse at Bangalore, in the presidency of Madras, ran 400 miles in the course of four successive days, and that without showing any symptoms of more than ordinary fatigue. Sometimes our own English horses will perform equally astonishing feats, notwithstanding that they carry larger weights, and are more heavily harnessed. In June 1827, a gentleman left Dublin, mounted on a small gelding, in company with the day coach for Limerick, and arrived at Nenagh at six o'clock the same evening, having kept the vehicle in view all the time, and entered the town with it, riding the same horse. There was a wager of fifty guineas to ten that he would not bring the horse alive to Nenagh. The animal was, however, none the worse for it, after the extraordinary ride of ninety-five English miles.

Even the ass, dull and stupid as our bad treatment too often makes him, is not without his share of vigour and endurance. In 1826, according to Captain Brown, a clothier of Ipswich undertook to drive his ass in a light gig to London and back again—a distance of 140 miles—in two days. The ass went to London at a pace little short of a good gig-horse, and fed at different stages well; on his return he came in, without the application of a whip, at the rate of seven miles an hour, and performed the whole journey with ease. He was twelve and a half hands high, and half-breed Spanish and English.

ATTACHMENT TO MAN.

In submission and attachment to man, the horse is equalled only by the dog and elephant. He soon learns to distinguish his master's voice, and to come at his call; he rejoices in his presence, and seems restless and unhappy during his absence; he joins with him willingly in any work, and appears susceptible of emulation and rivalry; and though frequently fierce and dangerous to strangers, yet there are few instances on record of his being faithless to those with whom he is domesticated, unless under the most inhumane and barbarous treatment. Colonel Smith relates the following affecting incident of attachment in a charger which belonged to the late General Sir Robert Gillespie:—When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore, was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

The affection of the horse is sometimes displayed in joyous gambols and familiar caresses like those of the dog, though, like the man in the fable who was embraced by his ass, one would willingly dispense with such boisterous manifestations. We are informed in the Sporting Magazine, that a gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession, December 1793, a three-year-old colt, a dog, and three sheep, which were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlour window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt had often been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and then leap back to his pasture. We have ourselves often witnessed similar signs of affection on the part of an old Shetland pony, which would place its forefoot in the hand of its young master like a dog, thrust its head under his arm to be caressed, and join with him and a little terrier in all their noisy rompings on the lawn. The same animal daily bore its master to school, and though its heels and teeth were always ready for every aggressive urchin, yet so attached was it to this boy, that it would wait hours for him in his sports by the way, and even walk alone from the stable in town to the school-room, which was fully half a mile distant, and wait saddled and bridled for the afternoon's dismissal. Indeed the young scape-grace did not deserve one-tenth of this attention, for we have often seen old "Donald" toiling homeward with him at the gallop, to make up for time squandered at taw or cricket.

Occasionally equine attachment exhibits itself in a light as exalted and creditable as that of the human mind. During the peninsular war, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally evinced its affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, and bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found many days after the engagement stretched on the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, in the excess of his grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

On the evening of Saturday the 24th February 1830, Mr Smith, supervisor of excise at Beauly, was proceeding home from a survey of Fort Augustus, and, to save a distance of about sixteen miles, he took the hill road from Drumnadrochit to Beauly. The road was completely blocked up with, and indiscernible amidst the waste of snow, so that Mr Smith soon lost all idea of his route. In this dilemma he thought it best to trust to his horse, and, loosening the reins, allowed him to choose his own course. The animal made way, though slowly and cautiously, till coming to a ravine near Glenconvent, when both horse and rider suddenly disappeared in a snow wreath several fathoms deep. Mr Smith, on recovering, found himself nearly three yards from the dangerous spot, with his faithful horse standing over him, and licking the snow from his face. He thinks the bridle must have been attached to his person. So completely, however, had he lost all sense of consciousness, that beyond the bare fact as stated, he had no knowledge of the means by which he had made so striking and providential an escape.

Very similar to the above is the following instance related of a hunter belonging to a farmer in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh:—On one occasion his master was returning home from a jovial meeting, where he had been very liberal in his potations, which destroyed his power of preserving his equilibrium, and rendered him at the same time somewhat drowsy. He had the misfortune to fall from his saddle, but in so easy a manner, that it had not the effect of rousing him from his sleepy fit; and he felt quite contented to rest where he had alighted. His faithful steed, on being eased of his burden, instead of scampering home, as one would have expected from his habits (which were somewhat vicious), stood by his prostrate master, and kept a strict watch over him. The farmer was discovered by some labourers at sunrise, very contentedly snoozing on a heap of stones by the road-side. They naturally approached to replace him on his saddle; but every attempt to come near him was resolutely opposed by the grinning teeth and ready heels of his faithful and determined guardian.

The Biographical Sketches, on the authority of which we give the preceding, also records the following, as exhibiting a still more sagacious solicitude on the part of the horse for his master:—"A farmer who lives in the neighbourhood of Belford, and regularly attends the markets there, was returning home one evening in 1828, and, being somewhat tipsy, rolled off his saddle into the middle of the road. His horse stood still; but after remaining patiently for some time, and not observing any disposition in its rider to get up and proceed further, he took him by the collar and shook him. This had little or no effect, for the farmer only gave a grumble of dissatisfaction at having his repose disturbed. The animal was not to be put off with any such evasion, and so applied his mouth to one of his master's coat laps, and after several attempts, by dragging at it, to raise him upon his feet, the coat lap gave way. Three individuals who witnessed this extraordinary proceeding then went up, and assisted him in mounting his horse, putting the one coat lap into the pocket of the other, when he trotted off, and safely reached home. This horse is deservedly a favourite of his master, and has, we understand, occasionally been engaged in gambols with him like a dog."

The generally received opinion, that asses are stubborn and intractable, alike unmoved by harsh or affectionate usage, is in a great measure unfounded, as appears from the following anecdote, related in Church's Cabinet of Quadrupeds. In most instances their stubbornness is the result of bad treatment—a fact that says less for the humanity and intelligence of man, than for the natural dispositions of the brute. An old man, who a few years ago sold vegetables in London, used in his employment an ass, which conveyed his baskets from door to door. Frequently he gave the poor industrious creature a handful of hay, or a piece of bread, or greens, by way of refreshment and reward. He had no need of any goad for the animal, and seldom indeed had he to lift up his hand to drive it on. His kind treatment was one day remarked to him, and he was asked whether his beast were apt to be stubborn. "Ah! master," replied he, "it is of no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain; for he is ready to do anything, and go anywhere. I bred him myself. He is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me; you will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he ran his head kindly into my bosom."

INSTANCES OF REVENGE AND OBSTINACY.

Though Providence seems to have implanted in the horse a benevolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries, and fearfully revenging them. A person near Boston, in America, was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner having deceived the animal several times, by calling him when he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect the design; and coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, reared on his hind-legs, and killed his master on the spot.

In the preceding instance the provocation was deceit and trickery; the poor horse, however, often receives heavier incentives to revenge. Can we blame him when he attempts it in such cases as the following?—A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel thought of attempting completely to fatigue him. After a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable, his strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The baronet some time after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him; and had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power of ever again misusing his animals.

It is told of a horse belonging to an Irish nobleman, that he always became restive and furious whenever a certain individual came into his presence. One day this poor fellow happened to pass within reach, when the animal seized him with its teeth and broke his arm; it then threw him down, and lay upon him—every effort to get it off proving unavailing, till the bystanders were compelled to shoot it. The reason assigned for this ferocity was, that the man had performed a cruel operation on the animal some time before, and which it seems to have revengefully remembered.

The ass, like his congener the horse, is also sometimes influenced by the most determined revenge. At Salwell, in 1825, an ass was ferociously attacked by a bull-dog; but the poor animal defended himself so gallantly with his heels—keeping his rear always presented to his assailant—that the dog was unable to fix on him. He at length turned rapidly round on his adversary, and caught hold of him with his teeth in such a manner that the dog was unable to retaliate. Here the dog howled most repentantly, and one would have thought that the ass would have dismissed him with this punishment; but no; he dragged the enemy to the river Derwent, into which he put him over the head, and lying down upon him, kept him under water till he was drowned.

Occasionally, the horse displays unparalleled obstinacy, suffering himself to be lashed and bruised in the severest manner rather than yield to the wishes of his master. In most instances there is some discoverable cause for such perversity, though in some there appears to be no other impulse save that of a stubborn and wilful disposition. We have witnessed a draught-horse, working lustily and cheerfully, all at once stand still on coming to a certain spot; and no coaxing that could be offered, or punishment that could be inflicted, would cause him to move one step, until he was blindfolded, and then he would push forward as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, we chanced to see a carter's horse take one of these obstinate fits, when issuing from a quarry with a load of stones. The most shameful tortures were had recourse to by the carter and quarrymen; but all to no purpose. We believe the animal would have suffered himself to be cut to pieces rather than stir one foot. At last the carter in desperation threw an iron chain round the neck of the animal, and yoked another horse to the chain; but no sooner did the obstinate brute perceive the intention of this application, than he rushed forward; and from that day, the simple jingling of a chain was quite sufficient to put him out of the sulks.

For the most part, however, there is some apparent cause for these intractable fits, such as the remembrance of a fright, of a severe punishment, or of some other injury. Thus we have known a riding-horse pass within a few feet of the wands of a windmill when in motion; and yet no force or persuasion would induce him to pass them when they were at rest. This seemed curious to his master, till told that one day, when the animal was grazing immediately under the wands, they were suddenly set in motion, which so frightened him, that in his haste to escape he came down, and was stunned by the fall. The recollection of this had never forsaken him; and though he had courage to pass a moving wand, he could never so much as face one that had a chance of being suddenly set in motion. Akin to this is the following, related to us by a correspondent:—In travelling by coach some years ago, we stopped at a country stage to change horses. While this process was going on, we remarked a peculiar interest to attach to the left-wheel horse, a strong-built, though rather hard-favoured and sinister-looking animal. After unusual preparations had been made, and amid the leers and jibes of a bevy of ostlers and post-boys, who stood by armed with whips and staves, the order was given to start. The other horses bounded forward, but the left-wheeler instantly squatted down on the ground, and there he lay, notwithstanding the shower of blows with which he was forthwith assailed from the bystanders. It was in vain that they beat, coaxed, and threatened him—there he lay, sullen and unmoved, till at last they were obliged to unyoke him, and supply his place with another. This had not been his first trick of the kind; yet we were told that the same horse submitted quietly to be yoked in a gig, and always proved a steady roadster. Some antipathy had rendered the coach abhorrent to him, though he did not pretend to exempt himself from other kinds of labour.

The ascendency which some individuals have over intractable horses of this sort is truly wonderful, as the following curious instance, related of James Sullivan, a horse-breaker at Cork, and an awkward rustic of the lowest class, will show. This man obtained the singular appellation of the Whisperer, from a most extraordinary art which he possessed of controlling, in a secret manner, and taming into the most submissive and tractable disposition, any horse that was notoriously vicious and obstinate. He practised his skill in private, and without any apparent forcible means. In the short space of half an hour, his magical influence would bring into perfect submission and good temper even a colt that had never been handled; and the effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. When employed to tame an outrageous animal, he directed the stable in which he and the object of the experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal was given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. The narrator of this account says, "I once saw his skill on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal appeared afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendency could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result perhaps of a natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of a *tête-à-tête* shows, that upon particular occasions something more must have been added to it."

ATTACHMENT TO OTHER ANIMALS.

Gregarious when wild, the horse retains his sociable disposition undiminished by domestication and bondage. "My neighbour's horse," says White of Selborne, "will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his forefeet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects he is remarkably quiet." The same disposition characterises less or more every member of the family. Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; and yet the presence of a cow, of a goat, or a pet lamb, will perfectly satisfy them. The attachments which they thus form are often curious and inexplicable.

A gentleman of Bristol had a greyhound, which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter of about five years of age. These animals became mutually attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, which was so fond of him, that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of his sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him in his walks: on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog with much anxiety, and neigh in a manner which plainly said—"Let me also accompany you." When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed by a loud neigh—he ran up to the horse and licked his nose; in return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, and quickly bore him to the ground; on which the horse threw back his ears, and, in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog that was worrying at the greyhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an opponent.

The following singular instance of attachment between a pony and a lamb is given by Captain Brown:—"In December 1825, Thomas Rae, blacksmith, Hardhills, parish of Brittle, purchased a lamb of the black-faced breed from an individual passing with a large flock. It was so extremely wild, that it was with great difficulty separated from its fleecy companions. He put it into his field in company with a cow and a little white Galloway. It never seemed to mind the cow, but soon exhibited manifest indications of fondness for the pony, which, not insensible to such tender approaches, amply demonstrated the attachment to be reciprocal. They were now to be seen in company in all circumstances, whether the pony was used for riding or drawing. Such a spectacle no doubt drew forth the officious gaze of many; and when likely to be too closely beset, the lamb would seek an asylum beneath the pony's belly, and pop out its head betwixt the fore or hind legs, with looks of conscious security. At night, it invariably repaired to the stable, and reposed under the manger, before the head of its favourite. When separated, which only happened when effected by force, the lamb would raise the most plaintive bleatings, and the pony responsive neighings. On one occasion they both strayed into an adjoining field, in which was a flock of sheep; the lamb joined the flock at a short distance from the pony, but as soon as the owner removed him, it quickly followed without the least regard to its own species. Another instance of the same description happened when riding through a large flock: it followed on without showing any symptoms of a wish to remain with its natural companions."

As already remarked, the attachments which the horse will form, when separated from his own kind, are often curious and inexplicable, showing how much the whole animal creation, from man himself to the humblest insect, is under the influence of a social nature. "Even great disparity of kind," says White, "does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellow-ship; for a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself quietly against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems somewhat mistaken—

> Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
> So well converse, nor with the ox the ape."

We shall close this pleasing section of the horse's history with an extract from the Biographical Sketches, which speaks volumes for the intelligence and affection of the brute creation :—" My friend, Dr Smith, of the Queen's County Militia, Ireland, had a beautiful hackney, which, although extremely spirited, was at the same time wonderfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar. These animals were mutually attached, and seemed perfectly acquainted with each other's actions. The dog was always kept in the stable at night, and universally lay beside the horse. When Dr Smith practised in Dublin, he visited his patients on horseback, and had no other servant to take care of the horse, while in their houses, but Cæsar, to whom he gave the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his friend Cæsar. When it happened that the doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but called to his horse and Cæsar. They both instantly obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the door where he entered, until he came out again. While he remained in Maryborough, Queen's County, where I commanded a detachment, I had many opportunities of witnessing the friendship and sagacity of these intelligent animals. The horse seemed to be as implicitly obedient to his friend Cæsar as he could possibly be to his groom. The doctor would go to the stable, accompanied by his dog, put the bridle upon his horse, and giving the reins to Cæsar, bid him take the horse to the water. They both understood what was to be done, when off trotted Cæsar, followed by the horse, which frisked, capered, and played with the dog all the way to the rivulet, about three hundred yards distant from the stable. We followed at a great distance, always keeping as far off as possible, so that we could observe their manœuvres. They invariably went to the stream, and after the horse had quenched his thirst, both returned in the same playful manner as they had gone out.

The doctor frequently desired Cæsar to make the horse leap over this stream, which might be about six feet broad. The dog, by a kind of bark, and leaping up towards the horse's head, intimated to him what he wanted, which was quickly understood; and he cantered off, preceded by Cæsar, and took the leap in a neat and regular style. The dog was then desired to bring him back again, and it was speedily done in the same manner. On one occasion Cæsar lost hold of the reins, and as soon as the horse cleared the leap, he immediately trotted up to his canine guide, who took hold of the bridle, and led him through the water quietly."

POWER OF MEMORY.

Horses have exceedingly good memories. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the road; they will recognise their old masters after a lapse of many years; and those that have been in the army, though now degraded to carters' drudges, will suddenly become inspirited at the sight of military array, and rush to join the ranks, remembering not only their old uniform, but their own places in the troop, and the order of the various manœuvres. Many interesting anecdotes might be recited under this head, which place the retentive powers of the horse in a highly pleasing and creditable light.

A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he at length reached his destination. Two years afterwards, he had occasion to go the same way, and was benighted four or five miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he had to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. "Here am I," said he to himself, "far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, and in that is now my only hope." He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in less than an hour. It must be remarked, that the animal could not possibly have been that road but on the occasion two years before, as no person ever rode him but his master.

Sometimes the recollection of the horse serves him so well, that he will perform actions with as much precision when left to himself, as though he had been under the guidance of his master. A Wiltshire gentleman, in 1821, lent a well-bred and fiery mare to a friend from town, who had come down to try the Essex dogs against the Wilts breed of greyhounds. At the close of a very fine day's sport, the huntsman had to beat a small furze-brake, and, for the purpose of better threading it, the London gentleman dismounted, and gave the bridle of his mare to the next horseman. Puss was soon started; the "halloo" was given. The person who held the mare, in the eagerness of the sport, forgot his charge, loosed his hold, and, regardless of any other than his own steed, left the mare to run, like Mazeppa's, "wild and untutored." But, to the astonishment of all, instead of so doing, or even attempting to bend her course homewards (and she was in the immediate neighbourhood of her stable), she ran the whole course at the tail of the dogs, turned as well as she could when they brought the prey about; and afterwards, by outstripping all competitors (for the run was long and sharp), she stopped only at the death of the hare, and then suffered herself to be quietly regained and remounted. What renders it still more remarkable is, that the animal had only twice followed the hounds previous to this event. It is true that her conduct may have been influenced by the circumstance, that the brace of dogs which were slipped were the property of her owner, and the groom had been in the habit of exercising them with her.

To prove that the notes of hounds have an overpowering influence upon horses which have once joined the chase, another incident, which occurred in 1807, has often been related:—As the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at the inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton and Wilmslow in Cheshire, the horses that had performed the stage from Congleton having just been taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's fox hounds in full cry, immediately started after them with their harness on, and followed the chase till the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, till Reynard ran to earth in Mr Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed the stage back to Congleton the same evening.

Horses being highly susceptible in their dispositions, are also peculiarly mindful of kind treatment. "This," says Colonel Smith, "was very manifest in a charger that had been two years our own, and which was left with the army, but had subsequently been brought back and sold in London. About three years after, we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it, we found the animal recognising its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the forefeet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. We remember," continues the colonel, "a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 14th dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a low price, on account of an impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms. The captain was a kind of centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable. After some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued, and became so attached, that his master could walk anywhere with him following like a dog, and even ladies could mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain; and on one occasion, when in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal, making an effort to spring up, placed his forefoot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving till he was remounted."

The most remarkable instances of minute recollection, however, occur in horses that have been accustomed to the army. It is told that in one of their insurrections in the early part of the present century, the Tyrolese captured fifteen horses belonging to the Bavarian troops sent against them, and mounted them with fifteen of their own men, in order to go out to a fresh rencontre with the same troops; but no sooner did those horses hear the well-known sound of their own trumpet, and recognise the uniform of their own squadron, than they dashed forward at full speed; and, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the ranks, and delivered them up as prisoners to the Bavarians. "If an old military horse," we quote the Cyclopædia of Natural History, "even when reduced almost to skin and bone, hears the roll of a drum or the twang of a trumpet, the freshness of his youth appears to come upon him, and if he at the same time gets a sight of men clad in uniform, and drawn up in line, it is no easy matter to prevent him from joining them. Nor does it signify what kind of military they are, as is shown by the following case:—Towards the close of last century, about the time when volunteers were first embodied in the different towns, an extensive line of turnpike road was in progress of construction in a part of the north. The clerk to the trustees upon this line used to send one of his assistants to ride along occasionally, to see that the contractors, who were at work in a great many places, were doing their work properly. The assistant, on these journeys, rode a horse which had for a long time carried a field-officer, and though aged, still possessed a great deal of spirit. One day, as he was passing near a town of considerable size which lay on the line of road, the volunteers were at drill on the common; and the instant that Solus (for that was the name of the horse) heard the drum, he leaped the fence, and was speedily at that post in front of the volunteers which would have been occupied by the commanding officer of a regiment on parade or at drill; nor could the rider by any means get him off the ground until the volunteers retired to the town. As long as they kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding officer in all their manœuvres; and he marched at the head of the corps into the town, prancing in military style as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the volunteers and spectators, and to the no small annoyance of the clerk, who did not feel very highly honoured by Solus making a colonel of him against his will."

The following illustration of combined memory and reasoning has often been recorded; we are not aware, however, upon whose authority it originally appeared:—A cart-horse belonging to Mr Leggat, Gallowgate Street, Glasgow, had been several times afflicted with the bots, and as often cured by Mr Downie, farrier there. He had not, however, been troubled with that disease for a considerable time; but on a recurrence of the disorder, he happened one morning to be employed in College Street, a distance of nearly a mile from Mr Downie's workshop. Arranged in a row with other horses engaged in the same work, while the carters were absent, he left the range, and, unattended by any driver, went down the High Street, along the Gallowgate, and up a narrow lane, where he stopped at the farrier's door. As neither Mr Leggat nor any one appeared with the horse, it was surmised that he had been seized with his old complaint. Being unyoked from the cart, he lay down and showed by every means of which he was capable that he was in distress. He was again treated as usual, and sent home to his master, who had by that time persons in all directions in search of him.

In point of sagacity and memory, the ass is nothing inferior to his nobler congener, as is shown by the subjoined well-known anecdote:—In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, then at Malta, was shipped on board the Ister frigate, bound from Gibraltar to that island. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off Cape de Gat; and the ass was thrown overboard, in the hope that it might be able to swim to land; of which, however, there seemed little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the ass presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of his former master. The poor animal had not only swam safely to shore, but, without guide, compass, or travelling map, had found his way from Cape de Gat to Gibraltar—a distance of more than two hundred miles—through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before, and in so short a period that he could not have made one false turn.

DOCILITY.

The docility of the horse is one of the most remarkable of his natural gifts. Furnished with acute senses, an excellent memory, high intelligence, and gentle disposition, he soon learns to know and obey his master's will, and to perform certain actions with astonishing accuracy and precision. The range of his performances, however, is limited by his physical conformation: he has not a hand to grasp, a proboscis to lift the minutest object, nor the advantages of a light and agile frame; if he had, the monkey, the dog, and the elephant, would in this respect be left far behind him. Many of the anecdotes that are told under this head are highly entertaining.

Mr Astley, junior, of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, once had in his possession a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years of age, which was presented him by the Duke of Leeds. This celebrated animal for a number of years officiated in the character of a waiter in the course of the performances at the amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he would ungirth his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, and would also bring into the riding-school a tea-table and its appendages, which feat was usually followed up by fetching a chair, or stool, or whatever might be wanted. His achievements were generally wound up by his taking a kettle of boiling water from a blazing fire, to the wonder and admiration of the spectators. Ray affirms that he has seen a horse that danced to music, which at the command of his master affected to be lame, feigned death, lay motionless with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprang to his feet. Feats of this kind are now indeed common, and must have been witnessed by many of our readers in the circuses of Astley, Ord, Ducrow, and others. Dancing, embracing, lying down to make sport with their keepers, fetching cane and gloves, selecting peculiar cards, and many similar performances, are among the expected entertainments of all equestrian exhibitions.

A few years ago, one of the most attractive of Ducrow's exhibitions was "The Muleteer and his Wonderful Horse." The feats of this pair are pleasantly described in a popular journal, by an individual who witnessed them in 1838:—"The horse," says this writer, "is a beautiful piebald, perfect almost in mould, and adorned about the neck with little bells. At first, it playfully and trickishly avoids its master when he affects an anxiety to catch it; but when the muleteer averts his head, and assumes the appearance of sullenness, the animal at once stops, and comes up close to his side, as if very penitent for its untimely sportiveness. Its master is pacified, and after caressing it a little, he touches the animal's fore-legs. It stretches them out, and, in doing so, necessarily causes the hind-legs to project also. We now see the purpose of these movements. The muleteer wishes a seat, and an excellent one he finds upon the horse's protruded *hind-legs*. A variety of instances of docility similar to this are exhibited by the creature in succession, but its leaping feats appeared to us the most striking of all. Poles are brought into the ring, and the horse clears *six* of these, one after the other, with a distance of not more than four feet between! After it has done this, it goes up *limping* to its master, as if to say, 'See, I can do no more to-night!' The muleteer lifts the lame foot, and seems to search for the cause of the halt, but in vain. Still, however, the horse goes on limping. The muleteer then looks it in the face, and shakes his head, as if he would say, 'Ah! you are shamming, you rogue; arn't you?' And a sham it proves to be; for, at a touch of the whip, the creature bounds off like a fawn, sound both in wind and limb."

One of the earliest equine actors in this country was Banks's celebrated horse "Morocco," alluded to by Shakspeare in Love's Labour Lost, and by other writers of that time. It is stated of this animal that he would restore a glove to its owner after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear, and that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh quaintly remarks, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." M. le Gendre mentions similar feats performed by a small horse at the fair of St Germain in 1732. Among others which he accomplished with astonishing precision, he could specify, by striking his foot so many times on the ground, the number of pips upon a card which any person present had drawn out of a pack. He could also tell the hour and minute to which the hands of a watch pointed in a similar manner. His master collected a number of coins from different persons in the company, mixed them together, and threw them to the horse in a handkerchief. The animal took it in his mouth, and delivered to each person his own piece of money. What is still more wonderful, considering his size, weight, and peculiarity of construction, the horse has been known to pass along the tight-rope. It is recorded that, at the solemnities which attended the wedding of Robert, brother to the king of France, in 1237, a horse was ridden along a rope, and that it kept balance and moved with precision. Our surprise at this rope-dancing faculty may, however, be a little abated, when we learn that the more unwieldy elephant has actually exhibited the same performance.*

Even the ass, stupid as we are accustomed to consider him, is capable of being taught tricks equally clever and amusing. Leo, in his Description of Africa, 1556, gives the following account of a performance which he witnessed in Egypt:—"When the Mahometan worship is over, the common people of Cairo resort to that part of the suburbs called Bed-Elloch, to see the exhibition of stage-players and mountebanks, who teach camels, asses, and dogs to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough; for after he has frisked and capered about, his master tells him that the sultan, meaning to build a great palace, intends to employ all the asses in carrying mortar, stones, and other materials; upon which the ass falls down with his heels upwards, closing his eyes, and extending his chest, as if he were dead. This done, the master begs some assistance of the company, to make up for the loss of the dead ass; and having got all he can, he gives them to know that truly his ass is not dead, but only being sensible of his master's necessity, played that trick to procure some provender. He then commands the ass to rise, which still lies in the same posture, notwithstanding all the blows he can give him; till at last he proclaims, by virtue of an edict of the sultan, all are bound to ride out next day upon the comeliest asses they can find, in order to see a triumphal show, and to entertain their asses with oats and Nile water. These words are no sooner pronounced, than the ass starts up, prances, and leaps for joy. The master then declares that his ass has been pitched upon by the warden of his street to carry his deformed and ugly wife; upon which the ass lowers his ears, and limps with one of his legs, as if he were lame. The master alleging that his ass admires handsome women, commands him to single out the prettiest lady in company; and accordingly he makes his choice, by going round and touching one of the prettiest with his head, to the great amusement of the spectators."

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* According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by the Emperor Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks—fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope, and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope (or rather parallel ropes) bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick.

This astonishing aptitude in the horse and ass is often directed to purposes more immediately useful to themselves. Thus, in 1794, a gentleman in Leeds had a horse which, after being kept up in the stable for some time, and turned out into a field where there was a pump well supplied with water, regularly obtained a quantity therefrom by his own dexterity. For this purpose the animal was observed to take the handle into his mouth, and work it with the head, in a way exactly similar to that done by the hand of a man, until a sufficiency was procured. Again, horses have been taught to go to and from water or pasture by themselves, to open the gate, and otherwise to conduct themselves with a propriety almost human. We have ourselves known a farm boy, who was too small to mount the plough-horses, teach one of the team to put down its head to the ground, allow him to get astride its neck, and then, by gently elevating the head, to let him slip backwards to his seat on its back. This act we have seen done by the same horse a hundred times, and there was no doubt that the animal perfectly understood the wishes of the boy, and the use of its lowering the head for the purpose of his mounting.

GENERAL SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It has been before remarked, that the horse is inferior to none of the brute creation in sagacity and general intelligence. In a state of nature, he is cautious and watchful; and the manner in which the wild herds conduct their marches, station their scouts and leaders, shows how fully they comprehend the necessity of obedience and order. All their movements, indeed, seem to be the result of reason, aided by a power of communicating their ideas far superior to that of most other animals. The neighings by which they communicate terror, alarm, recognition, the discovery of water and pasture, &c. are all essentially different, yet instantaneously comprehended by every member of the herd; nay, the various movements of the body, the pawing of the ground, the motions of the ears, and the expressions of the countenance, seem to be fully understood by each other. In passing swampy ground, they test it with the forefoot, before trusting to it the full weight of their bodies; they will strike asunder the melon-cactus to obtain its succulent juice with an address perfectly wonderful; and will scoop out a hollow in the moist sand, in the expectation of its filling with water. All this they do in their wild state; and domestication, it seems, instead of deteriorating, tends rather to strengthen and develop their intelligence.

The Rev. Mr Hall, in his "Travels through Scotland," tells of the Shetland ponies, that when they come to any boggy piece of ground—whether with or without their masters—they first put their nose to it, and then pat it in a peculiar way with their forefeet; and from the sound and feeling of the ground, they know whether it will bear them. They do the same with ice, and determine in a minute whether they will proceed; and that with a judgment far more unerring than that of their riders.

Their sagacity sometimes evinces itself in behalf of their companions, in a manner which would do honour even to human nature. M. de Boussanelle, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions that a horse belonging to his company being, from age, unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left, who ate with him. These two chargers, drawing the hay out of the racks, chewed it, and put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat. In 1828, Mr Evans of Henfaes, Montgomeryshire, had a favourite pony mare and colt, that grazed in a field adjoining the Severn. One day the pony made her appearance in front of the house, and, by clattering with her feet, and other noises, attracted attention. Observing this, a person went out, and she immediately galloped off. Mr Evans desired that she should be followed; and all the gates from the house to the field were found to have been forced open. On reaching the field, the pony was found looking into the river, over the spot where the colt was lying drowned.

The deepest cunning sometimes mingles with the sagacity of the horse, as evinced by the subjoined well-known anecdote. Forrester, the famous racer, had triumphed in many a severe contest; at length, overweighed and overmatched, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, was quickly gaining upon him; he reared, and eventually got abreast: they continued so till within the distance. They were parallel; but the strength of Forrester began to fail. He made a last desperate plunge; seized his opponent by the jaw to hold him back; and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. Forrester, however, lost the race. Again, in 1753, Mr Quin had a racer which entered into the spirit of the course as much as his master. One day, finding his rival gradually passing him, he seized him by the legs; and both riders were obliged to dismount, in order to separate the infuriated animals, now engaged with each other in the most deadly conflict.

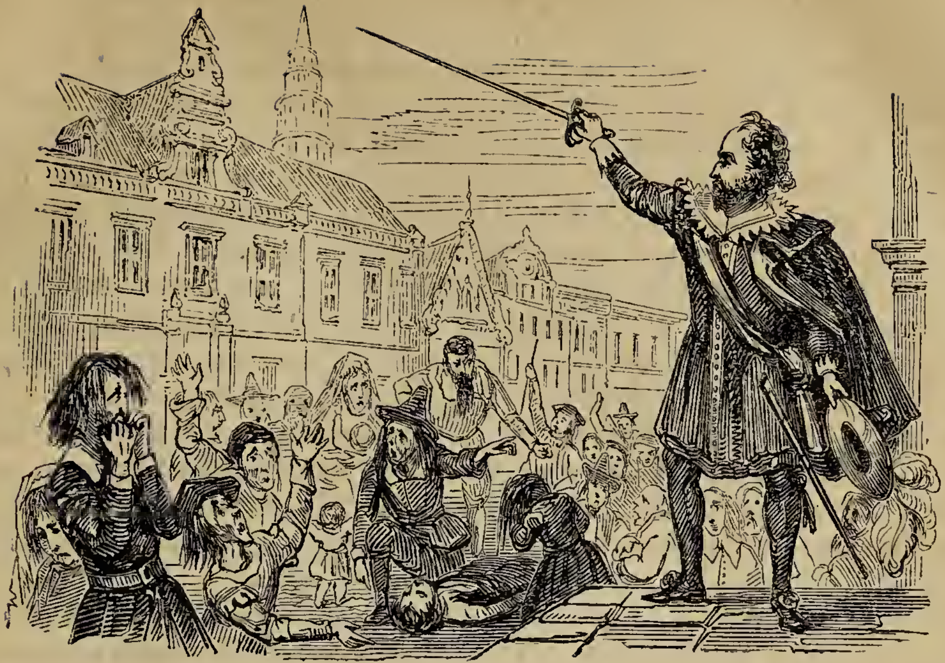
Professor Kruger of Halle relates the following instance of sagacity and fidelity, which we believe is not without parallel in our own country:—A friend of mine was one dark night riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed, and the family gone to bed. He pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round, and the man suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint. Equal in point of sagacity with this was the conduct of an old horse belonging to a carter in Strathmiglo, Fifeshire. From the carter having a large family, this animal had got particularly intimate with children, and would on no account move when they were playing among its feet, as if it feared to do them injury. On one occasion, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be playing in the road, and would inevitably have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the sagacity of this animal. He carefully took it by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back, as if to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it. This animal was one of the most intelligent of his kind, and performed his duties with a steadiness and precision that were perfectly surprising.

The following manœuvre, which is related in most books on animal instinct, appears to us rather incredible; we transcribe it, however, without vouching for its accuracy farther than the general circulation it has received:—The island of Krütsand, which is formed by two branches of the Elbe, is frequently laid under water, when, at the time of the spring-tides, the wind has blown in a direction contrary to that of the current. In April 1794, the water one day rose so rapidly, that the horses which were grazing in the plain, with their foals, suddenly found themselves standing in deep water, upon which they all set up a loud neighing, and collected themselves together within a small extent of ground. In this assembly they seemed to determine upon the following prudent measure, as the only means of saving their young foals, that were now standing up to the belly in the flood; in the execution of which some old mares also took a principal part, which could not be supposed to have been influenced by any maternal solicitude for the safety of the young. The method they adopted was this: every two horses took a foal between them, and, pressing their sides together, kept it wedged in, and lifted up quite above the surface of the water. All the horned cattle in the vicinity had already set themselves afloat, and were swimming in regular columns towards their homes. But these noble steeds, with undaunted perseverance, remained immoveable under their cherished burdens for the space of six hours, till the tide ebbing, the water subsided, and the foals were at length placed out of danger. The inhabitants, who had rowed to the place in boats, viewed with delight this singular manœuvre, whereby their valuable foals were preserved from a destruction otherwise inevitable.

Respecting the intelligence of even the common work-horse, the least delicately treated of his kind, Mr Stephens, in his "Book of the Farm," speaks in terms of high commendation. "It is remarked," says he, "by those who have much to do with blood-horses, that when at liberty, and seeing two or more people standing conversing together, they will approach, and seem as it were to wish to listen to the conversation. The farm-horse will not do this; but he is quite obedient to call, and distinguishes his name readily from that of his companions, and will not stir when desired to stand, till his own name is pronounced. He distinguishes the various sorts of work he is put to; and will apply his strength and skill in the best way to effect his purpose, whether in the thrashing-mill, the cart, or the plough. He soon acquires a perfect sense of his work. [In ploughing] I have seen a horse walk very steadily towards a directing pole, and halt when his head had reached it. He seems also to have a sense of time. I have heard another neigh almost daily about ten minutes before the time of ceasing work in the evening, whether in summer or in winter. He is capable of distinguishing the tones of the voice, whether spoken in anger or otherwise, and can even distinguish between musical notes. There was a work-horse of my own, when even at his corn, would desist eating, and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears, and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue to listen so long as it was sustained; and another that was similarly affected by a particular high note. The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between different sounds: they never mistake one call for another." It might also have been added, that work-horses seem fully to comprehend the meaning of the terms employed to direct them—whether forward, backward, to the left, or to the right. A great deal of this gibberish might certainly be spared with advantage, as tending only to confuse the limited faculties of the animal; but still there is no doubt that a horse will obey the command to stop, to go on, or to swerve to either side, even should its master be hundreds of yards distant. Work-horses seem also to anticipate Sunday, perhaps partly from memory, and partly from noticing the preparations making for it. They are quick observers of any change that takes place around them; they can distinguish the footfall of the person who feeds them; and seem fully to understand, from the kind of harness put upon them, whether they are to be yoked in the mill, in the cart, or in the plough. Even when blind they will perform their accustomed operations with wonderful precision. We knew a blind coach-horse that ran one of the stages on the great north road for several years, and so perfectly was he acquainted with all the stables, halting-places, and other matters, that he was never found to commit a blunder. In his duties he was no doubt greatly aided by hearing and smell. He could never be driven past his own stable; and at the sound of the coming coach, he would turn out of his own accord into the stable-yard. What was very remarkable, so accurate was his knowledge of time, that though half-a-dozen coaches halted at the same inn, yet was he never known to stir till the sound of the "Ten o'clock" was heard in the distance.

The manner in which the ass descends the dangerous precipices of the Alps and Andes is too curious and indicative of sagacity to be passed over without notice. It is thus graphically described in the Naturalist's Cabinet:—"In the passes of these mountains, there are often on one side steep eminences, and on the other frightful abysses; and as these for the most part follow the direction of the mountain, the road forms at every little distance steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses; and the animals themselves seem perfectly aware of the danger, by the caution they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempt to spur them on, they continue immoveable, as if ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing for the encounter; for they not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having at length prepared for the descent, they place their forefeet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must inevitably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful; for, in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow the different windings of the road with as great exactness as if they had previously determined on the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety."

The preceding anecdotes—which form but a mere fraction of what might be gleaned—exhibit some of the principal features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured and greatly developed by domestication. Man has trained him with care, for the value of his services; we wish we could add, that he uniformly treats him with kindness and consideration. "The reduction of the horse to a domestic state," says Buffon, "is the greatest acquisition from the animal world ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of the rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He in some measure renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing; and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor." If such be the principal features in the character of the horse—and they are universally admitted—the feelings of that individual are little to be envied who ever utters a harsh tone, draws a severe lash, or urges beyond his speed or strength an animal so willing and so obedient, and whose powers have been so essential to human progress.



WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

IN an easterly direction from England, and separated from it by the German Ocean, lies that part of the continent called by the general name of the Netherlands—a country of comparatively small extent, but exceedingly populous, and possessing a large number of towns and cities. It derives the name of Netherlands from its consisting of a low tract of level ground on the shore of the German Ocean, and, from general appearances, is believed to have been formed of an alluvial deposit from the waters of the Rhine, the Meuse, the Scheldt, and other rivers. In the first stage of its formation, the land was for the greater part a species of swamp, but by dint of great perseverance, it has in the course of ages been drained and embanked, so as to exclude the ocean, and prevent the rivers and canals from overflowing their boundaries.

The industriously-disposed people, a branch of the great German or Teutonic family, who have thus rendered their country habitable and productive, did not get leave to enjoy their conquests in peace. They had from an early period to defend themselves against warlike neighbours, who wished to appropriate their country; and in later times—the sixteenth century—after attaining great opulence by their skill in the arts and the general integrity of their character, they were exposed to a new calamity in the bigotry of their rulers. There now ensued a struggle for civil and religious liberty of great importance and interest; and to an account of its leading particulars we propose to devote the present paper.

Divided into a number of provinces, each governed by its own duke, count, or bishop, a succession of circumstances in the fifteenth century brought the whole of the Netherlands into the possession of the family of Burgundy. But in the year 1477, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, being killed in the battle of Nancy, the Netherlands were inherited by his daughter Mary, who, marrying Maximilian, son of Frederick III., emperor of Austria, died soon after, leaving an infant son, Philip. In 1494 this Philip, known by the name of Philip the Fair, assumed the government of the Netherlands. Shortly afterwards he married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the joint sovereigns of Spain; and in 1506 he died, leaving a young son, Charles. In this manner, handed by family inheritance from one to another, the Netherlands became a possession of the crown of Spain, although hundreds of miles distant from the Spanish territory. Charles, in whom this possession centered, was, on the death of Maximilian in 1519, elected emperor of Germany, and, under the title of Charles V., became one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe. His sway extended over Spain, Germany, Naples, the Netherlands, and several other minor states in Europe, besides all the colonies and conquests of Spain in Asia, Africa, and America. One might expect that the Netherlands, forming as they did but a very insignificant portion of this immense empire, would suffer from being under the same government with so many other states: but Charles V. had been born in the Netherlands; he liked its people, and was acquainted with their character; and therefore, while he governed the rest of his dominions with a strict and sometimes a despotic hand, he respected almost lovingly the ancient laws and the strong liberty-feeling of his people of the Netherlands. The only exception of any consequence was his persecution of those who had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. As emperor of Germany, he had conceived himself bound to adopt vigorous measures to suppress the opinions promulgated by Luther; and when, in spite of his efforts, the heresy spread all round, and infected the Netherlands, he did his best for some time to root it out there also. The number of those who, in the Netherlands, suffered death for their religion during the reign of Charles V., is stated by the old historians at 50,000. Towards the end of his reign, however, he relaxed these severities.

In 1555, Charles V., worn out by the cares of his long reign, resigned his sovereignty, and retired to a monastery. His large empire was now divided into two. His brother Ferdinand was created emperor of Germany; and the rest of his dominions, including Spain and the Netherlands, were inherited by his son, Philip II.

Philip was born at Valladolid, in Spain, in the year 1521. Educated by the ablest ecclesiastics, he manifested from his early years a profound, cautious, dissimulating genius: a cold, proud, mirthless disposition; and an intense bigotry on religious subjects. At the age of sixteen he married a princess of Portugal, who died soon after, leaving him a son, Don Carlos. In 1548, Charles V., desirous that his son should cultivate the good-will of his future subjects of the Netherlands, called him from Spain to Brussels; but during his residence there, and in other cities of the Netherlands, his conduct was so haughty, austere, and unbending, that the burghers began to dread the time when, instead of their own countryman Charles, they should have this foreigner for their king. In 1554, Philip, pursuing his father's scheme for adding England to the territories of the Spanish crown, went to London and married Mary, queen of England; but after a residence of fourteen months, he returned to the Netherlands, where his father formally resigned the government into his hands.

Philip spent the first five years of his reign in the Netherlands, waiting the issue of a war in which he was engaged with France. During this period his Flemish and Dutch subjects began to have some experience of his government. They observed with alarm that the king hated the country, and distrusted its people. He would speak no other language than Spanish; his counsellors were Spaniards; he kept Spaniards alone about his person; and it was to Spaniards that all vacant posts were assigned. Besides, certain of his measures gave great dissatisfaction. He re-enacted the persecuting edicts against the Protestants, which his father in the end of his reign had suffered to fall into disuse; and the severities which ensued began to drive hundreds of the most useful citizens out of the country, as well as to injure trade, by deterring Protestant merchants from the Dutch and Flemish ports. Dark hints, too, were thrown out that he intended to establish an ecclesiastical court in the Netherlands similar to the Spanish Inquisition, and the spirit of Catholics as well as of Protestants revolted from the thought that this chamber of horrors should ever become one of the institutions of their free land. He had also increased the number of the bishops in the Netherlands from five to seventeen; and this was regarded as the mere appointment of twelve persons devoted to the Spanish interest, who would help, if necessary, to overawe the people. Lastly, he kept the provinces full of Spanish troops; and this was a direct violation of a fundamental law of the country. Against these measures the nobles and citizens complained bitterly, and from them drew sad anticipations of the future. Nor were they more satisfied with the address in which, through the bishop of Arras as his spokesman, he took farewell of them at a convention of the states held at Ghent previous to his departure for Spain. The oration recommended severity against heresy, and only promised the withdrawal of the foreign troops. The reply of the states was firm and bold, and the recollection of it must have rankled afterwards in the revengeful mind of Philip. "I would rather be no king at all," he said to one of his ministers at the time, "than have heretics for my subjects." But suppressing his resentment in the meantime, he set sail for Spain in August 1559, leaving his half-sister, the Duchess of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles V., to act as his viceroy in the Netherlands.

The duchess was to be assisted in the government by a Council of State consisting of the six following persons: Antony de Granvelle, bishop of Arras, and afterwards a cardinal; the Count de Barlaimont, Viglius de Quichem, the Count Horn, the Count Egmont, and the Prince of Orange. Three of these, Granvelle, Barlaimont, and Viglius, were devoted to the Spanish interest, and were therefore very unpopular in the Netherlands; the others were men of tried patriotism, from whose presence in the council much good might be expected. Granvelle was a man of extraordinary political abilities, and the fit minister of such a king as the moody and scheming Philip; Barlaimont had also distinguished himself; and in all the country there was not so eminent a lawyer as Viglius. Counts Egmont and Horn were two of the most promising men in the Netherlands, and both of them had rendered services of no ordinary kind to Philip by their conduct in the war with France. Of the Prince of Orange, the principal personage in this struggle, and the true hero of the Netherlands, we must speak more particularly.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, sometimes called William I., was born at the castle of Dillembourg, in Germany, in 1533. He was the son of William, Count of Nassau, and the heir therefore of the large possessions of the house of Nassau in France and Germany, and in the Netherlands. At the age of eleven years he had succeeded, besides, to the French princedom of Orange, by the will of his cousin René of Nassau; so that before he arrived at manhood, he was one of the richest and most powerful noblemen in Europe. William was educated in the principles of the Reformation; but having entered, when quite a boy, into the employment of the Emperor Charles V., he changed the habits of a Protestant for those of a Roman Catholic; and accordingly, at the time at which we introduce him to our readers, he was conscientiously a Catholic, although by no means a bigoted, nor even perhaps what the Spaniards would have called a sound one. The Emperor Charles, who, like all such men, possessed a shrewd insight into character, and could pick out by a glance the men of mind and talent from among those who came within his notice, had from the first singled out the young Prince of Orange as a person from whom great things were to be expected. Accordingly, in the employment of Charles, Prince William had had ample opportunities of displaying the two kinds of ability then most in request, and which every public man of that age, except he were an ecclesiastic, was required to combine—diplomatic and military talent. While yet scarcely more than twenty years of age, he had risen to be the first man in the emperor's regard. And this liking of Charles for him was not merely of that kind which an elderly and experienced man sometimes contracts for a fresh-hearted and enthusiastic youth; it was a real friendship on equal terms; for so highly did he value the prudence and wisdom of the young warrior and politician, that he confided to him the greatest state secrets; and was often heard to say that from the Prince of Orange he had received many very important political hints. It was on the arm of William of Orange that Charles had leant for support on the memorable day when, in the Assembly of the States at Brussels, he rose feebly from his seat, and declared his abdication of the sovereign power. And it is said that one of Charles's last advices to his son Philip was to cultivate the good-will of the people of the Netherlands, and especially to defer to the counsels of the Prince of Orange. When, therefore, in the year 1555, Philip began his rule in the Netherlands, there were few persons who were either better entitled or more truly disposed to act the part of faithful and loyal advisers than William of Nassau, then twenty-two years of age. But close as had been William's relation to the late emperor, there were stronger principles and feelings in his mind than gratitude to the son of the man he had loved. He had thought deeply on the question, how a nation should be governed, and had come to entertain opinions very hostile to arbitrary power; he had observed what appeared to him, even as a Catholic, gross blunders in the mode of treating religious differences; he had imbibed deeply the Dutch spirit of independence; and it was the most earnest wish of his heart to see the Netherlands prosperous and happy. Nor was he at all a visionary, or a man whose activity would be officious and troublesome; he was eminently a practical man, one who had a strong sense of what is expedient in existing circumstances; and his manner was so grave and quiet, that he obtained the name of William the Silent. Still, many things occurred during Philip's five years' residence in the Netherlands to make him speak out and remonstrate. He was one of those who had tried to persuade the king to use gentler and more popular measures, and the consequence was, that a decided aversion grew up in the dark and haughty mind of Philip to the Prince of Orange.

PERSECUTIONS COMMENCE.

Having thus introduced the Prince of Orange to the reader, we return to the history of the Netherlands, which were now under the local management of the Duchess of Parma. The administration of this female viceroy produced violent discontent. The persecutions of the Protestants were becoming so fierce that over and above the suffering inflicted on individuals, the commerce of the country was sensibly falling off. The establishment of a court like the Inquisition was still in contemplation; Spaniards were still appointed to places of trust in preference to

Flemings; and finally, the Spanish soldiers, who ought to have been removed long ago, were still burdening the country with their presence. The woes of the people were becoming intolerable; occasionally there were slight outbreaks of violence; and a low murmur of vehement feeling ran through the whole population, foreboding a general eruption. "Our poor fatherland," they said to each other; "God has afflicted it with two enemies, water and Spaniards: we have built dykes, and overcome the one, but how shall we get rid of the other? Why, if nothing better occur, we know one way at least, and we shall keep it in reserve—we can set the two enemies against each other. We can break down the dykes, inundate the country, and let the water and the Spaniards fight it out between them." Granvelle was the object of their special hatred: to him they attributed every unpopular measure. At length a confederacy of influential persons was formed to procure his recall; the Prince of Orange placed himself at the head of it; and, by persevering effort, it succeeded in its end, and Granvelle left the Netherlands early in 1564.

The recall of Granvelle did not restore tranquillity. Viglius and Barlaimont continued to act in the same spirit. Private communications from Spain directed the regent to follow their advice, and to disregard the counsels of the Orange party; and the obnoxious edicts against the Protestants were still put in force. About this time, too, the decrees of the famous Council of Trent, which had been convened in 1545 to take into consideration the state of the church, and the means of suppressing the Reformation, and which had closed its sittings in the end of 1563, were made public; and Philip, the most zealous Catholic of his time, issued immediate orders for their being enforced both in Spain and the Netherlands. In Spain the decrees were received as a matter of course; but at the announcement that they were to be executed in the Netherlands, the whole country burst out in a storm of indignation. In many places the decrees were not executed at all; and wherever the authorities did attempt to execute them, the people rose and compelled them to desist.

In this dilemma the regent resolved to send an ambassador to Spain to represent the state of affairs to Philip better than could be done in writing, and to receive his instructions how she should proceed. Count Egmont was the person chosen; because, in addition to his great merits as a subject of Philip, he was one of the most popular noblemen in the Netherlands. Setting out for Spain early in 1565, he was received by Philip in the most courteous manner, loaded with marks of kindness, and dismissed with a thorough conviction that the king intended to pursue a milder policy in the future government of the Low Countries. Philip, however, had but deceived him; and at the time when he was flattering him with hopes of concessions, he was despatching orders to the regent strictly to put in force the decrees of the

Council of Trent, and in all things to carry out the king's resolute purpose of extinguishing heresy in the Netherlands. In vain did the Prince of Orange and the Counts Horn and Egmont protest that a civil war would be the consequence; in vain did the people lament, threaten, and murmur: the decrees were republished, and the inquisitors began to select their victims. All that the three patriotic noblemen could do was to retire from the council, and wash their hands of the guilt which the government was incurring. There were others, however, who, impatient of the inflictions with which Philip's obstinacy was visiting the country, resolved on a bolder, and, as it appeared, less considerate mode of action. A political club or confederacy was organised among the nobility, for the express purpose of resisting the establishment of the Inquisition. They bound themselves by a solemn oath "to oppose the introduction of the Inquisition, whether it were attempted openly or secretly, or by whatever name it should be called;" and also to protect and defend each other from all the consequences which might result from their having formed this league.

Perplexed and alarmed, the regent implored the Prince of Orange and his two associates, Counts Egmont and Horn, to return to the council and give her their advice. They did so: and a speech of the Prince of Orange, in which he asserted strongly the utter folly of attempting to suppress opinion by force, and argued that "such is the nature of heresy, that if it rests it rusts, but whoever rubs it whets it," had the effect of inclining the regent to mitigate the ferocity of her former edicts. Meanwhile the confederates were becoming bolder and more numerous. Assembling in great numbers at Brussels, they walked in procession through the streets to the palace of the regent, where they were admitted to an interview. In reply to their petition, she said that she was very willing to send one or more persons to Spain to lay the complaints before the king. Obliged to be content with this answer, the confederates withdrew. Next day three hundred of them met at a grand entertainment given to them by one of their number. Among other things, it was debated what name they should assume. "Oh," said one of them, "did you not hear the Count de Barlaimont yesterday whisper to the regent, when he was standing by her side, that she need not be afraid 'of such a set of beggars?' Let us call ourselves *The Beggars;* we could not find a better name." The proposal was enthusiastically agreed to; and, amid deafening uproar, the whole company filled and shattered their glasses to the toast, Long live the Beggars! (*Gueux.*) In the full spirit of the freak, the host sent out for a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl; and slinging the wallet across his back amidst clamours of applause, he drank from the bowl, and declared he would lose life and fortune for the great cause of the Beggars. The bowl went round, and all made the same enthusiastic declaration. From that day the Gueux, or Beggars, became the name of the faction; and every one wore the wallet, or some other symbol of mendicancy.

While the nobles and influential persons were thus preparing to co-operate, in case of a collision with the Spanish government, a sudden and disastrous movement occurred among the lower classes. In times of general excitement, it frequently happens that malice or accident casts abroad among the people some wild and incredible rumour; such was the case on the present occasion. Intelligence spread with rapidity through the towns and cities of Flanders that the regent had given her permission for the public exercise of the Protestant form of worship; multitudes poured out into the fields after their preachers; congregations of many thousands assembled; and the local authorities found themselves powerless. A great proportion of these congregations were doubtless pious and peacefully-disposed Protestants; but taking advantage of the ferment, many idle and disorderly persons joined them, and by their efforts the general cause was disgraced. In Tourney, Ypres, Valenciennes, and other towns, the mob of real or assumed Protestants broke into the churches, and destroyed the altars and all the symbols of worship in the Roman Catholic ritual. Antwerp was for some time protected from similar outrages by the presence of the Prince of Orange; but when he was summoned by the regent to Brussels, the fury of the people broke out unrestrained. The great cathedral was the principal object of their dislike. Rushing to it in thousands, they shattered the painted windows with stones, tore down the images, and dashed them against the pavement; slit up the splendid pictures, and broke in pieces the large organ, then believed to be the finest in Europe. For many days the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, as they were called, continued their ravages in almost all the towns of Flanders and Brabant. The contagion was spreading likewise in Zealand and Holland, and more than 400 churches had been destroyed, when the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, and other patriotic noblemen, then at Brussels in consultation with the regent, both vexed at the outrages themselves, and fearful that the cause of liberty in the Netherlands might suffer from them, hastened into their respective provinces, and partly by force, partly by persuasion, succeeded in restoring order. It is deeply to be regretted that such excesses should have stained the sacred cause of liberty; but this was an age when little was known of religious toleration, the uppermost sect, whatever it was, making it almost a duty to oppress the others. For these outrages, we presume, the Protestants of the Netherlands in the present day are as sorry as are the Roman Catholics for the unjustifiable cruelties perpetrated in their name.

After the interview between the Gueux and the regent mentioned above, an ambassador had been sent to Philip in Spain to detail grievances. Instead of deferring to his representations, Philip and his counsellors, one of whom was Granvelle, were resolutely preparing means to crush the confederacy, and break the proud spirit of the Netherlands. Secret orders were given for the collection of troops; the regent was to be instructed to amuse the patriots until the means of punishing them were ready; and in a short time, it was hoped, there would no longer be a patriot or a heretic in the Low Countries. It is easy to conceive with what rage and bitterness of heart Philip, while indulging these dreams, must have received intelligence of the terrible doings of the Iconoclasts. But, as cautious and dissimulating as he was obstinate and revengeful, he concealed his intentions in the meantime, announced them to the regent only in secret letters and despatches, and held out hopes in public to the patriots and the people of the Netherlands that he was soon to pay them a visit in person to inquire into the condition of affairs.

It has never been clearly ascertained by what means it was that the Prince of Orange contrived to obtain intelligence of Philip's most secret plans and purposes; but certain it is that nothing passed in the cabinet at Madrid which did not find its way to the ears of the prince. Philip's intentions with regard to the Netherlands became known to him by means of a letter to the regent from the Spanish ambassador at Paris, a copy of which he had procured. The prince had hitherto endeavoured to act as a loyal subject; but this letter made it plain that it was time to be making preparations for a decided rupture. His first step therefore was to hold a conference with four other noblemen; namely, his brother, Louis of Nassau, and the Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraten. He laid the letter before them, and the effect was as might have been expected on all of them, except Count Egmont; for, by some infatuation, this nobleman, mindful of the kindness he had experienced from Philip when visiting him as ambassador, persisted in believing that the king's designs were really conciliatory. In vain the prince argued with him; the count would not be convinced, and the conference was broken up. Meantime the people, warned by the prince of the approach of an army, began to emigrate in great numbers; and, after waiting to the last moment, William himself, in April 1567, withdrew with his family to his estates in Germany. Most earnestly did he try to persuade Count Egmont to accompany him; but his intreaties were to no purpose; and he left him with these words—"I tell you, Egmont, you are a bridge by which the Spaniards will come into this country; they will pass over you, and then break you down."

The man whom Philip had sent into the Netherlands at the head of the army as the fit instrument of his purposes of vengeance, was the Duke of Alva, a personage who united the most consummate military skill with the disposition of a ruffian, ready to undertake any enterprise, however base. Such was the man who, at the age of sixty, in the month of August 1567, made his entry into the Netherlands by the province of Luxemburg, at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men. One of his first acts, after arriving at Brussels, was to seize the Counts Egmont and Horn, and send them prisoners to Ghent. This and other acts convinced the Duchess of Parma that she was no longer the real regent of the Netherlands; and accordingly, having asked and obtained leave to resign, she quitted the country early in 1568, Alva assuming the government instead.

Now that a grand struggle was to ensue in the Netherlands, we trust our readers clearly understand what it was about. On the one hand was a nation of quiet, orderly people, industrious in a high degree, prosperous in their commerce, and disposed to remain peaceful subjects of a foreign monarch: all they asked was to be let alone, and to be allowed to worship God in the way they preferred. On the other hand was a sovereign, who, unthankful for the blessing of reigning over such a happy and well-disposed nation, and stimulated by passion and bigotry, resolved on compelling them all to be Catholics.

CRUELTIES OF ALVA.

Alva was a suitable instrument to work out Philip's designs. Supported by a powerful army, he was unscrupulous in his persecution. Blood was shed like water; the scaffolds were crowded with victims; the prisons filled with men in all the agonies of suspense. He appointed a court, called the Court of Tumults, to investigate with rigour into past offences. The Inquisition also pursued its diabolical vocation without opposition or disguise, covering the land with its black and baleful shadow. Heretics hid their heads, glad if present conformity would save them from the tortures which others were enduring for actions which they had thought forgotten. Above 18,000 persons in all are said to have suffered death by Alva's orders. And thousands more fled from the country, dispersing themselves through France and Germany; many of them also finding an asylum in England, into which, being kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, they carried those arts and habits which had raised the Flemings high among commercial nations, and which at once incorporated themselves with the genial civilisation of England. The Prince of Orange was declared a rebel; and his eldest son, the Count de Buren, then a student at the university of Louvain, was seized and sent a prisoner into Spain. But perhaps the most signal act of cruelty in the beginning of Alva's regency was the execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn. After an imprisonment of nine months, these unfortunate noblemen were brought to a mock trial, and beheaded at Brussels. So popular were they, and so universal was the sympathy for their fate, that even the presence of the executioner, and of the spies who surrounded the scaffold, could not prevent the citizens of Brussels from dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood, and treasuring them up as relics.

The Prince of Orange, residing on his family estates of Nassau in Germany, was attentively observing all that was going on in the Netherlands, and making diligent preparations for an attempt in their behalf. He entered into communication with Elizabeth, queen of England, with the leaders of the Huguenots in France, and with the various Protestant princes of Germany; and from all of these he received either actual assistance in men and money, or the promise of future support. To meet the expenses of the expedition he was fitting out, he sold his plate and furniture, and incurred debts on his estates. Having at length assembled a considerable force, he divided it into four armies, each of which was to march into the Netherlands by a different route. Before setting out, however, he thought it necessary to publish a manifesto to the world, in justification of a step so serious as engaging in hostilities with the forces of one whom he had hitherto acknowledged, and still wished to acknowledge, as his sovereign. In this manifesto, also, he made it known that he had changed his religious views: although hitherto a Catholic, he was now convinced that the doctrines of the Protestants were more agreeable to Scripture.

The issue of this first attempt was unfortunate. In several engagements with the enemy, the different bands of patriots were successful. In one of them, Count Adolphus, a brother of the Prince of Orange, was killed in the moment of victory; but at last Alva himself hurrying down to the frontier, the provisions of the prince's army beginning to fail, and winter drawing near, they were compelled to retire. The prince and his brother Count Louis led the remains of their army into France, to assist the Huguenots in the meantime, until there should be a better opening into the Netherlands. Alva, prouder of this success than he had been of any of his former victories, returned to Flanders, and caused medals to be struck and monuments to be raised in commemoration of it, and, what was most offensive to all the people, a brass statue of himself, in a heroic attitude, to be erected at Antwerp. Delivered now from the fear of any interruption from the Prince of Orange, he resumed his exactions and his cruelties; and for four years he and the Inquisition carried on the work of persecution and blood. To detail the history of these four years of tyranny is impossible; we can but sketch the line of the principal events, and show how the minds of the people were ripened for the final struggle.

The Duke of Alva was greatly in want of money to pay his troops, maintain the fortifications of the various towns, and carry on his government; and Alva was not the man to respect, even if the times had been less disturbed than they were, the ancient right which the people of the Netherlands claimed of taxing themselves through their Assembly of States. Accordingly, with a soldier-like impatience of indirect taxation, he determined to accumulate a vast sum of money by a very summary process. He imposed three taxes: the first an immediate tax of one per cent. on all property, personal or real; the second an annual tax of twenty per cent. on all heritable property; and the third a tax of ten per cent. on every sale or transfer of goods. Crushed and broken-spirited by all that they had already endured, the burghers stood utterly aghast at this new infliction. Persecution for religion's sake was hard to bear, and the Inquisition was very obnoxious, still it was but a portion of the population that actually suffered personally in such cases; but here was a visitation which came home to every Fleming and every Dutchman, and seemed but a prelude of utter ruin. Three such taxes as these of Governor Alva were never heard of within the memory of man. Utterly amazed and bewildered at first, the burghers at length tried to argue, and singled out the third of the taxes as the special subject of their representations. A tax of ten per cent. on sales of goods would amount in many cases, they said, to the value of the commodities themselves; since the same commodities were often transferred from one person to another, and from him to a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, before they came into the hands of the consumer. In vain did the states make these remonstrances; in vain did Viglius, the president of the council, second them; in vain even did the states offer to pay a large sum in lieu of the proposed taxes. Alva was inexorable. At length the general convention of the states, after procuring a few paltry concessions, was obliged to yield to the imposition of the taxes: on this condition, however, that all the states, without exception, should give in their adherence. This was a condition, as it proved, of singular importance; for, gifted with greater boldness and resolution than the other provinces, Utrecht refused to comply with the governor's demands; and, by nobly persevering in its resistance, not only raised a more determined spirit in the other provinces, but delayed the collection of the taxes so long, that in the meantime Alva received instructions from Spain to desist from measures calculated to produce such dangerous results. Alva's conduct, however, had already produced its effects; and the people of the Netherlands had come to detest the very name of Spain.

The Prince of Orange, who, after a short period of military service on the side of the Protestants in France, had returned to his estates in Germany, was earnestly intent on the condition of affairs in the Netherlands. All that could be done, however, was to harass the Spaniards as much as possible in the meantime, and enter into negotiations with the Protestant powers of other countries, with a view to obtain the means necessary for a bolder conflict. Both these courses of action were adopted by William; and it is a remarkable characteristic of his whole life, that even when he is least heard of, he was busy in secret.

While others were marching hither and thither, and performing heroic actions, they were but doing the errands on which he had sent them: it was he who, whether living in retirement in his castle in Nassau, or advancing into the Netherlands by the German frontier, or hovering in his ship on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, was really at the centre of affairs, directing all the movements that were going on, arranging everything, foreseeing everything, taking charge of everything. Of William's military actions—his battles by sea and land—we hear much; but his real greatness consisted in his prudence, his decision, his fertility in stratagem, his statesmanlike width of view, his vast knowledge of men and of the state of Europe at the time; and these are qualities which make less noise in history. This peculiarity in the life of the Prince of Orange makes the name of William *The Taciturn*, which his contemporaries gave him, on account of the sparing use he made of speech, doubly significant. The mode of harassing Alva which the prince resolved upon at the period at which we have now arrived, was that of stationing a fleet of cruisers along the coasts of Zealand and Holland, for the purpose not only of capturing Spanish vessels, but also of seizing on advantageous positions along the shore. Nor was it difficult to obtain such a fleet. The unheard-of severities of Alva's regency had driven numbers of merchants with their ships into the ports of England. For some time the politic Elizabeth permitted them safe harbour and free commerce; but at last, to prevent an open rupture with Philip, she forbade their reception. Compelled thus to make the sea their home, the Dutch and Flemish merchants banded together, and placed themselves under the direction of the Prince of Orange, who commissioned them in the service of the Netherlands, authorising them to capture all Spanish vessels for their own profit, except a fifth part of the prize-money, which William was to receive and apply for the good of the Netherlands. As another means of collecting a sufficient sum of money for future necessities, William came to an understanding with the itinerant Protestant preachers, who, even during the fiercest paroxysms of Alva's cruelty and the zeal of the new Inquisition, continued to walk through the country in disguise, teaching and consoling the people. These preachers William converted into civil functionaries, employing them to ask and receive contributions from the Protestant part of the community, now larger in many localities than the Catholic. Thus was William providing, as well as he could, that prime necessary in all enterprises—money.

Alva, enraged at the news he had received of the great damage done to the Spanish shipping by the Dutch and Flemish vessels that swarmed on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, and doubly enraged when he heard that men had actually landed from several of these vessels, and taken a fort on the island of Bommel, issued an immediate order for the collection of the taxes he had previously imposed, money being now more necessary than ever. The people, however, protested that they were reduced to beggary already, and had no means of satisfying his demands; and he had just erected seventeen gibbets in front of seventeen of the principal houses in Brussels, with the intention of hanging seventeen of the principal burgesses thereon, in order to terrify the rest into submission, when, after all was ready, and the very nooses had been made on the ends of the ropes, the news came into the town that the Dutch and Flemish vessels, under the bold and savage Count de la Marck, had made a descent on the island of Voorn and taken the town of Brille, which was reckoned one of the keys of the Netherlands. Alva was amazed: he had not time even to hang the seventeen burgesses. A council was held, and the Count de Bossut despatched with a body of Spanish troops to the island of Voorn. Bossut laid siege to Brille, and was in hopes of being able to reduce it with his artillery, when one of the townsmen swimming along a canal till he came to a sluice which the Spaniards had overlooked, broke it, and let in such a deluge of water as overflowed the artillery, drowned a number of the Spaniards, and forced the rest to take to their ships, all wet and dripping as they were. This victory roused a determined spirit of resolution among the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand. The town of Flushing set the example; the towns of Dort, Gouda, Haarlem, and Leyden followed. In a short time all the towns of the two maritime provinces, except Amsterdam and Middleburg, had risen up and expelled their garrisons. In the provinces of Utrecht, Friesland, and Overyssel, similar risings took place. In this general movement the Protestants, unable to resist the opportunity of revenging their own past sufferings, were guilty of some atrocities, particularly against the monks.

The scheme of an insurrection in the maritime provinces having turned out according to his wishes, the Prince of Orange now advanced into the Netherlands by the French frontier, having succeeded, by negotiation with Protestant powers, and by the expenditure of money, in assembling an army of about 20,000 men, consisting of Germans, French, English, and Scotch. With the strength of this army he now began to grapple with Alva in the very seat of his power—the southern provinces of Flanders, Brabant, and Antwerp. He first took the town of Mons, an important position near the French frontier; and ere long he had reduced several other important towns. This was the only mode of action by which he could make any impression; for, in all cases of attempts to deliver a conquered country, the only mode of procedure is to root out the foreign garrisons of towns one by one; and a general victory in the open field is only valuable as conducing to that end, by either inducing the towns to surrender in despair, or making the process of besieging them less tedious. But at this time, after so much success, various circumstances conspired both to diminish and dispirit his army. The most discouraging blow of all was the massacre of St Bartholomew, in which, on the night of the 24th of August 1572, more than 60,000 of the Protestants of France perished. By this event, all hope of assistance from France was destroyed; and, after several fruitless engagements with Alva's army, William was obliged to disband his forces, and to retire from active military operation.

The condition of the Netherlands was now as follows:—Alva was nominally their governor; but in the late struggle, no fewer than sixty or seventy towns, principally in Holland, Zealand, and Flanders, had thrown off the yoke, and now bade defiance to the Spanish government. Unless these towns were recovered, Philip could no longer be said to be king of the Netherlands. Alva's exertions were therefore devoted to the recovery of these towns; and his officers were almost all employed in sieges. Mons, Tergoes, Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naerden, were successively reduced; and so dreadful were the enormities perpetrated by the Spanish soldiers, that the citizens, after the surrender of other towns, resolved to exhaust every means of resistance rather than submit. The town of Haarlem distinguished itself by the desperate bravery with which for seven months it stood out against a large army under Alva's son. At length, trusting to a truce with the Spaniard, the famished citizens agreed to surrender. The siege, some accounts say, had cost the Spaniards 10,000 men; and now they took a fearful vengeance. Hundreds of the most respectable citizens were executed; and when the four executioners were tired of their bloody work, they tied their victims two by two together, and flung them into the lake of Haarlem. As showing how deep a hold the great struggle of the sixteenth century has taken of the popular memory, and how many local associations there are connected with it, we may quote the following account of a curious Haarlem custom, the origin of which is traced to the siege of the city in 1572:—"In walking through the streets of Haarlem, we saw a rather curious memorial of these disastrous times. At the sides of the doors of various houses hung a small neatly-framed board, on which was spread a piece of fine lace-work of an oval form, resembling the top of a lady's cap with a border: the object, indeed, on a casual inspection, might have been taken for a lady's cap hung out to dry. Beneath it, to show the transparency of the lace, there was placed a piece of pink paper or silk. On asking the meaning of these exhibitions, I was informed that they originated in a circumstance which occurred at the siege of Haarlem. Before surrendering the town, a deputation of aged matrons waited on the Spanish general to know in what manner the women who were at the time in childbirth should be protected from molestation in case of the introduction of the soldiery; and he requested that at the door of each house containing a female so situated an appropriate token should be hung out, and promised that that house should not be troubled. This, according to the tradition, was attended to; and till the present day, every house in which there is a female in this condition is distinguished in the manner I have mentioned. The lace is hung out several weeks previous to the expected birth, and hangs several weeks afterwards, a small alteration being made as soon as the sex of the child is known. I was further assured, that during the time which is allowed for these exhibitions, the house is exempted from all legal execution, and that the husband cannot be taken to serve as a soldier."*

While Alva was thus engaged in retrieving the revolted districts, his king at Madrid was growing dissatisfied with his conduct. He began to think that he had made an error in sending such a man into the Netherlands, who could scarcely make a discrimination in his cruelties between Protestants and Catholics; and he looked about for a general to succeed him. He found such a person in Don Luis Zanega y Requesens, commander of the order of Malta, a true Catholic, but a man of calm and temperate mind. Requesens accordingly made his entry into Brussels on the 17th of November 1573; and the stern old Alva returned to Spain, to be ill-treated by a master whom he had served too faithfully.

WAR CONTINUED—SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

In the civil government of the country, Requesens pursued quite a different line of policy from his predecessor. He began his rule by breaking down the brass statue which Alva had erected of himself at Antwerp, dissolving the Council of Tumults, abandoning the obnoxious taxes, and publishing an amnesty for past offences committed by the inhabitants of the revolted districts. But while thus changing the whole tone of the government, he was obliged to continue all those military operations which Alva had begun, for the purpose of compelling the rebel cities of Holland and Zealand to reacknowledge the sovereignty of Philip. The first object of his attention was the town of Middleburg in Zealand, which had been kept in a state of close siege by the patriots for about a year and a half, and the loss of which would be a severe blow to the Spanish cause. He caused a large fleet to be collected, and appointing two able admirals to the command of it, he went on board one of the ships himself, and sailed down the Scheldt for the relief of the town. The Prince of Orange, then in Holland, immediately hastened to the critical spot; and by his directions, the fleet of the patriots under Boissot, admiral of Holland, met the Spanish one, and engaging with it on the 29th of January 1574, gained a complete victory, sinking the ship of one of the Spanish admirals, and obliging the other to swim for his life. Requesens himself stood on the dyke of Sacherlo, and witnessed the disaster. After this the town of Middleburg surrendered to the Prince of Orange; and the cause of the patriots in the maritime provinces appeared more hopeful than ever. In the meantime, two of the prince's brothers, Count Louis and Count Henry of Nassau, who had for some time been residing in Germany, advanced at the head of an army in the direction of the Maas, with the intention of exciting the inland provinces to assume a position similar to that which Holland and Zealand were so nobly maintaining. The issue of this attempt was fatal. Requesens had despatched a strong force to oppose them; and on the 14th of April a battle was fought between the two armies near the village of Mooch: the royalists were victorious, and the two brave princes were killed. This defeat, and the death of two men so eminent and so popular, were indeed a heavy blow to the patriots; but its consequences were far less severe than they might have been. The Spanish troops, who had a long arrear of pay due them, became mutinous and unmanageable after the victory, and threatened to pillage Antwerp. Requesens contrived at length to appease them for the time by raising a hundred thousand florins from the citizens, pledging his own jewels, and melting down his plate to raise more, and granting the mutineers a free pardon. But the interval had been of use to the patriots; for a large fleet having been equipped by Requesens, and having been removed, during the mutiny, from Antwerp, where it was lying, a little way down the Scheldt, to be out of the reach of the soldiers, Boissot, the Zealand admiral, boldly sailed up the river, took forty of the ships, and shattered and sunk many more. At length, however, the mutineers returned to their duty; and Requesens, having vainly tried in the first place to end the war by a proclamation of the king's pardon to all his Catholic subjects in the Netherlands, collected his whole force for the siege of the large and populous city of Leyden.

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* Chambers's Tour in Holland and Belgium.

The story of this siege is one of the most spirit-stirring in the annals of heroism. Leyden stands in a low situation in the midst of a labyrinth of rivulets and canals. That branch of the Rhine which still retains its ancient name passes through the middle of it; and from this stream such an infinity of canals are derived, that it is difficult to say whether the water or the land possesses the greater space. By these canals the ground on which the city stands is divided into a great number of small islands, united together by bridges. For five months all other operations were suspended; all the energy of Requesens, on the one hand, was directed towards getting possession of this city; and all the energy of the Prince of Orange, on the other hand, towards assisting the citizens, and preventing it from being taken. The issue depended entirely, however, on the bravery and resolution of the citizens of Leyden themselves. Pent up within their walls, they had to resist the attacks and stratagems of the besiegers; and all that the Prince of Orange could do, was to occupy the surrounding country, harass the besiegers as much as possible, and enable the citizens to hold out, by conveying to them supplies of provisions and men.

Nobly, nay, up to the highest heroic pitch of human nature, did the citizens behave. They had to endure a siege in its most dreary form, that of blockade. Instead of attempting to storm the town, Valdez, the Spanish general, resolved to reduce it by the slow but sure process of starvation. For this purpose he completely surrounded the town by a circle of forts, more than sixty in number; and the inhabitants thus saw themselves walled completely in from all the rest of the earth, with its growing crops and its well-filled granaries, and restricted entirely to whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be on the small spot of ground which they walked up and down in. They had no means even of communicating with the Prince of Orange and their other friends outside, except by carrier-pigeons, which were trained for the purpose. One attempt was made by the citizens to break through the line of blockade, for the sake of keeping possession of a piece of pasture-ground for their cattle; but it was unsuccessful; and they began now to work day and night at repairing their fortifications, so as to resist the Spanish batteries when they should begin to play. Like fire pent up, the patriotism of the inhabitants burned more fiercely and brightly; every man became a hero, every woman an orator, and words of flashing genius were spoken, and deeds of wild bravery done, such as would have been impossible except among 20,000 human beings living in the same city, and all roused at once to the same unnatural state of emotion. The two leading spirits were John Van der Does, the commander, better known by his Latinised name of Dousa, as one of the best writers of Latin verse at that time, when so many able men devoted themselves to this kind of literary exercise; and Peter Van der Werf, the burgomaster. Under the management of these two men, every precaution was adopted that was necessary for the defence of the city. The resolution come to was, that the last man among them should die of want rather than admit the Spaniards into the town. Coolly, and with a foresight thoroughly Dutch, Dousa and Van der Werf set about making an inventory of all that was eatable in the town; corn, cattle, nay, even horses and dogs; calculating how long the stock could last at the rate of so much a day to every man and woman in the city; adopting means to get the whole placed under the management of a dispensing committee; and deciding what should be the allowance per head at first, so as to prevent their stock from being eaten up too fast. It was impossible, however, to collect all the food into one fund, or to regulate its consumption by municipal arrangements; and after two months had elapsed, famine had commenced in earnest, and those devices for mitigating the gnawings of hunger began to be employed which none but starving men could bear to think of. Not only the flesh of dogs and horses, but roots, weeds, nettles, every green thing that the eye could detect shooting up from the earth, was ravenously eaten. Many died of want, and thousands fell ill. Still they held out, and indignantly rejected the offers made to them by the besiegers. "When we have nothing else left," said Dousa, in reply to a message from Valdez, "we will eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with." Once, indeed, hunger seemed to overcome their patriotism, and for some days crowds of gaunt and famished wretches moved along the streets crying, "Let the Spaniards in; oh, for God's sake let them in." Assembling with hoarse clamours at the house of Van der Werf, they demanded that he should give them food, or else surrender. "I have no food to give you," was the burgomaster's reply, "and I have sworn that I will not surrender to the Spaniards; but if my body will be of any service to you, tear me to pieces, and let the hungriest of you eat me." The poor wretches went away, and thought no more of surrendering.

The thought of the Prince of Orange night and day was how to render assistance to the citizens of Leyden—how to convey provisions into the town. He had collected a large supply; but all his exertions could not raise a sufficient force to break through the line of blockade. In this desperate extremity they resolved to have recourse to that expedient which they kept in reserve until it should be clear that no other was left—they would break their dykes, open their sluices, inundate the whole level country round Leyden, and wash the Spaniards and their circle of forts utterly away. It was truly a desperate resource; and it was only in the last extremity that they could bring themselves to think of it. All that vast tract of fertile land, which the labour of ages had drained and cultivated—to see it converted into a sheet of water! there could not possibly be a sight more unseemly and melancholy to a Dutchman's eyes. The damage, it was calculated, would amount to 600,000 gilders. But when the destruction of the dykes round Leyden was once resolved upon, they set to work with a heartiness and a zeal greater than that which had attended their building. Hatchets, hammers, spades, and pickaxes, were in requisition; and by the labour of a single night, the labour of ages was demolished and undone. The water, availing itself of the new outlets, poured over the flat country, and in a short time the whole of the region situated between Leyden and Rotterdam was flooded to a considerable depth. The Spaniards, terror-stricken at first, bethought themselves of the fate of the antediluvians; but at last, seeing that the water did not rise above a certain level, they recovered their courage, and though obliged to abandon those of their forts which were stationed in the low grounds, they persevered in the blockade. But there was another purpose to be served by the inundation of the country besides that of washing away the Spaniards, and the Prince of Orange was making preparations for effecting it. He had caused about 200 large flat-bottomed boats to be built, and loaded with provisions; these now began to row towards the famished city. The inhabitants saw them coming; they watched them eagerly advancing across the waters, fighting their way past the Spanish forts, and bringing bread to them. But it almost seemed as if Heaven itself had become cruel; for a north wind was blowing, and so long as it continued to blow, the waters would not be deep enough to enable the boats to reach the city. They waited for days, every eye fixed on the vanes; but still the wind blew from the north, although never almost within the memory of the oldest citizen had there been such a continuance of north wind at that season of the year. Many died in sight of the vessels which contained the food which would have kept them alive; and those who still survived shuffled along the streets more like skeletons than men. In two days these would to a certainty have been all dead too; when, lo! the vanes trembled and veered round; the wind shifted first to the north-west, blowing the sea tides with hurricane force into the mouths of the rivers; and then to the south, driving the waves exactly in the direction of the city. The remaining forts of the Spaniards were quickly begirt with water. The Spaniards themselves, pursued by the Zealanders in their boats, were either drowned or shot swimming, or fished out with hooks fastened to the end of poles, and killed with the sword. Several bodies of them, however, effected their escape. The citizens had all crowded to the gates to meet their deliverers. With bread in their hands, they ran through the streets; and many who had outlived the famine died of surfeit. That same day they met in one of the churches—a lean and sickly congregation—with the magistrates at their head, to return thanks to Almighty God for his mercy.

The siege of Leyden was raised on the 3d of October 1574; and the anniversary of that day is still celebrated by the citizens. It is the most memorable day in the history of Leyden; and many memorials exist to keep the inhabitants in remembrance of the event which happened on it. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller who visits Leyden is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the Breed Straat, or Broad Street. The date of the erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front, along with the arms of the town, two cross-keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. The walls of the venerable apartment in which the burgomasters assemble are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern date, by Van Bree of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his body to be eaten. The small cut at the head of the present paper is expressive of this affecting scene. Another memorial of the siege of Leyden by the Spaniards is the university of that city, so celebrated for the number of great historical names connected with it. "The Prince of Orange, as a recompense to the inhabitants of Leyden for their heroic conduct, gave them the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or of having a university established in the city; and, much to their honour, they preferred the latter. The university of Leyden was accordingly established in 1575."

The fortunate issue of the siege of Leyden changed the face of affairs. Philip consented to hold a conference with the patriots at Breda. Concessions were made on both sides, with a view of coming to an agreement; but on the question of the conduct which the government ought to pursue with reference to religion, the two parties were completely at variance. "The heretics must be expelled from the maritime provinces," was the demand of the Spanish deputies. "If you expel the heretics, as you call them," said the deputies of the patriots, "you will expel more than two-thirds of the inhabitants, and if you do so, there will not be enough of men to mend the dykes." "The king," replied the Spaniards, "would rather lose the provinces than have them peopled with heretics." The conference accordingly broke up, without having accomplished anything.

Again armies began their marchings and countermarchings through the country. Requesens had succeeded in an attempt which he expected to be of great assistance to him in his design of reducing Zealand, and he was endeavouring to follow up this advantage by laying siege to the town of Zuricsee, when he was seized with a fever, and died after a few days' illness.

PATRIOTIC MEASURES OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

On the death of Requesens, the Council of State, consisting at that time of nine members, among whom were Viglius and Barlaimont, as well as some others less devoted to the Spanish cause, assumed the government, there being no person on the spot authorised by Philip to take upon himself the office of regent. Under the rule of this committee the greatest confusion prevailed; but at length the liberal members of the Council of State took courage, and issued an order for a convention of the states; and at this convention, which was opened on the 14th of September 1576, it was agreed to hold a solemn congress of representatives from the various provinces, in the town-house of Ghent, on the 10th of October.

This remarkable turn of affairs was brought about in a great measure by the exertions of the Prince of Orange. The war had now lasted nearly ten years. The result was, that the seventeen provinces constituting the Netherlands, which on Philip's accession had acknowledged his sway, were now broken up into two groups, the maritime provinces constituting one group, and the inland provinces another. In the maritime group, of which Holland and Zealand were the most important members, the majority of the inhabitants were Protestants, and consequently they had maintained a more determined attitude during the war; and at this moment, although they had not formally disowned Philip's sovereignty, they were really governing themselves under the administration of the Prince of Orange. In the inland group, the state of matters was very different. The majority of the inhabitants of this group were Catholics, and consequently their opposition to Spanish tyranny had been less vigorous and less enthusiastic. But William was not content with seeing only one part of the Netherlands delivered from Spanish tyranny, even if it had been possible to deliver the maritime provinces without convulsing and agitating the others. His object was to secure liberty to the whole of the Netherlands, whether that were to be accomplished by a judicious compromise with Spain, or by formally casting off all allegiance to Spain whatever, and uniting the various provinces into a new independent European state. It was in consequence, therefore, of his public recommendations to the Council of State, and his secret dealings with influential men, that the States-General had been held, and the congress of Ghent agreed upon.

After sitting for about a month, the congress published the result of its deliberations in the shape of a treaty of confederacy between the maritime and the inland provinces. This treaty is known in history by the name of the *Pacification of Ghent.* It consisted of twenty-five articles, and its principal provisions were, that the maritime provinces, with the Prince of Orange on the one hand, and the inland or Catholic provinces on the other, should mutually assist each other in expelling the Spaniards; that all the tyrannous and persecuting decrees of Alva should be repealed; that in the inland provinces the Catholic religion should still continue to be the legal one; and that in Holland and Zealand all civil and religious arrangements should be permitted to stand until they should be revised by a future assembly of the states.

At the very instant when the Netherlands were beginning to rejoice in the hopes arising from the pacification of Ghent, there arrived a new regent, sent from Spain. This was Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., a man of great talent, both civil and military, and of an exceedingly amiable and winning disposition. By the advice of the Prince of Orange, the Council resolved to conclude a strict bargain with the new regent before admitting him to the government. A meeting of noblemen, ecclesiastics, and other influential persons was held at Brussels on the 9th of January 1577, at which a compact in support of the late resolutions at Ghent was formed, known by the name of the *Union of Brussels;* and a copy of the deed of union having been transmitted to Don John, the result was a conference between him and certain deputies appointed by the states. At this conference, which was held in a city of Luxemburg, a treaty was agreed upon, dated the 12th of February 1577, and known by the name of the *Perpetual Edict.* It secured for the inland provinces all that they had been so earnestly contending for, all that the *Pacification of Ghent* bound them to demand—the removal of the Spanish troops, the release of prisoners, and a mild and considerate government. The Protestant provinces of Holland and Zealand, however, were dissatisfied with it, and refused their concurrence.

It appeared now as if the long struggle had come to an end; as if Spain and the Netherlands had finally compromised their differences. When Don John made his entry into Brussels on the 1st of May 1577, the citizens congratulated themselves on the skill with which they had managed to limit his authority, and said to each other, "Ah, it will cost our new regent some trouble to play his game as Alva did."

No sooner, however, had John taken the reins of government in his hands, than he began to free himself from all the restraints which the inland provinces thought they had imposed on him. Resolved to recover all the prerogatives he had parted with, he despatched letters written in cipher to Philip, urging him to send back the Spanish and Italian forces into the Netherlands; and making a journey from Brussels to the frontier province of Namur, he took possession of the capital of the province, intending to wait there till the troops should arrive. The letters were intercepted by the king of Navarre, and being immediately sent to the Prince of Orange, were by him made public. Enraged at the discovery of the regent's treachery, the authorities of the inland provinces now determined to cast him off; and at the same time they intreated the Prince of Orange to come to Brussels and assume the administration of affairs. Accordingly, leaving his own faithful maritime provinces, the prince sailed up the Scheldt, and thence made his passage by canal to Brussels, amid the cheers of the multitudes who stood lining the banks for miles, anxious to obtain a sight of "Vader Willem" coming to do for them what he had already done for the Hollanders and Zealanders. He entered Brussels on the 23d of September, and was immediately invested with the office of governor of Brabant, a title which gave him as much power as if he had been a regent appointed by Philip himself. The whole of the Netherlands now, except the two frontier provinces of Luxemburg and Namur, where Don John still maintained his influence, were under the government of William of Orange. His darling scheme of uniting the maritime and the inland provinces under one system of government, extending to both the blessings of perfect civil freedom, and allowing each group to establish that form of worship which was most conformable to its own wishes—the maritime group the Protestant, and the inland group the Catholic form—while yet neither the Catholics should be persecuted in the one, nor the Protestants in the other—this scheme was now all but realised. With respect to the question, how Philip's rights as the sovereign of the Netherlands should be dealt with, this was a point about which, in the meantime, it was unnecessary to give himself much trouble. It would be decided afterwards by the course of events.

This happy aspect of things was not of long duration. William had hardly entered on his office, when he began to be harassed by those petty insect annoyances which always buzz and flutter round greatness, making the life of a man who pursues a career of active well-doing on a large scale very far from a pleasant one to himself. At length a powerful cabal was formed against him by certain Catholic noblemen; and, without the consent of the states, or any other legitimate authority, the Archduke Mathias, brother of the emperor of Germany, was invited to come and assume the government of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. The arrival of this self-announced governor was a decided surprise to the states; but the quick eye of the Prince of Orange saw that it might be turned to advantage. By inviting Mathias to assume the office which Don John considered to be his, the Catholic nobles had given an unpardonable offence to Philip; and if Mathias *did* assume the government, it would set the Spanish king and the German emperor at variance; both of which events were exceedingly desirable as matters then stood. William therefore was the first to recommend his own resignation, and the appointment of Mathias as governor instead; a change which would do no harm, as Mathias was a silly young man whom it would be very easy to manage. On the 18th of January 1578, Mathias therefore was formally installed as governor-general, with the Prince of Orange as his lieutenant in every department; and Don John was at the same time declared a public enemy.

Meanwhile Philip had sent a powerful army to reinstate Don John. At the head of this army was Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, the son of that Duchess of Parma who had been regent before Alva, and though yet young, reputed to be the first military genius of the age. Pushing into the interior of the Netherlands with this army, Don John speedily reconquered a large tract of the country; and the states, defeated in several engagements, were obliged to intreat assistance from foreign powers. After several months of war, they were delivered from all fear of having the treacherous John restored to the regency;

for, on the 1st of October 1578, he died suddenly at Bougy. But if delivered of one enemy in John, they had to contend with another in all respects more formidable in his successor, the matchless Prince of Parma. The prospect of a campaign against a man so eminent in the art of war completely disheartened them; and any chance they might have had of being able to repel the invasion which he conducted, was infinitely lessened by the outbreak of violent dissensions in the southern provinces, especially between the Flemings, or inhabitants of Flanders, and the Walloons, or inhabitants of the south-eastern provinces.

UNION OF THE SEVEN PROVINCES.

In these circumstances, the Prince of Orange thought it best to take precautions for securing the independence of at least a part of the Netherlands. It had long appeared to William that the next best thing to a union of all the provinces of the Netherlands under a free government, would be the union of the maritime provinces by themselves under such a government. These provinces would form a distinct state, thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly Protestant; and the difficulty of governing them separately would be far less than that of governing them in conjunction with the southern or Walloon provinces, whose inhabitants were not only Catholic, but half French in their lineage and their habits. The progress which the Prince of Parma was now making, not only in conquering, but in conciliating the Walloons, decided William to carry into effect his long-cherished idea, and to attempt a formal separation between the northern provinces and the rest of the Netherlands. His efforts succeeded; and on the 29th of January, there was solemnly signed at Utrecht a treaty of union between the five provinces of Holland, Zealand, Guelderland, Utrecht, and Friesland, by which they formed themselves into an independent republic. Thus was a new European state founded, which, being joined afterwards by the two provinces of Overyssel and Groningen, and recognised by the foreign powers, obtained the name of *The Seven United Provinces,* and subsequently of *Holland.*

But while labouring to effect this great object, William by no means ceased to struggle for another which he considered greater still, the independence of the whole Netherlands. If a community of religion, and the enthusiastic attachment of the people to his person, endeared the northern provinces to him in a peculiar manner, the breadth of his intellect, and his general love of liberty, made him take a deep interest in the fate of the southern provinces; and gladly would he devote his best exertions to secure for the Flemings and the Walloons of the south that independence which he had to all appearance secured for the Dutch of the north. Accordingly, both before and after the union of the northern provinces, he continued to act as lieutenant-governor under Mathias, and to superintend the administration of the southern provinces.

Meanwhile an attempt was made by the pope and the emperor of Germany to bring about a reconciliation between Spain and the Netherlands. But Philip's bigotry again interposed a barrier in the way of an agreement; for he declared, that whatever other concessions he might be willing to make, he never would be at peace with heresy. While these negotiations were pending, the Prince of Parma had slackened his military activity; but when the congress broke up its sittings in the end of 1579, he recommenced his campaign in the southern provinces with fresh ardour.

It was evident, however, to the Prince of Orange, that the issue of the struggle could not be decided by one or two battles with the Prince of Parma. His aim all along had been to thwart Philip by engaging some of the principal European powers on the side of the Netherlands. No sooner, therefore, had he seen the Protestant provinces of the north united by the treaty of Utrecht, than he began to mature another scheme by which he hoped to obtain for the union greater strength within itself, and greater estimation in the eyes of foreign nations. This was no other than the formal deposition of Philip from the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and the election of a new sovereign capable of bringing into the field all the power of some foreign nation to counterpoise that of Spain. He hesitated for some time whether the future sovereign of the Netherlands should be Queen Elizabeth of England, or the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French king; but at last decided in favour of the latter. Having finally weighed his scheme, and resolved to adopt it, he procured a meeting of the States-General at Antwerp; and there Philip was deposed as "a tyrant;" the Netherlands were declared a free and independent state; and the Duke of Anjou having become bound to use the power of France to expel the Spaniards from his new dominion, entered on the exercise of the sovereignty. At the same time, William of Orange was installed in the government of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, under the title of Stadtholder, and with the reservation of the right of homage to the Duke of Anjou.

These arrangements were concluded in 1581 and 1582; and for two years after, the history of the struggle is but an uninteresting record of sieges and engagements, important at the time, but too numerous to be detailed in a narrative. We hasten to the concluding act of the drama.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Philip, surrounded by the haughty ceremonial of a Spanish court, kept his dark and evil eye ever rolling towards the Netherlands. Foiled, defeated, gaining an advantage only to lose it again, he had watched the course of the struggle with a bitter earnestness. A scowl passed over his brow at every recollection of the manner in which his heretical subjects had resisted his authority and baffled his purposes. But the last indignity was worst of all. To be openly deposed in the face of all Europe, to be rejected and cast off by a portion of his subjects inhabiting a little corner of his vast dominions, to have another sovereign elected in his stead; this was an insult such as monarch had never experienced before. And all this had been done by that one man, William of Orange. In the course of his life he had already been thwarted, or supposed himself to be thwarted, by one personal enemy after another; and these, if history be true, he had successively disposed of, by sending them prematurely out of the world. The poisoned cup, or the dagger of the hired assassin, had rid him of several blood relations whom he conceived to be his enemies. His own son, his eldest born, had died by his orders; and now he resolved to rid himself by similar means of the man who had robbed him of the Netherlands. Early in 1580 he issued a proclamation offering a reward of 25,000 golden crowns, with a patent of nobility, and a pardon for all past offences, to any one who should assassinate the Prince of Orange. In reply to this brutal proclamation the prince published a defence of his own conduct, which, under the name of "The Apology," has been always admired as one of the noblest refutations ever penned. It is believed to have been the composition of a Protestant clergyman, a friend of the prince.

For some time no effects followed the issuing of Philip's proclamation, and William was quietly engaged in consolidating the government under the Duke of Anjou. He had gone to Antwerp to attend the ceremony of the new sovereign's inauguration, and was to stay there some time, until everything was fairly settled. On the 18th of March 1582, he gave a great dinner at the castle of the town to celebrate the duke's birthday. Leaving the hall to ascend to his own chamber, he was met at the door by a silly melancholy-looking young man, who desired to present a petition. While he was looking at the paper, the young man fired a pistol at his head. The ball entered below the right ear, and passing through his mouth, came out at the other side. The prince fell apparently dead, and the assassin was instantly put to death by the attendants. It appeared, from papers found on his person, that he was a Spaniard named John Jaureguay, clerk to Gaspar Anastro, a Spanish merchant in the town. Anastro had engaged to Philip, for a reward of 28,000 ducats, to effect the object which the proclamation had not been able to accomplish; but, unwilling to undertake the assassination in person, he had fixed upon his melancholy half-crazed clerk as his deputy; and the poor wretch had been persuaded by a Dominican monk of the name of Timmerman, that the death he was sure to die in the performance of so glorious an act of duty would be an immediate entrance into paradise. Timmerman, and Venero, Anastro's cashier, who was also implicated in the murder, were seized and executed; but Anastro himself escaped. It was long feared that the wound was mortal; but it proved not to be so; and in a short time the prince was again able to resume his duties, dearer now than ever to the people of the Netherlands. He had scarcely recovered, when he was summoned to act in a new crisis. The Duke of Anjou began to act falsely towards his subjects. Failing in a treacherous attempt to seize the town of Antwerp, Anjou was obliged to become a fugitive from his own kingdom. Perplexed and uncertain how to act, the states again had recourse to the counsel of the Prince of Orange; and after much hesitation, he gave it as his deliberate opinion, that, upon the whole, in the present state of matters, nothing was so advisable as to readmit the duke to the sovereignty, after binding him by new and more stringent obligations. In giving this advice, William spoke from his intimate knowledge of the state of Europe. The reasons, however, which actuated the Prince of Orange in advising the recall of Anjou, although very satisfactory to men experienced in statecraft, and gifted with the same political insight as himself, were too subtle to be appreciated by the popular understanding; and it began to be murmured by the gossips of Antwerp that the Prince of Orange had gone over to the French interest, and was conspiring to annex the Netherlands to France. Hurt at these suspicions, which impeded his measures, and rendered his exertions fruitless, William left Antwerp, and withdrew to his own northern provinces, where the people would as soon have burnt the ships in their harbours as suspected the good faith of their beloved stadtholder "Vader Willem." By removing into the north, however, William did not mean to cease taking any part in the affairs of the southern provinces. He continued to act by letters and messengers, allaying various dissensions among the nobility, and smoothing the way for the return of the Duke of Anjou, who was then residing in France. But it was destined that the treacherous Frenchman should never again set his foot within the Netherlands. Taken suddenly ill at the Chateau-Thierry, he died there on the 10th of June 1584, aged thirty years.

Again were the Netherlands thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. The northern provinces alone, under the government of William, enjoyed internal tranquillity and freedom from war. The southern provinces were torn by religious dissension; while, to aggravate the evil, the Prince of Parma was conducting military operations within the territory. And now that the sovereign they had elected was dead, what should be done? Who should be elected next? Rendered wise and unanimous by their adversity, the secret wishes of all turned to William; and negotiations were set on foot for electing William, Prince of Orange, and stadtholder of the northern provinces, to the constitutional sovereignty of the Netherlands. He was to accept the crown on nearly the same terms as he had himself proposed in the case of the Duke of Anjou.

These hopes were doomed to be disappointed. William had gone to Delft, and was there engaged in business, preparatory to his accession to the sovereignty. On the 10th of July, having left his dining-room in the palace, he had just placed his foot on the first step of the staircase leading to the upper part of the house, when a pale man with a cloak, who had come on pretence of getting a passport, pointed a horse-pistol at his breast and fired. The prince fell. "God have mercy on me and on this poor people," were the only words he was able to utter; and in a few moments he was dead; his wife, Louisa de Coligni, whose father and first husband had also been murdered, bending over him. The assassin was seized, attempting to escape. His name was Balthasar Gerard, a native of Burgundy. Like Jaureguay, he had been actuated to the crime by the hopes of fame on earth and glory in heaven. Documents also exist which show that he was an instrument of the Spanish authorities, and had communicated his design to several Spanish monks. He suffered death in the most horrible form which detestation for his crime could devise; his right hand being first burnt off, and the flesh being then torn from his bones with red-hot pincers. He died with the composure of a martyr.

The Prince of Orange was fifty-two years of age at the time of his murder. He had been four times married, and left ten children, three sons and seven daughters.

CONCLUDING HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The death of the Prince of Orange left the Netherlands divided into two parts—the northern or Protestant provinces, united in a confederacy, and to all intents and purposes independent of Spain; and the southern or Catholic provinces, either subject to Spain, or only struggling for independence. The subsequent histories of these two portions of the Netherlands are different.

Holland, as the seven united provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, Friesland, Overyssel, and Groningen came to be called, successfully resisted all the attempts of Spain to resubjugate it. Prince Maurice inherited his father's abilities and his honours, and for many years he conducted the war in which the determination of Spain to recover its territory involved the provinces. On his death, in 1625, he was succeeded in the government by his youngest brother, Frederic Henry; and before his death, in 1647, the existence of Holland as an independent European state was recognised by almost every foreign cabinet, and Spain saw that it was in vain to continue the war. His son William II. died, after a short and turbulent reign, in 1650, leaving a widow, who, within a week of her husband's death, gave birth to a son, William III.

On the abdication of James II. of England, this William III., the great-grandson of the hero of the Netherlands, came from Holland to ascend the throne of Great Britain, in conjunction with his wife Mary, James's daughter. During his reign, Great Britain and Holland were under one rule; but when he died childless in 1701, the States-General of the Seven Provinces, instead of appointing a new stadtholder, took the government into their own hands. The title of Prince of Orange, however, did not become extinct; it was inherited by his cousin, Frison of Nassau, who was governor of the single province of Friesland. The activity and energy of this new Prince of Orange and of his son soon gave them an ascendancy in all the provinces; and in 1747, in the person of the latter, the House of Orange again acceded to the dignity of the stadtholderate of the United Provinces. At the close of the last century, Holland suffered from the invasion of the French, and was for some time in their hands; but finally, in 1813, the Prince of Orange was restored to power; being admitted to the government as a sovereign prince.

Having thus traced the history of the northern provinces of the Netherlands down to 1815, let us trace that of the southern ones down to the same year.

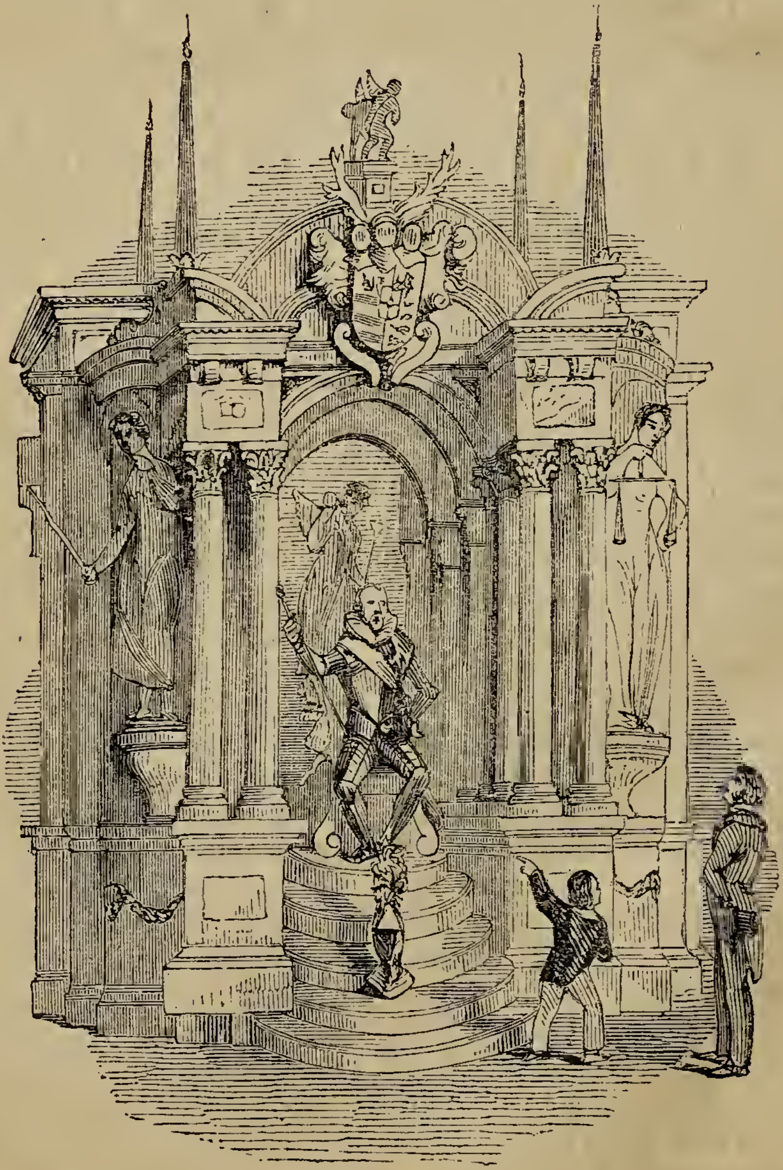
After the death of William of Orange, the Prince of Parma continued his victorious career in the southern provinces; and if he did not altogether crush the spirit of patriotism, he at least rendered it weak and powerless. Although, therefore, Prince Maurice and Prince Frederic Henry, while repelling the attempts of the Spaniards to reconquer Holland, endeavoured also to drive them out of the rest of the Netherlands, they were never able fully to effect this, and Spain still kept possession of all the southern provinces. In 1713, Philip III. of Spain gave these southern provinces as a marriage portion to his daughter Isabella when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria; and from that time they ceased to be called the Spanish provinces, and obtained the name of the Belgian provinces, or of the Austrian Netherlands. This arrangement lasted till 1795, when it was swept away by the French Revolution. After a struggle between France and Austria, the Austrian Netherlands and the province of Liege were divided into nine departments, forming an integral part of the French republic; and they continued to be so till the fall of Napoleon in 1815.

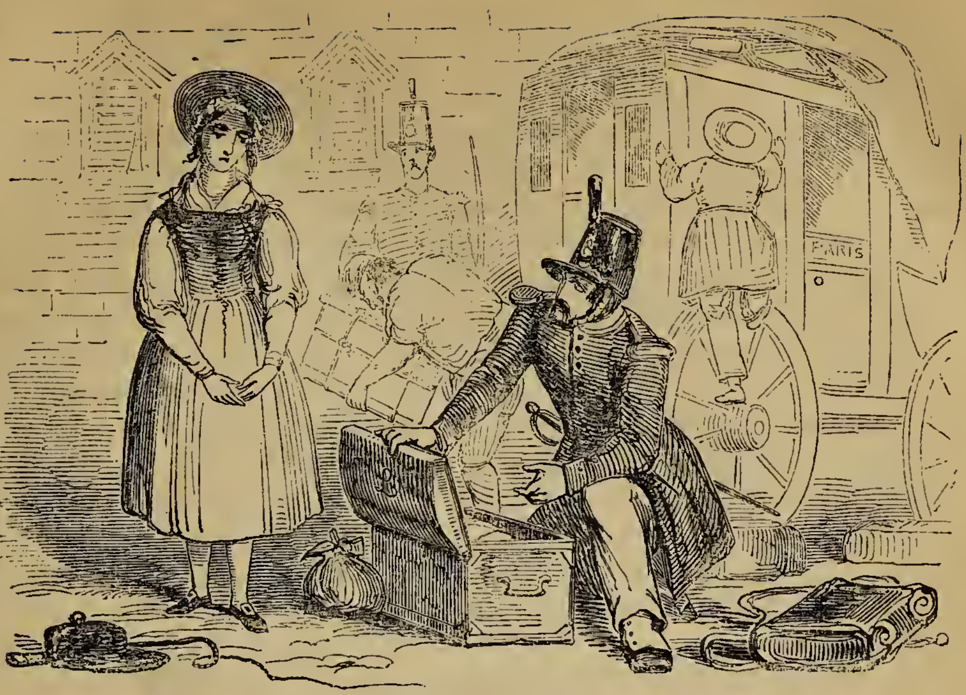
At this great epoch, when Europe, recovering from the shock of the French Revolution, had leisure to arrange its various territories according to its own pleasure, separating some countries which had been long joined, and joining others which had been long separated, it was determined once more to unite Holland and the Belgian provinces into one state. Accordingly, in 1815, the Prince of Orange had the southern provinces added to his dominions, and was recognised by the various powers of Europe as king of the whole Netherlands. In 1579 the country had been broken up into two parts; and now, in 1815, they were reunited, with no chance, so far as appearances went, of ever being separated again. But appearances were fallacious. As we have already informed our readers, there had always been certain marked differences of lineage, religion, language, and habits, between the people of the northern and those of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. In 1830, when the second French revolution took place, the Belgians revolted from their allegiance, and insisted on being separated from Holland, and erected into an independent kingdom. The demand was, after some delay, complied with by foreign powers. On the 15th of November 1831 the boundary-line was fixed, and the Netherlands were divided into the two independent states of Holland and Belgium. The crown of the latter was accepted by Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg, now sovereign of the country.

The modern kingdom of Holland consists of the following ten provinces:—North Holland, South Holland, Zealand, North Brabant, Guelderland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overyssel, Groningen, and Drenthe; its capital is the Hague. The population on the 1st of January 1839 amounted to 2,583,271. The prevailing form of worship is the Calvinistic; but all other forms enjoy perfect toleration. Holland is celebrated for its excellent educational institutions, which are on a liberal footing, and acceptable to all sects and classes.

The kingdom of Belgium consists of nine provinces—Limbourg, Liege, Namur, Luxemburg, Hainault, South Brabant, East Flanders, West Flanders, Antwerp; its capital is Brussels. The population of Belgium in 1830 was 4,064,235. The Belgians are almost altogether Roman Catholics. The ancient Teutonic language, which has taken the form of Dutch in Holland, has degenerated into Flemish in Belgium; besides which, there is the language called Walloon, a species of old French mingled with German, and spoken principally in Hainault, on the borders of France. Nevertheless, modern French may be described as the predominating language of Belgium.

We have now shown how the Netherlands effected their independence; how the country became divided into the two modern kingdoms of Holland and Belgium; and it only remains for us to say that, successful as were the struggles of the people against oppression, the Netherlands, taken as a whole, have not till this hour attained the opulence and prosperity of which they were deprived by the iniquitous aggressions of Philip II. in the sixteenth century. In travelling through the country, we everywhere see symptoms of fallen grandeur. Antwerp, once the most opulent mercantile city in Europe, is now in a state of decay; while Louvain, Mechlin, Utrecht, Leyden, Dort, Delft, all exhibit similar tokens of desertion. To "the Spaniards" is everywhere ascribed the ruin of trade, the destruction of works of art, and the distresses to which the country has been exposed. Such are the results of the unhappy war which scourged the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. Although advancing by new efforts towards its former condition, three centuries have not obliterated the traces of this fearful struggle for civil and religious freedom. Considering the services performed by William of Orange in this great effort, no one can look without emotion on the splendid monument erected over his tomb in the New Church of Delft, of which we append a representation. It is a lofty structure of marble, embellished with many figures, one of which is that of the prince, in bronze, sitting with his truncheon of office, and his helmet at his feet; while behind is a figure of Fame sounding with her trumpet the praises of the hero.





PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

A TALE, FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

WOULD you like me to do anything for you, dear mother? said Lizette, a sweet-tempered girl, to her mother, who was lying to all appearance on her deathbed, in a cottage in the environs of Marseilles. "Would you like me to raise your head a little? I am sure you would—now, I think you will be more comfortable. I am glad I thought of that."

"Lizette," said the dying woman, with some degree of effort, "you kill me with kindness—you are far too good to me."

"Kindness!—do not speak of such a thing. It is my duty to be kind and attentive to my poor dear mother. You know I would do anything I could think of for you, and it would be all little enough. Do try to compose yourself, dear mother. Perhaps you may yet get well."

"Never," answered Dame Margaret; "I know I have not long to live, and yet I cannot die. Had you been less dutiful, less kind, it would have been easier for me now. I could have endured your want of affection, but your goodness overcomes me. Oh, what a dreadful thing it is to receive kindness from those you have wronged!" And here the poor woman stopped, as if convulsed with some strong emotion.

Lizette exhausted every persuasive to compose the agony of the sufferer, whom she imagined was becoming delirious; but all was in vain.

"Dear, dear mother," said she tenderly, her large black eyes filling with tears, as she fixed them on the agitated countenance of the dying woman; "do not speak thus. You have never done me any wrong; you have always been the best of mothers."

"Do not call me mother; I am not your mother."

"I fear you are suffering a great deal," said Lizette, not heeding her strange observation.

"Oh, yes," answered Dame Margaret, who was perceptibly getting weaker; "I am dying, and cannot appear before God with such a heavy sin upon my conscience, Lizette."

"If it is a sin, dear mother, you ought to tell it to the curé, and not to me: he will console you. Would you like me to go and call him?"

"Go, my child; but come back quickly: I feel I am very ill."

When Lizette returned, accompanied by the pastor, they both observed terror in every feature of the dying woman. Lizette fell on her knees at the foot of her mother's bed, and poured out her full heart in prayer.

"Well, Dame Margaret," said the pastor, seating himself on a stool, and taking the hand of the poor woman, as if to feel her pulse, "you are ill; but I trust you are at peace with God?"

"No, sir, no," replied the woman; "there is no peace for me: I have wronged that innocent child. Oh, Lizette, Lizette," added she, turning to the young girl, "promise not to curse me."

"Dearest mother," said Lizette caressingly.

"Hush, hush. For pity's sake do not call me mother: it kills me." And Dame Margaret, then raising herself in the bed, clasped her hands, and with an effort for which she seemed obliged to collect all her remaining strength—"I am verily guilty, sir. I am not the mother of that child. Lizette, I am not your mother;" and, as if she had but been given strength for this avowal, she fell back in utter exhaustion.

"Explain yourself, and hope still in God," said the pastor, as he bent over the couch; whilst Lizette's anxious gaze seemed to inquire the meaning of these mysterious words.

Dame Margaret, after a few moments, recovered sufficiently to answer—"Sixteen years ago I lost my husband, just as I became the mother of a little girl; and I was soon after hired as nurse to the daughter of the Baroness de Pons, who then resided in Marseilles. Three weeks had hardly gone by when the child fell sick, and so sick that I thought she was going to die. I was a poor widow. If I lost the nursing, I must lose the money that I intended to lay out in purchasing a bit of ground near my house, which would set me above want for the rest of my days." Here the dying woman paused, either to collect strength or to delay a painful confession. The curé pressed her hand, as if to encourage her. "Alas! your reverence," she resumed, in broken accents, "one morning that my poor nursling was lying as if she were dead, a fine coach stopped at my door, and the Baroness de Pons alighted from it, looking very happy, and crying, 'My child, my Clotilda. Quick, Dame Margaret; bring me my child.' Well, sir, what can I say for myself? My heart failed me. I had not courage to grieve that beautiful young mother, who had come in her joy. Besides, my evil genius kept whispering to me to keep the bit of ground. I took my own child, my little Lizette—she was thought like my nursling—and without saying a word—it would have stuck in my throat—I put her into the arms of Madame de Pons."

Lizette was listening with breathless attention, at times involuntarily articulating the words that fell from the lips of the dying woman.

Finding her strength failing, Dame Margaret went on quickly. "Madame de Pons covered the child with kisses. 'How pretty she is!' said she, with all a mother's pride. 'She is like a child of four months old, and she only six weeks! How delighted Albert will be to see her so rosy, so healthy!' But all on a sudden—then indeed I trembled—Madame de Pons began to undress the child, to look for a little red mark which her baby had below the elbow."

"Here it is," said Lizette in great agitation, as she pulled up her sleeve; "here it is. Heavenly Father, leave me my senses."

"Hush!" said the curé, gently laying his hand on the young girl's arm.

"The lady's-maid relieved me from my embarrassment," continued the nurse; "for, as you may well guess, the red mark was not to be found. 'Did I not tell you so, my lady?' cried she. 'I said it was only a heat in the skin, and not the mark of a strawberry; and your ladyship would not believe me; and now, my lady, you see I was right.' 'Oh, what happiness to have her so strong, so healthy!' was the only answer of Madame de Pons. 'How could I have ventured to hope it with such delicate health as I have always had. But I cannot leave her again; I will stay here till she is to be weaned.' And this, sir, was the way I changed the children."

The nurse ceased speaking. There was a profound silence, which Lizette was the first to break. "And you are not my mother?"

"But I love you as if I were. Had it not been for me, for my cares, you would have died. Lizette, Lizette," said the poor woman, clasping her trembling hands, "be not more inexorable than the God before whom I am about to appear. Forgive, forgive me."

"I do, I do," said Lizette, throwing herself, bathed in tears, into the arms of her nurse; "for it was you who made me so big and strong; you loved me, you made me happy. Are not these tears the first you ever caused to flow? Be at peace, my own poor mother; far from vexing your last moments, your child blesses you."

"You are a good and generous girl," said the curé to Lizette. "As for you, Dame Margaret, though you have done a grievous wrong, Madame de Pons will scarcely blame you, since you have saved her child."

"But I gave her my own child," interrupted Dame Margaret; "and now I must die without one look at her, without one kiss of her sweet lips."

"Am I not your child too, mother?" said Lizette in a tone of soft reproach.

"Blessings be on your head, my child, for that one sweet word; it makes death less bitter." Her voice now failed her, and in a few moments she had ceased to breathe.

II.

One forenoon, shortly after the death of Dame Margaret, a young country girl descended from a diligence which had just arrived at the place of its destination in Paris. Her dress was the costume of the peasantry of Marseilles. A short petticoat displayed a pretty pair of ankles, and two small feet in black shoes, with silver buckles. A clear muslin handkerchief trimmed with lace gave to view a neck embrowned by the noonday sun, while a little cap, surmounted by a large hat of black felt, with a broad gold band, shaded a fine and marked countenance. The diligences in France do not set down their passengers in the open street, as is the custom with stage-coaches in England. They drive into a spacious courtyard, to which no strangers for mere curiosity are admitted, and therefore the passengers are not incommoded by a crowd. Lizette, as the young girl was who had now arrived in Paris, having received her trunk, and had it examined by the attendant custom-house officers,* felt herself alone and friendless, and sat down to compose her feelings before venturing out to the long busy streets of which she had seen something in coming through the city. How long she might have sat ruminating on the object of her enterprise, is uncertain; her meditations were suddenly broken in upon by the abrupt request of one of the clerks, that she would move out of the way. Aroused by the discourteous order, the poor girl proceeded to procure a porter, and asked him to show her the way to the house of Madame de Pons in the Rue de Rivoli; and, as if to prove that she was not mistaken in the address, she drew from her pocket a letter, and handed it to the porter.

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* More correctly, officers of the octroi. The octroi is a tax collected in every French town for the benefit of the municipality; it is levied in the form of a duty on certain articles entering the town; and so rigorously is this exacted, that the appointed officers search the trunks of travellers, and even the baskets which the country people bring to market. An enormous sum is thus raised annually by the octroi duties in Paris.

"It is quite right; the very thing," said he: "follow me." And taking up the luggage, he proceeded, accompanied by the girl, in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli.

Lizette was almost bewildered with the spectacle of the crowded streets, the dashing of carriages, and the great height of the houses, whose tops, to her imagination, seemed to reach the clouds. She was also struck with the splendour of the public buildings; and when the porter conducted her through the arcades of the Palais Royal, gay with the most elegant shops, and picturesque from the spouting of the jets-d'eau, she thought she was in a place of enchantment. "How delightful it will be for me to come often to see these grand scenes," said she to herself, "scenes from which I have been so long kept by an impostor. I shall now soon see this daughter of a peasant who has so long enjoyed my fortune, my name, and my mother's caresses. How proud the girl must be! With what a patronising air she will receive me!—but what pleasure it will be to humble her by giving her this letter from the curé! Oh, how mortified she will be when she reads the dying confession of Dame Margaret!" Indulging such thoughts of bitterness, Lizette followed her guide out of the Palais Royal into the Rue St Honoré, along which she had to go for some way. The sight of the church of St Roche arrested her attention, and gave a salutary turn to her feelings, and the young girl exclaimed, "Oh, what a vile creature I am! What bad thoughts I have been cherishing! What, shall I, who am about to deprive her of everything, shall I insult her? Will she not have grief enough? Cruel that I am; may God forgive me! I must perform my devotions," said she, turning quickly to the guide; "wait here for me one moment."

"And welcome, miss," said the porter. "I am answerable for your luggage," added he, as he showed his badge.

The young girl ascended the steps of the church; and as she knelt before the altar, with eyes fixed upon the letter, which she still held in both hands, murmured, "Oh, my God, give me strength for this hour!—teach me words to say to my mother that she may acknowledge me, that she may love me; for how can a poor girl brought up in the country know how to speak to a great lady! And oh, my God, soften my heart, and teach me to look kindly upon her who has usurped my place, and give me gentle words to say to her. It was not her fault that she robbed me of everything. Make me kind to her, oh, very kind to her, for I am about to make her very unhappy. I am about to deprive her of one mother, and I have not another to give her—Dame Margaret is dead." This recollection made her tears flow afresh, and Lizette—for so we shall still call her—remained for some moments as if overwhelmed by the many conflicting feelings that agitated her. At length, relieved by the tears which she now freely shed, she left the church, and finding the porter where she had left him, both turned into the Rue de Rivoli.

When Lizette reached the door, when her foot was on the threshold of her mother's house, that house which she was about to enter as a stranger, her heart sank within her. But, summoning all her courage, she ascended the steps boldly, and, like most timid persons, who, having by a violent effort overcome their natural character, overact their part, she rang until she broke the bell. The startled footman ran to open the door, and when he saw only a country girl and a porter with a small trunk, he said somewhat roughly, "What business have you to ring in such a way?"

"I want to see Madame de Pons," answered Lizette, affecting a confidence which was fast forsaking her.

"Who in the world is ringing in such a way? I am sure it must wake my lady," said a waiting-maid in a very sharp tone, who now made her appearance; when, suddenly perceiving the costume of Lizette, she added more civilly, "From Marseilles? Are you the daughter of Dame Margaret?"

The title of daughter of Dame Margaret seemed to arouse all the pride which Lizette had struggled so hard to subdue, and she answered, "I am the foster-sister of her whom you call Mademoiselle de Pons."

"Whom we call Mademoiselle de Pons! Well, that is droll enough, my little country girl. Wait here, child; I will go to Mademoiselle. How delighted she will be to see her little Lizette; she is always talking of her!"

"Do not tell her too suddenly, Gertrude," said the footman; "you know how nervous our young lady is."

"Does the man think I am a fool?" returned the maid rather angrily; "do not I know better than you can tell me the state of Mademoiselle Clotilda's nerves? Make your mind easy, I will tell her the good news without doing her any harm; wait here for me, my good girl."

"How much she is beloved and respected," thought Lizette. "At length, then, I shall see her and speak to her!"

After the lapse of five minutes, which appeared as many ages to the impatience of the young girl, the distant rustle of a silk dress was heard, and Lizette fixed her eyes with a feeling that was almost terror on the door through which Gertrude had disappeared. It opened, and a tall and beautiful creature ran forward with extended arms, exclaiming, "Lizette, Lizette; welcome, welcome, my sister"—and taking both her hands with the most winning tenderness, she again said, "Welcome, most welcome! How thankful I am that God put it into your heart to come to us! How is my nurse? But what is the matter? Have you no kiss for me? Surely you are not afraid of me?"

Lizette was confounded. She was not prepared for such a reception, and if her gentle and ingenuous nature had ever harboured one feeling of hatred and resentment against her who had so innocently usurped her place, it gave way before these tender manifestations of spontaneous affection.

"Dame Margaret is dead," answered Lizette. She had scarcely uttered the words, when she felt caressing arms around her neck, and the pressure of soft lips in an affectionate kiss. "Alas, alas! but together we will weep for her," murmured Clotilda. "My poor nurse! And you came off to us at once: you knew you would find here a mother, and a sister too. Is it not so? How I love you for the thought! Yes, you are my sister, and everybody here must love, respect, and obey you. Do you hear me?" added she, turning to the servants who had been drawn into the passage by this little scene; "this is a second Mademoiselle de Pons: we have shared the same milk; I deprived her of the half of her mother's caresses and cares; surely she has every right to the half of all that belongs to me. I must except, however, the half of my mother's love," said she, interrupting herself with somewhat of the air of a spoiled child; "but I will give you some little portion of it, Lizette, so do not be uneasy."

"Oh, if I could but see her!" said poor Lizette, almost gasping for breath.

"See my mother!" said Clotilda; "you cannot see her yet; she is in bed; but come with me."

Lizette shrank back, and Clotilda now perceived the porter, and she instantly ordered that he should be paid and dismissed. "Come, come, dear sister," said she; "the joy of seeing you is too much for me. I feel quite faint; but I care not, it is all delight." And taking Lizette's hand, she led her through some splendidly-furnished rooms into a small apartment, where wealth had collected all that could be conceived most luxuriously useful, and most uselessly luxurious. "Now you are in my quarters," said Clotilda, as with gentle force she made Lizette sit down in a large arm-chair, and took a seat on a stool at her feet. "This is my sitting-room, on the right is my bed-room, on the left my study; at the end of that alcove is a door opening into Gertrude's room; but I will send her to sleep elsewhere, and I will give you her room, so that we shall be together night and day. But perhaps you may not be a sound sleeper, and I may disturb you; I am so often so very ill during the night: I have such bad health, the slightest exertion brings on fever; feel my hand now, is it not burning?—all from the delight of seeing you. Any painful emotion must kill me, I am persuaded; and therefore it is that every one tries to spare me the least vexation. Everybody tries to please me, no one contradicts me, so that I am quite spoiled. But this delicacy I inherit from mamma. My father had a strong constitution, at least I have been told so; for, alas! I never knew him; he died of a fall from his horse about two years after I was born. But how well you are looking! What fine rosy cheeks you have got, and your arms so firm, so rounded!" added Clotilda, playfully patting Lizette's cheek. "How happy you must be! It is so sad to be ill, and I am always ill. But you do not answer me. What is the matter? You are cold, reserved. Do you not love me?"

"I am only just arrived," stammered Lizette, "and I do not yet know you."

"And do I know more of you? When two children have been fed with the same milk, and have slept in the same cradle, do they, when they meet, require ages in order to love each other? You are a naughty girl, Lizette, for that speech. Kiss me. Now I will have it so; contradiction always makes me ill."

III.

Lizette was deeply affected by the sweet caresses of Clotilda, who, as a being all sentiment and of the most delicate health, seemed to the country girl something different from ordinary mortals. There was novelty in every look and expression of the gentle creature, and as Lizette yielded to her embrace, she timidly returned her friendly kiss. Clotilda, now rising, made Lizette stand up with her, and placed her before a mirror, crying, "You see you are exactly my size; my frocks will fit you. Your style of dress is pretty, but you must change it for my sake. I should wish so much to see you dressed like me." And at this moment, in obedience to a feminine instinct, the two young girls cast at one another a furtive glance of rapid survey.

As Clotilda had remarked, all in Lizette breathed health. Her polished forehead, her finely-proportioned figure, which, though tall and robust, was still perfect in its symmetry; her roseate cheeks, her large sparkling black eyes; her whole person, in short, with its young healthful beauty, was a striking contrast to the languid and delicate appearance which Clotilda presented. Of equal height with Lizette, her fragile form seemed bending, yet gracefully bending, under suffering, which clouded her fair face, and obscured the brilliancy of her beautiful eyes; while her long black hair gave to her cheek a pale and sickly hue. Her voice, which, when she began to speak, had somewhat of feverish excitement, became by degrees almost inaudible, and her last words died upon her lips.

The mutual survey caused a momentary silence; and Lizette, steeling herself against the emotion with which the sight of the suffering Clotilda and her touching kindness inspired her, reiterated her desire to see Madame de Pons.

"Impossible just now, dear girl," answered Clotilda, as she leant for support on the shoulder of Lizette; "we must not go to mamma's room till noon. Oh, what a simpleton I am! not to be able to bear any event, sad or gay. My heart is beating—beating so that I can scarcely breathe. I am sure I shall die suddenly some day. But here I am chattering; I am listening only to myself, thinking only of myself; and this poor child, so grave, so silent, while in my selfishness I am making her get up and sit down, without ever inquiring if she wants anything. Are you hungry? Are you thirsty? Would you like to undress, to lie down for a little while? I believe I am bewildering you," resumed she, laughing with charming naïveté.

"Oh, I want nothing—only to see Madame de Pons," again said Lizette, clasping her hands almost despairingly.

"Well, I will go and try if we can see her. Perhaps you have some message for her from my poor nurse? That letter, I suppose, is for mamma?" said Clotilda, extending her hand for the document, so important to Lizette; but perceiving the almost convulsive grasp with which she still retained it, she resumed—"You wish to give it to her yourself? Well, just as you like; I will not contradict you. But, as in any case you cannot see mamma for an hour, take off your hat, let down your hair; do here just as you would at home. I will go and see if mamma be awake. But you will be lonely; here is a book for you to read."

Lizette, for the first time in her life, experienced a feeling of shame. She, who had come to the house so proud of her newly-discovered birth, so haughtily determined to assert her rights, and to mortify her who had usurped her place, now suddenly felt the inferiority resulting from the want of education; but, too proud to dissemble, she coldly said, while her cheek crimsoned, and her eyes sought the ground, "I do not know how to read."

Clotilda suffered an exclamation of surprise to escape her; then, in generous fear of having wounded Lizette, she took her in her arms, and, while lavishing upon her almost infantine caresses, cried, "Forgive me, forgive me! Not for worlds would I have made you blush. But why should you be ashamed, sweet pet? It is only because you were not taught to read, that is all, so never mind. But do not tell it to any one else, I beg of you; for there are people who would be stupid enough to laugh at you, and this would so grieve me. I will teach you myself to read—would you like it?—and to write too, and to sing, and to draw, and do everything that I can do. Tell me, do tell me, would you like it?"

At this fresh instance of disinterested affection and angelic goodness, Lizette felt all the icy barriers give way. Ever since the extraordinary declaration of Dame Margaret, she had experienced neither peace nor happiness. Her mind had been in a constant tumult, her better nature struggling with an ambition of which she had previously had no experience. It was a war of Passion and Principle, victory now inclining to one side, and now to the other, but principle on the whole maintaining its sway in the conflict. The kindness of Clotilda, so unexpected, and, in a great degree, undeserved, gave new force to Principle. Had she been received with the cold indifference she had almost anticipated, the consciousness of injury would have caused her unhesitatingly to proclaim the object of her visit, and, in strict justice, she would have been right. But justice, unblended with compassion—with the charity which suffereth long, and is kind —what miseries may not be produced in its name; how often may it miscalculate and overshoot the mark! Lizette was no casuist. Without staying to reckon with what advantage the blow of justice might be suspended, she felt that it would be cruel to undeceive and render miserable the sensitive being who, with a kindness as uncalculating as her own, had offered to communicate the accomplishments of which she was so deficient. Instead of pronouncing the death warrant of the fragile creature in the words—"Go, thou who hast hitherto lived in thy happiness, surrounded by the fond cares of love. Go, thou who hast had till this moment a mother, wealth, illustrious name. Go, thou whose tender arms are still entwined around me: I am come to strip thee of everything—to take from thee mother, wealth, name"—she gazed once more on the pale face of Clotilda; and, abandoning herself to the impulses of her noble nature, excited to the utmost, she in her turn took her foster-sister in her arms, and, covering her cheek with kisses and with tears, exclaimed, "Keep all, keep all; you are more worthy of all than I am."

"What am I to keep, dear girl?" said Clotilda in some surprise. "Have you kindly brought me some souvenir from Marseilles?"

"I believe that I am mad," said Lizette, hiding her face in her hands.

"Mademoiselle," said Gertrude, gently opening the door, "my lady is asking for you. She has heard of the arrival of Dame Margaret's daughter, and wishes to see her."

"Heavenly Father, forsake me not!" murmured Lizette; and her trembling limbs almost refused their office, as she arose to obey the summons.

"Stay here a moment," said Clotilda, as soon as they reached the door of her mother's room. "Mamma's first glance, as well as her first caress, must be mine." And she bounded into the room, while Lizette, involuntarily obeying the order, remained near the half-open door, following the movements of the young girl with a gaze into which her whole soul had passed. Clotilda approached the bed, drew back the curtains, and Lizette looked upon the face of her mother. At the same instant a voice fell upon her ear—the voice of her mother. Oh, if Lizette were not at that moment at her feet, if she did not avow herself, if she did not cry, "Mother, mother, I am your child!" it was because the mighty emotion she experienced left her powerless to speak or move.

"Well, dearest, what have you done with Lizette?" asked Madame de Pons.

Every pulse of Lizette's heart responded to this name uttered by her mother. She rushed into the room. At the first glance, Madame de Pons started, and exclaimed, "Those eyes! those eyes! what a wonderful resemblance!"

"Who is she like?" inquired Clotilda, alternately glancing from her mother's agitated countenance to Lizette's large black eyes.

"She has your father's eyes," said Madame de Pons—"your father's eyes. Oh, why should a stranger have those eyes, and not my Clotilda, my child, the child of our love? Come to me, Lizette; do not cast down your eyes; look up at me—again—again—that glance at once revives and kills me. Poor child! But who is weeping there?" asked Madame de Pons in sudden terror.

Clotilda had thrown herself into a chair, and was weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, my child?" cried her mother, as she caught her hand.

"I am weeping that I have not my father's eyes, which Heaven has given to Lizette and denied to me," said Clotilda, with a look of deep sorrow. "You will now love Lizette better than me, and look at her more often."

"Dearest child," cried Madame de Pons, raising her daughter, and straining her to her bosom—"dearest child, what strange notion have you taken up? Oh, do not weep, I implore of you; you will make yourself ill. Remember the physicians have warned you against giving way to emotion. Clotilda, remember your health is my health, your life is my life. Do not envy this young creature her eyes. See how calmly I can gaze upon them now."

Lizette, who had been throughout this scene like one in a dream, so entirely had the violence and variety of her emotions overwhelmed her, now awoke to consciousness, and her first impulse was to conceal the letter which she still held in her hand.

Madame de Pons perceiving this movement on the part of Lizette, asked, "Is it for me, from Dame Margaret?"

"Yes—no—no, madam," stammered out Lizette; and then, as if overwrought feeling could no longer be restrained, she burst into convulsive sobs, exclaiming, "I have lost my mother! I have lost my mother!" Exclamation how ill understood! Nor of all present, the poor child alone knew to what immolation of self it had doomed her—to what a painful sacrifice it had for ever pledged her.

Self-denying principle had conquered.

IV.

Lizette now took her place in the family of Madame de Pons, as the humble friend and foster-sister of the accomplished though feeble Clotilda: looking for no advantage, immediate or remote, she felt that her fate was not in her own hand, and calmly awaited whatever Providence might determine. Faithful to her noble disinterestedness, from the time that principle had overcome the turbulent passions in her breast, she uttered not a word; suffered not a gesture to escape her which could betray either what she was or what she suffered. Her intercourse with Clotilda was the calm, and gentle, and grateful reception of the lessons, the counsels, the endearments which the generous girl delighted to lavish upon her friend and sister. Thus assisted, she rapidly acquired the accomplishments of which she had the misfortune to be deficient. Clotilda was her constant instructress until she required tuition from professors of the different branches of female education. Without any obvious or positive claim on Madame de Pons, that lady, following the bent of a kind disposition, took charge of her with almost maternal affection, and was delighted to observe the progress she made in her studies, as well as the improvement in her appearance and manners. No longer the rustic belle, Lizette was an accomplished young Parisian; her heart, however, retaining all its original warmth and simplicity.

Accustomed to an hourly intercourse with Clotilda, she learned to subdue all restraint in her company. But with Madame de Pons she never attained this high degree of self-possession. In spite of every effort, it was difficult and painful to give to her trembling voice the tone of mere respect—to school the beaming glance of affection into the look of mere deference. This was indeed a struggle, and a daily, an hourly struggle; for never did she behold the mother of whom she had thus a second time been deprived, that her heart was not in her eyes, upon her lips. This perpetual conflict at length undermined her health, and "fat, rosy Lizette," as Clotilda had laughingly called her—while with ready tact catching up the refinement of habit and manner, and the accomplishments of her foster-sister—seemed to catch from her also the pale cheek, the bent and fragile form, and the pensive look of habitual suffering. Two years passed in this way. But there was one eye that noted the secret struggle, one Being upon whom was not lost a single pang endured by the heroic young creature in her generous self-sacrifice; and that compassionate God, who alone knew how severe was the trial, ordained that it should be shortened.

The events of the "three days" of July 1830, which caused such political changes in France, led also to much private and family distress. The house of Madame de Pons was not immediately within the sphere of commotion, and that lady might have escaped any injury had it not been her misfortune to be returning home from a visit she had been making on the Boulevards, when the popular ferment first assumed the appearance of a revolt. Alarmed with the shouts which were raised, and the report of distant firing, she requested her coachman to drive by a little frequented thoroughfare to the Rue Rivoli; but this proved an unfortunate movement. The line she had taken conducted her nearly into the heart of a fray, caused by the seizure of the office of a journalist by the police. The officers and soldiers sent to execute this unpleasant duty, though not opposed on the spot, were not suffered to escape popular indignation. A barrier was raised across the street, and in endeavouring to pass it, they were met by a steady fire of musketry from windows and other quarters, which obliged them to retreat and seek egress in another direction.

Into the midst of this uproar, the carriage of Madame de Pons was almost driven; and in hurriedly wheeling to return, it was overset with a crash on the pavement. The disaster drew for a moment the attention of the crowd, and the poor lady was lifted with compassion from her perilous situation into a neighbouring café. At first she was thought to be killed, but she had only swooned, and every effort was humanely made to restore her to consciousness.

Meanwhile, the absence of Madame de Pons had caused the greatest alarm to Clotilda and Lizette. Rumours of the commotion and booming reports of musketry reached the Rue Rivoli, and scarcely could the two girls be restrained from rushing forth, each animated with the same acute feelings, to seek for her beloved parent. Prevented by the less fervid domestics from taking this dangerous and useless step, they stationed themselves in the balcony to watch her arrival.

"Oh support me in this dreadful moment, dear Lizette," said the agonised Clotilda. "If mamma should be injured, I know I shall die. I am almost dead already. Let me lean upon you. How my heart beats! Ah, did you hear that noise? It is a cannon on the Boulevards. And how is my mother to get home? O God, guard her in this dreadful peril." So saying, the frail being sunk into a seat overcome with the force of her emotions.

Lizette, with feelings wound up to a similar pitch, was not less anxious for the safety of her mother; but still keeping down the confession of her sufferings, she bore herself through this trying crisis with the heroism of a martyr. Her heart, laid on the altar of Principle, burnt with a pure and steady flame. Affecting a calmness in her agitation, she beseeched Clotilda to compose herself, and tried to show her that Madame de Pons would certainly be safe among her friends, and that at any rate, it was not much beyond the time she was to return.

"Ah, it is easy for you to speak so calmly," said Clotilda; "she is not your mother; if she were, perhaps you would feel differently."

Lizette drew her breath convulsively, and pressed her hand on her eyes: for a moment she was almost tempted to declare with what justice she was entitled to feel acutely on account of Madame de Pons. But it was only for a moment. The bright sunshine of mind resumed its power of banishing these dark thoughts, and looking out on the street beneath, she cried with vivacity—"Look, dear Clotilda, did I not say that your mamma would soon appear; and there is the carriage turning the corner of the Rue des Pyramids."

And sure enough there was the carriage; but it was proceeding slowly, as if some accident had occurred; and the two girls, nearly frantic with mingled hopes and fears, ran down stairs, and reached the door in time to see Madame de Pons lifted out to all appearance lifeless. At this sight Lizette for an instant forgot everything, and exclaimed, "My mother! my mother!—I have lost my mother!—she is dead!" Clotilda uttered a piercing cry of agony, and fell into the arms of her sister.

V.

Except a slight bruise, Madame de Pons had not suffered any personal injury. She had only fainted on the occasion of the accident, and again fainted when about to see her daughter. A physician being sent for, she was immediately restored; but not for an hour was she permitted to speak to those about her. As soon as her feelings were calmed, she asked for her daughter.

"If you please, my lady," said the waiting-maid, "Mademoiselle Clotilda has been so much alarmed, that it would be more prudent not to see her just now. If your ladyship would lie down for an hour or two longer, my young lady would by that time be more composed."

"You are quite right, Gertrude," said Madame de Pons. "Implore of her from me to be calm. Doctor," said she, "pray go to my daughter; she requires your care more than I do."

The soft sweet voice of Lizette assuring her that Madame de Pons had only fainted from alarm, and was now quite well, had just recalled Clotilda to consciousness, when the physician entered. He found her very ill: the shock had been too great; and that weak frame and tender nature had wholly given way. The doctor ordered a composing draught, and left her to the care of Lizette.

"Dear Lizette," said Clotilda, "I am dying. It is very young to die—to leave my mother, my sister. My head is quite confused. Was it a dream, or did I indeed hear you say, 'Mother, mother,' when mamma was brought in fainting? At this instant memory recalls a thousand times when your lips appeared forming the word 'mother;' and then your face suddenly crimsoned. How many confused recollections crowd upon me at this moment. What can it mean? Those eyes! that marvellous resemblance! Am I mad? Merciful Heaven! there have been such things as children changed at nurse. Lizette, you answer not—you hesitate—you are torturing me! Speak! speak! You would kill me, if my mother's fainting form had not already broken my heart."

Lizette threw herself, weeping, into Clotilda's arms.

"Ah, you will not speak: you fear to tell me the dreadful reality. But remember, suspense, suspense is tenfold suffering."

"Be calm, dearest; be calm. When you are well again, I will explain all," said Lizette, and fondly caressing her, endeavoured to soothe her into something like composure.

"I know all!" exclaimed she with almost frenzied excitement. "That letter! that letter contained the fatal secret. I see it all. For two years, sweet angel, you have been content to receive at my hands what was yours, and not one word said, 'What you give is my own.' You have sacrificed everything to me. And while I was robbing you of a mother's affection, of a mother's caresses, you suffered, you wept in silence. For often have I seen you weep; and, mad and selfish as I was, I guessed not, I knew not. Lizette, I may restore all to you; but how atone for those two years of disinterested self-sacrifice? My life, my life is a cheap purchase for the happiness you permitted me to enjoy. Lizette, I am dying."

"Oh, my sister, do not thus reproach yourself," exclaimed Lizette, pressing Clotilda to her bosom; "thou hast been an angel to me. I came to brave thee, and thy gentle goodness disarmed me. I resisted thy caresses, and thou didst but redouble them. I was rude and ignorant; and all that I am, and all that I enjoy, I owe to thee. Thou hast given me more than I could give to thee."

"Thy heart is like thy sweet face, my own sister," continued Clotilda, with her tearful eyes fixed upon Lizette; "but tell me how I deserved from thee so vast a sacrifice. Didst thou love me before we saw each other in Paris?"

"I did not love thee then, Clotilda, forgive me; I did not love thee; but was this a reason that I should kill thee, and thou so frail, so delicate?"

The two young creatures were silent for some moments. Locked in each other's arms, they were mingling their tears, when the approach of a light step made them both start. "It is my mother!" exclaimed both at the same instant; but Clotilda repeated, in a tone of bitter anguish, "My mother! I have no mother!"

"Hush, sweet sister," whispered Lizette; "why need we undeceive her?"

Clotilda spoke not, but looked her gratitude, and that look thrilled to the very heart of Lizette. The door opened, and Madame de Pons entered. "I have alarmed thee, my child," said she; and then, startled in her turn by the change that had passed upon that fair young face, she cried in terror, "Be calm, dear child, the doctor will be here soon; oh, be calm, sweet Clotilda; drive me not to despair. Have pity on thy poor mother."

"Mother!" murmured Clotilda almost inaudibly, laying her head upon the bosom of Madame de Pons, who now gave way to convulsive sobs—"Mother, I die in thine arms; I die happy. Blessings on thee, Lizette; blessings on thee. Forgive me; be happy in thy turn."

The dying girl extended her hand to her foster-sister. Lizette covered it with kisses and tears. And now the arms of Madame de Pons clasped only a lifeless corpse. She was forcibly torn from the remains of the desire of her eyes thus taken from her at a stroke, and carried to her own apartment; and there, when in a paroxysm of despair, she exclaimed, "I have nothing now to live for. My child! my child! Alas! alas! I have now no child." Lizette, throwing herself at her mother's feet, presented to her the letter that contained the confession of Dame Margaret, and Madame de Pons fell fainting at her side.

Need it be added that, on her recovery, Madame de Pons was thankful for being spared such a child in the place of her dear Clotilda; and that the amiable Lizette enjoyed the reward she so richly merited, in having so long and so piously sacrificed Passion to Principle.

LIFE-ASSURANCE.

A FAMILIAR DIALOGUE.

Thomson.—Mr Jones, do you happen to know anything of life-assurance? My wife's father has lately been speaking to me of it, as a thing calculated to be useful to me. But I must candidly say, although I have seen all kinds of advertisements on the subject in newspapers and under the covers of magazines, I am still as ignorant of it as if I were an infant.

Jones.—If that is the case, Mr Thomson, I would recommend your giving the subject some attention immediately; for, as you are a recently-married man, with children beginning to drop in upon you, you are quite the sort of person to whom it should not be unknown.

Thomson.—I am willing enough to know a little of it, Mr Jones, but don't know how that is to be brought about. Somehow, whenever I look into an encyclopædia for anything, I find they tell me so much, and go so deeply into it, that I remain about as ignorant as I was. Perhaps you can give me such an off-hand account of life-assurance as I can understand?

Jones.—I am willing at least to try; but let me remark in the first place, that I don't like to hear you, or any other man, complaining of the difficulty of understanding what you read of in books. There are many subjects which no writer on earth could make intelligible at merely a superficial reading. When a subject is out of the common line, involving calculations and complicated details, we cannot expect to run over it as glibly as a fairy tale, and yet catch up its whole sense and bearings. In such a case, I humbly conceive we ought to exercise a little patience, and give a degree of attention proportioned to the nature of the subject; albeit, I own, it is well that every writer should endeavour, on the other hand, to make himself as readily understood as possible.

Thomson.—Well, I daresay you are right, Mr Jones; but still I think I should be much more likely to understand life-assurance if you were to *tell me about it by word of mouth*, than if I were to read about it in any book whatever. I know you are acquainted with the subject, for I have often seen your name in the list of directors of one of the societies.

Jones.—Yes, I have a general acquaintance with it, from long connexion with its business; but if I attempt to sketch the subject as you propose, you must allow me to introduce a few statements of an arithmetical kind, without which it could not be made intelligible. On that condition, I shall do my best.

Thomson.—Agreed, so that you don't take me too deep; for I fairly tell you beforehand I cannot follow you there.

Jones.—Well, well (*smiling*), I shall endeavour to be as shallow as possible. You of course know the nature of the benefits sought for from life-assurance? Not distinctly? Well, they are simply these. The most common case is when a man, such as yourself, wishes that his widow, children, or other dependent relatives, should have a certain sum secured for their use, in the event of his being suddenly removed from the midst of them. Another not unusual case is where a creditor, fearing that his debtor may be long in paying him, or may die before he acquires the ability to discharge his debts, assures that, at the debtor's death, he may receive a sum sufficient to cover the debt. There are other uses for life-assurance; but the first of these is the principal; namely, to make provision for helpless persons against the possible sudden death of the person on whom they depend.

Thomson.—But how can such benefits be secured? It is all very well for a man to secure a good round sum for his widow or children; but either he must pay an equivalent, and therefore would be no benefiter, or the office must be a loser by him?

Jones.—Neither is the case. The beauty of life-assurance is, that you or any man may, for a small sum, secure these desired benefits; and yet no one is, or can be, a loser by him.

Thomson.—What! That seems to me self-contradictory. But explain yourself.

Jones.—Your remark, Mr Thomson, only shows that life-assurance is yet little understood even amongst the classes to whom it holds forth most advantage. I could almost wish to see a peculiar class of missionaries going about to make it known to all such as you. But to proceed. Life-assurance is, in its fundamental principle, like a benefit society. A certain number of persons club payments, that those who die within a certain time may receive—or rather that their heirs may receive—the aggregate amongst them. Here every one takes his chance. Each pays a small sum, that, in a certain contingency, he may get back a large one. Though the occasion for getting the large sum should not arise, he has still had value for his money, for he has been assured that, in the event of his death, the large sum would have been realised. The non-receivers are therefore no losers, while the heirs of the deceased are, I may say, enriched.

Thomson.—All this I can understand. But you speak rather ideally than formally. Please tell me what the arrangements actually are.

Jones.—With pleasure. Life-assurance depends, then, upon what is comparatively a modern discovery amongst mankind; namely, that life, while proverbially *uncertain* in the individual, is *determined* with respect to a multitude; being governed, like everything else in nature, by fixed laws. It is found that, out of any large number of persons at a particular age, the deaths during the ensuing year will be a certain number. Suppose we take ten thousand Englishmen of the age of 52, we are as sure as we are of times of eclipses, and the rising of the sun and moon, that the deaths amongst them in the next year will be just about 150. This is learned from experience; that is, by the keeping of tables of mortality. The number is liable to be different in different countries and in different ages. In England, a century ago, when the circumstances in which the people lived were less favourable to health, there would have been a greater mortality than 150. So also would there probably be in some other European countries at the present time. But, taking England as it is, such is a specimen of what experience tells us respecting the chances of death amongst our population. Of course, amongst ten thousand younger persons, the deaths are fewer; and of older persons, more. Every age has, in short, its proportion.

Thomson.—I have heard something of this before. But how does it serve for the business of life-assurance?

Jones.—Why, simply thus. Supposing that ten thousand persons at the age of 52 were disposed to associate for the purpose of making sure that the heirs of all those who died within a year should have each £1000. It would only be necessary, in that case, for each person to contribute as much to a common fund as would make up the sum of £150,000, or a thousand times 150; that is to say, each of the ten thousand persons would require to pay in £15. With a small additional allowance for the expense of transacting the business, the resulting sum of £150,000 would serve to give the representatives of each deceased party the desired £1000. This is still so far an ideal case. But it is easy to suppose a large number of persons at all ages, or at least at certain ages determined on, say between 15 and 60, paying into a common fund, each according to his age, and the sum he wished secured; and then we should have a mutual assurance society at once; there being only this additional feature, that generally men do not insure for one year only (though this is possible), but for the whole remainder of their lives; for which reason an average is struck, and they begin paying at a rate which will continue the same to the end, the excess of payment in the early years making up for its smallness in those near the close of life. Such being the common practice, life-assurance societies necessarily accumulate large funds, which they require to improve at interest in safe investments, in order that the most postponed engagements may be made good in due time.

Thomson.—But does not this introduce another element into the business? The result must be in some degree affected by the rate at which you improve the money.

Jones.—Doubtless; and I am glad to hear you make the remark, as it shows you are following me. Besides calculating the probable rate of mortality, the conductors of life-assurance business must have tolerably certain prospects with regard to the interest which they are to obtain for their funds. Suppose they can make sure of four per cent. at an average—and this, I believe, is below what is usually realised—they have to calculate accordingly. A depression of the rate of interest is of course as unfavourable to the interests of a life-assurance society, as would be a rise in the rate of mortality.

Thomson.—I can readily imagine all that, without your going into details. But are there not different modes of conducting life-assurance business, as far as concerns the managing parties?

Jones.—Yes. Life-assurance offices are of two leading kinds. Sometimes we have a joint-stock company coming forward with a large subscribed capital, and professing to undertake risks upon lives, looking of course for a profit upon their transactions. Other offices are upon the principle of what is called mutual assurance; that is, the parties insuring make of their payments a common fund, out of which the heirs of deceased members are paid.

Thomson.—What are the comparative merits of the two plans?

Jones.—I shall for the present limit myself to stating the advantages attributed to them by their respective supporters. By the first plan, the insurer has usually to pay according to rates calculated merely to allow a profit to the company upon the transaction; that is, the rates are usually moderate. He has also the security derived from a subscribed capital and the credit of the shareholders. In the second class of offices, the rates are usually higher, in order that 'ample scope and verge enough' may be allowed for unfavourable contingencies. But any surplus that thus arises belongs to the insuring parties, and is usually employed in two ways—first, a portion goes to form a reserve or guarantee fund, which may be considered as standing in much the same predicament as the capital of a 'company,' though seldom so large in amount: second, another, and for the most part larger portion, is allocated, at intervals of several years, among the members, who may take advantage of it either in the form of an addition to the sum ultimately to be realised by them, or as a deduction from their future annual payments, or as a sum in hand. The 'companies' boast of their system as the safer for the insuring party. The 'societies' set forth that, while all desirable security is given by them, they enable insurers to do their own business at prime cost, bating only the office expenses. The mutual offices are few in comparison with the proprietary; but they seem to increase at a greater rate. There are also some offices in which the two plans are in some measure combined. They are generally called 'mixed' offices.

Thomson.—Can you give me any particulars as to rates and surpluses? I sometimes observe offices in their advertisements laying great stress upon bonuses.

Jones.—There are some very remarkable instances of benefit thus coming to the insured. The Equitable of London is a mutual office, dating from 1762. It did a vast amount of business at rates formed upon the Northampton tables of mortality, which give an unfavourable view of life, and while the state of the country was such as to cause accumulated funds to fructify very fast. Accordingly, I was not surprised the other day to hear of a five thousand pounds policy, commenced about forty-five years ago, being ultimately expanded to several times its original amount.* Mutual offices, with safe rates, and improving their money at not less than four per cent., may, if they exercise care in selecting their lives, find no great difficulty in placing a bonus of one and a half, or two per cent., per annum, to the policies of all insured above a few years, besides throwing something respectable into the guarantee fund. It must be evident that such a system involves a savings' bank besides the business of life-assurance. And it will not matter to an insurer that he pays liberal rates, if he be satisfied that the extra money will be disposed of in a way that will turn it to the best account. However, there are also mutual offices which proceed upon the principle of charging moderate rates, and holding forth less temptation in the way of bonus.

Thomson.—You speak of care in selecting lives. I was not quite unaware of this being deemed necessary, for I remember my cousin Wetman being refused admission to a life-assurance society, because of his being thought to have suffered a little from over-free living. But do not tables comprehend all kinds of lives?

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* £100, assured in the London Equitable Society in 1816, had become £212 in 1840, twenty-four years after the commencement of the policy. Any one who assured £1000 in 1806, had he died in 1840, would have left £3020 to his heirs. Policies effected in 1796, for £2000, had a bonus or addition of £6340 put to them at 31st December 1839, making £8340 in all. A policy effected before May 1777, which survived the year 1839, had 657 per cent. added, being between six and seven times its original amount.

Jones.—Of course they do; but it is not on that account necessary to admit any unhealthy man who seeks, when too late, thus to make provision for those in whom he is interested. It is necessary, in a society, that all should be presumed as equal in point of health; otherwise they do not start fair. A company, again, has its own interest in keeping out men not likely to live their full time. There is therefore great pains taken to ascertain of any proposing insurer that his health is good. Usually, one schedule of queries is sent to his ordinary medical attendant, which he is requested to return filled up. Another is sent for the same purpose to some private friend whom he may have nominated for the purpose. These interrogatories are generally with reference to the ordinary state of health of the party, the diseases he has had, or is liable to, the health and longevity of his relations, particularly parents, and his personal habits. And, after all, the proposer is personally examined by a medical officer of the company or society, to ascertain as far as possible that nothing has been misstated or overlooked by these parties. It is but proper to be thus strict, because, if an unhealthy person is admitted, an injury so far is done to all the rest of the society. There is, however, at least one office in England which gives assurances upon invalid lives, charging, of course, premiums high in proportion; and it is quite possible to conduct such a business successfully, for there is a law presiding over the decrement of life among invalids, as well as in the bulk of society.

Thomson.—The lives being, as it were, picked, must, I should think, tell upon the funds of the office very materially.

Jones.—It does. The rates being calculated from tables which give *safe* views even of general life, there is, of course, a greatly diminished mortality, and consequently less demand upon the funds of the office, when only first-class lives, as they are called, are admitted. In one society known to me, the experience of mortality during the first twenty years was only 57 per cent. of what might have been expected from the mortality tables upon which their rates were founded. Consequently, in that office large bonuses were given.

Thomson.—I think I now understand pretty clearly the principles of life-assurance. Would you give me some idea of the practical procedure connected with it, and its results?

Jones.—With pleasure. I shall suppose that you are thirty years of age, and wish to insure five hundred pounds to your family in the event of your death. You may effect the assurance of this sum in a proprietary office, of sufficient respectability, at about £2, 2s. per cent., or £10, 10s. in all. This is a simply commercial transaction; a *quid pro quo.* The company of course looks to make a profit on it, and you look to the realisation of the precise sum of five hundred pounds. Suppose you prefer becoming a member of a mutual society, you will pay, in most of the offices of that class, a somewhat higher rate—ranging from £2, 8s. to £2, 11s.—or about £12, 10s. in all;* and in that case you will be entitled to expect that, should your policy run for ten years, it will bear six instead of five hundred pounds; or you would be entitled to have your rate of payment considerably reduced for the future. In mutual assurance, there is formally the risk of a falling short of funds, and in that case you might be disappointed of the full sum you had insured; but practically, there is no such danger; for, when well conducted, the business of mutual assurance invariably flourishes; and there is hardly an office of that kind in Britain where you would not be safe from everything but a universal ruin of British credit. In fact, not only are safe views of mortality always assumed in such offices, but there are so many means of employing the funds to advantage, that mutual assurance is unlike every other kind of business, great prosperity being the rule, instead of the exception. There are some, however, who think the guarantee of a trading company so desirable, that they are willing to forego ultimate advantages on that account, or to content themselves at least with that share of the profits which certain companies agree to give to the assured.

Thomson.—In what form does a private party receive assurance of the payment which he bargains for?

Jones.—He receives it in the shape of a bond, on stamped paper, usually called a Policy of Assurance, in which the company, by its directors, binds itself to make good the sum at the decease of the party, provided that decease be not by suicide or in a duel, or beyond certain prescribed geographical limits; provided also that the stipulated payments called premium have been duly made, and that no untrue averment was made as to the state of health and habits of the insured at the date of the insurance. The bond of the society, again, binds the several members to make good the sum, on the like provisions, but only as far as the funds of the body may, at the fall of the policy, be sufficient for that purpose. A policy of assurance is usually obtained on the condition of an annual payment, because this is the plan which suits the circumstances of most persons; but it may also be had on the payment of one sum. For instance, a gentleman of 37 years of age will have an assurance for £1000, with prospect of large additions, on paying about £450 at a mutual office. In the latter case, the policy is at all times a bank-note for at least the sum which was paid for it. But, even when it is obtained for annual payments, it soon acquires a certain value.

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* One or two mutual offices of recent origin have rates somewhat lower, and more nearly abreast with those of the companies, yet still sufficiently safe. It may, however, be held as a ground of presumption against either the honesty or prudence of a scheme, if it insures life at thirty years much below £2, 2s. per £100, and other ages in proportion.

For example, an insurer enters, we shall say, at thirty, and has paid for ten years. Being now forty, he has only to pay for the remainder of life at the rate proper to thirty, which is much smaller. *In the proportion of the one rate to the other is his policy of value.* And he can accordingly use it as a security for any debt he may incur, or as a means of raising a loan; or he may sell it for a sum; which, however, I do not like to see anybody do, as it is like killing the goose for the eggs, and can only be justified by the pressure of extreme necessity.

Thomson.—I would like, however, to understand the advantages of life-assurance to an individual a little more clearly. If I am a healthy person, and live to a good old age, I shall of course pay a great deal, and get back nothing; and perhaps, after all, what is got by my heirs may be much less than I have paid, besides perhaps not being needed by them; for before that time my children may be all well provided for otherwise. I think I have heard my neighbour Jackson occasionally indulging in a laugh at life-assurance: all outlay, he says, and no return.

Jones.—And will you allow yourself to be carried away by a thoughtless laugh? Take life-assurance at its own pretension. It is only a kind of lottery, and does not offer prizes to all. Strictly speaking, the surviving pay for the benefits given to the dead; but then who is to say, at the beginning of any year, which are to be the paying, and which the benefiting parties? When you conceive of a person paying for forty or fifty years, till his aggregate outlay greatly exceeds what his heirs ever can receive, you merely think of the blanks in the lottery. The fortunate in length of days are the unfortunate in the distribution of the funds. But then, consider—though you are a young man, you may die to-morrow. Die when you like, if you have only just paid your first premium, your heirs are entitled to the sum assured. You may be said in that case to draw one of the highest prizes. All having here an equal chance, nothing can be more fair.

Thomson.—Still, it is a lottery, or a species of gambling; and I can imagine a nicely conscientious mind being at first sight a little startled by it.

Jones.—Such is really the case. There are many excellent persons who do not think themselves at liberty thus to speculate upon the events of Providence. But I humbly think they are wrong. If it is a lottery, it is, I would say, one of a legitimate and even laudable kind. Taking its rise in one of the most respectable features of human nature—foresight, or a provision against contingent evils—and having most particularly in view the succour of the widow and fatherless—it is essentially a moral and humane institution. And surely, if it be allowable for any man to seek to gather actual property wherewith to endow those dependent upon him, it is allowable, where that is impossible or difficult of attainment, to secure the same end, since it can be done, by a combination of means and a brotherly participation of risks. I contemplate life-assurance, not as an interference in any degree with the course of Providence, which some rashly assume it to be, but, on the contrary, the taking advantage of a means kindly offered by Providence for our benefit. For, consider on what it rests. That regularity in the ratio of mortality, without which there could be no life-assurance, is an institution of divine wisdom, as clearly as any other of the great arrangements of nature. When we assume this as a guide for certain conduct, not in itself reprehensible, we do no more than when we regulate a journey by what we know beforehand of the season and the length of the day. If we knew from infallible signs that there was to be a failure of grain crops five years hence, would it not be quite right to save up corn against that time, and thus equalise the evil over a wider surface? Now, if a thousand persons know that a certain number of them will die next year, are they not to be at liberty to act upon that knowledge, and insure each other against the calamities that might flow to their families in the event of their being left without sufficient property to protect them from the evils of poverty? I humbly conceive that we are called upon, by the most sacred considerations, to adopt such an expedient, seeing that it is attended by no practical evils of any kind, but, on the contrary, produces an unmixed good.

Thomson.—I admit the force of your arguments there; but it just occurs to me that an objection still lies with regard to the mercantile view of the subject. Say that I am a young hale man, carrying on a good business which fully employs my capital. I am likely to live for twenty years at least, and in that time have every reason to expect I shall provide for my family very amply. If I take money out of my business to insure upon my life, I so far diminish my means of carrying on business; and my chance of ending with brilliant success is lessened. This I feel to be a hardship, and it may even be the worse in the long-run for my family. You will see, then, that I have a great temptation, circumstanced as I am, to abstain from laying out money in this way, and rather to keep employing it in business, which makes me in the meantime such good returns.

Jones.—You have stated an objection which, I believe, is extremely apt to arise in the minds of men of business, but which I equally believe to be ill-founded. The question is simply this—are you to trust the comfort of your family to a chance, albeit a promising one, or are you not rather to make quite sure of it so far? Why, you speak of life-assurance being a kind of gamble. In many circumstances, *the keeping out of it is a greater gamble.* The plan which you propose instead, is like risking everything you have in the world upon a single throw of the dice, for the sake of a possible great gain, in which you may be disappointed. Resorting to life-assurance, on the other hand, is like simple trade, where little is risked, and a moderate but certain profit secured. It seems to me the only rational, and, considering the interests concerned, conscientious course, while you are trusting most of your means to the risks of trade, to set apart a portion, on which you may rely at all hazards, for the benefit of your family, should you be unexpectedly taken from them. The stock in trade of even prosperous men often turns out of little value when they are removed from the head of their business. This is what all are exposed to while we continue mortal: not even the healthiest man can say for certain he is ever to be in his shop or counting-house again. Now, is it not a gratifying reflection to a person in such circumstances, that, though the stroke come to-morrow, and make the value of his stock and trade ever so doubtful, there is at least one clear certain sum to accrue to those about whose welfare he is most anxious—something which they cannot be deprived of, so that he only die in solvent circumstances. To me, at least, with the element of caution pretty strong in my constitution—though not stronger, I daresay, than is necessary in this trying world—it seems so indispensable thus to have *a something* certain for my wife and children to look to, that I feel as if I could not have a minute's comfort at any time, if I were trusting their future comfort wholly to the chance of how my business might turn out after my death.

Thomson.—May I ask if you have known many instances of life policies proving a stay, where other means that had been chiefly trusted to failed?

Jones.—I could relate several cases in point, and I therefore believe they must be frequent. Speaking generally, my experience says that, of all the possessions of mercantile men, there is none more stable, none more to be depended on, than sums secured upon life.

Thomson.—It will of course sometimes happen that individuals benefit in a remarkable degree by life-assurance, seeing that their death may take place at any hour after having effected their policies.

Jones.—It does; and I could tell you several remarkable anecdotes of that kind. An instance of death during the *week* following the payment of the first premium once occurred in Edinburgh. In the records of one particular office, I have found a considerable number of cases in which only one premium was paid. I find, for instance, £500 realised after the policy had run 262 days; £800 after 330 days; £600 after 206 days; £500 after only 74 days; £1000 after four months; and so forth. A few years ago, there occurred one particular case of a very striking nature. An industrious man, engaged in flax-spinning, and who had sunk most of what he possessed in a concern of that nature, insured £500 in the month of February, for which the usual comparatively small sum was paid by way of premium; in the ensuing April, not satisfied with the first sum, he insured £500 more. *Next month,* after the second policy had run only *twenty-*

two days, he died in consequence of a severe injury from his own machinery. Thus his family obtained the welcome sum of £1000 to help them on in the world—a sum which they could not have had, if their parent's death had taken place three months sooner! Such incidents serve to place the value of life-assurance in a very striking light. We see, indeed, in this institution, one of the grand differences between a barbarous age and one of high civilisation. Long ago, the condition of the widow and the fatherless, in all departments of society, was generally very deplorable, for they were in most instances dependent on mere charity. Now, by a present expenditure of no great magnitude on the part of the father of a family, he may secure them against that wretched state of dependence in the event of his death, happen when it may. Men who are indisposed to make this little sacrifice, talk of leaving their little ones to a kind Providence, in the certainty that they will not want. This is, in reality, to shift their own burden upon the shoulders of other people. He, on the other hand, who sacrifices some of his present comfort to secure the independency of his little ones, is manifesting, it appears to me, an equally implicit, and far more rational trust in Providence, in as far as the arrangements of life-assurance depend thereon, while he is acting a more heroic and spirited part merely as a man.

Thomson.—What you say is very convincing, and I no longer see any occasion to hesitate before effecting a policy for the benefit of Susan and the young ones. There is only one other point I wish to have explained. I see that most insurance offices offer to grant annuities to applicants. Is that on the same principle as insurance for sums to be paid at decease?

Jones.—The granting of annuities is a distinct branch of insurance office business, and is conducted on the same principles as to probability of length of days as the branch we have been talking of. Insurance for annuities is chiefly adapted to persons who can sink a certain sum at once in exchange for a certain sum annually—this last being much more than they could realise by any process of lending the principal. The amount of the annual sum or annuity depends of course on the age of the insurer. An old person will get a much larger return than a young one. Men retiring from business with a moderate sum, and who have no immediate relatives depending on them, find this species of insurance exceedingly suitable. But the plan of annuities is very various, and may be applied to many kinds of cases. A man may buy an annuity for himself, or for himself and wife jointly; or he may sink money for an annuity to his widow; or he may begin paying a sum annually, to cease in a certain number of years, and then his annuity is to commence—such being called *deferred annuities*; or he may arrange that, in the event of his death, his young children shall have an annuity till they are of age; and so on.

Thomson.—Now that you put me in mind of it, I have heard it said jocularly, that people who insure for annuities generally live longer than those who don't. Surely that must be nonsense.

Jones.—I am not sure that such an idea is altogether visionary. People whose lives are insured for annuities, may be supposed to feel considerably at their ease. They are not troubled with those cankering cares which distract men in busy life. They are left to enjoy their old age undisturbed. Seeking the 'chimney-nook of ease,' they tranquilly spend their declining years; and, finally, with life drawn out to its utmost span, they sink quietly to their rest.

Thomson.—Now that I know something of insurance, and am determined on effecting a policy, my only concern is to know in what kind of office I ought to transact the business. Can you give me any direction on this point?

Jones.—It might be invidious to speak of particular offices as preferable to others. But I can give you some general directions, which may be of service to you. You must understand that life-assurance, like every other kind of business, is liable to have more or less sordid views connected with it; and instances are sometimes known of business being conducted on an unsound footing, either through erroneous calculations, or with a view to the immediate benefit of certain adventurers concerned. Generally, however, the British offices, whether proprietary or mutual, are conducted in a way that promises perfect security to the assured. You have heard me describe the opposite advantages arrogated for the proprietary and mutual systems by their various patrons. I am not disposed to go deep into that question; but I may state, as my own mature opinion, that mutual assurance gives all desirable security, while it must make, in general, greater returns to the assured. There is something in the object of life-assurance so sacred in my estimation, that I dislike seeing common commercial interests mixing themselves up with it. Were such aid necessary, it would of course be right to have recourse to it; but experience, I think, shows that it is not wanted. Let men unite as brethren of one kind in this holy duty of insuring each other against one of the greatest of calamities, that of leaving a family in indigence; and let whatever surpluses may accrue from a successful management of the business be divided among those alone whose benefit was primarily contemplated. There is, I believe, a growing conviction in favour of the mutual system, and hence we see offices of that kind multiplying faster than the others, while companies are every day mixing up more and more of the surplus-dividing system with their own, granting policies at certain rates, with what they call 'participation of profits.' Indeed, so strong is this movement, that pure companies, especially those with high rates, could not now maintain their ground any longer, if they did not resort to an expedient which I am sorry to characterise as immoral. They give commission to any one, whether a man of business or a private person, who brings them customers; thus inducing individuals in trust to recommend their clients to particular offices, where, perhaps, they will pay more and receive less than elsewhere. Ignorant as most persons are of life-assurance, and unable to discriminate for themselves between the claims of contending systems, they are naturally disposed to listen to the counsels of a friend or legal agent on the subject; but behold, where they expect true intelligence and sound advice, they confer with a party who is secretly under the temptation of *a bribe*—for such it is—to give them the reverse; and it often happens, accordingly, that they are taken unsuspectingly to an office which gives their children, some years after, hardly three-fourths or two-thirds of the sum which they would realise in other quarters for the same outlay. Seeing such results, I cannot but condemn the system as one disgraceful to all parties resorting to or profiting by it. And one strong reason with me for preferring the mutual offices is, that, with hardly an exception, they reject this mode of obtaining business.

Thomson.—I really feel surprised that such a practice should exist in an age like the present. Why, it reduces educated men to a level with cooks and butlers taking fees from tradesmen for their masters' custom. I shall of course avoid connecting myself with any office which acts in a way so directly contrary to good morals. But, to pass from this subject, I should like to know if life-assurance is taken advantage of by any large portion of the community. To speak the truth, although the advertisements of the various offices are seen everywhere, I hear of few persons who have taken out policies of life-assurance. And, for my own part, I never till now had any clear idea of what life-assurance meant, or what it could do.

Jones.—I thoroughly believe you. The subject is extremely little understood by the public at large, and as yet, accordingly, its advantages exist in vain for the great mass. So lately as the year 1839, there were only 80,000 policies of life-assurance in the United Kingdom, many of which must have been transactions entered into, not for the benefit of families, but in connexion with money-raising and security. We might therefore presume that hardly one head of a family in a hundred had any money assured upon his life. This gives a distressing view of the improvidence of men with respect to their families; but I am happy to think that the *blessings of life-assurance*, as I may well call them, are rapidly extending. One fact clearly shows this; namely, that into Scottish offices alone, and they are but a handful compared with the rest, no less than a million sterling is poured every year. Such a large subtraction from the current enjoyments of the population, for the supply of needs yet in the remote future, speaks strongly, not merely for the increasing wealth, but the improving civilisation of our country. It is to be greatly wished that the benefit should spread further down in society. As yet, it is almost confined to the upper and middle ranks; but there is no reason why a respectable artisan or small tradesman should not have his family assured against the calamity of his early death as well as his richer neighbours.

Thomson.—Certainly not. But do the ordinary insurance offices accommodate working men?

Jones.—They do. I believe most, if not all of them, grant policies for £50. However, there is a class of insurance associations more peculiarly adapted to the wants of artisans and others with slender means, to which they can very easily resort.

Thomson.—I suppose you allude to what are called benefit clubs, or friendly societies. From what I have heard of most of these concerns, I should not willingly recommend any man to trust his money in their hands.

Jones.—That is too sweeping a condemnation. There are, no doubt, many got up on erroneous principles, and perhaps some are conducted by designing individuals for their own ends; but there are likewise several established and managed on principles as sound as those of respectable insurance companies.

Thomson.—Name one of these if you please, and let me know something of its details. I take an interest in everything bearing on the welfare of the working-classes.

Jones.—The one I happen to be best acquainted with is the Edinburgh School of Arts' Friendly Society, established about sixteen years ago. This society, although originating with certain of the members of and friends to the School of Arts (a species of mechanics' institution), and taking its name, is not otherwise connected with that institution, but is open to all persons, male and female, residing in Edinburgh. It has three separate funds or schemes—namely, a *Sickness Fund, Deferred Annuity Fund,* and a *Life-Assurance Fund. One share* of the sickness fund entitles the member during sickness to 10s. a-week for 52 weeks, 7s. 6d. a-week for other 52 weeks, and 5s. a-week for all future period of sickness until the age of 60 or 65, according to the age of superannuation fixed at entry; thereafter, his contributions cease, and he enters to the enjoyment of the *Deferred Annuity Fund*, one share of which entitles the member to an annuity of L.8 a-year, commencing at the age of 60 or 65, as fixed at his entry. One share of the *Life-Assurance Fund* is a sum of L.10 payable at the member's death. In this case, as in others, the contributions cease at the age of 60 or 65. The rates are calculated from the Highland Society's sickness table, increased by 50 per cent., which in this case may be considered as sufficient (seeing that only sound healthy men are admitted), and a mortality table compounded of the Northampton, Carlisle, and Swedish, assuming the rate of interest at 4 per cent., accumulated yearly; and the only charges for management are 2s. 6d. entry money to each fund, and 1s. a-year payable by each member of each fund. The life-assurance fund of this society stands apart from the other two, and may be entered independently; if, however, you wish to know the scale of contributions, you must study the society's tables. I shall only here mention a single case by way of example. In order, then, that a member's heirs shall be entitled to draw L.10 at his death, he pays in one sum, when 25 years of age, L.3, 4s. 7½d, or, instead of one sum, 3s. 9½d. annually, or 1s. 0½d. the first month, and 3d. every other month—contributions to cease at 65. Payments beginning at other ages are in proportion. I need say no more of this class of societies, except that I wish they were extended to every large town in the empire. From what I have stated, you will observe that operatives as well as others may now insure their lives on safe principles. And surely it would be delightful to hear of such persons regularly spending a pound or two per annum, or a few pence weekly, in securing to their widows and children what would place them above everything like immediate want.

Thomson.—Would you prefer seeing men effecting an insurance to laying aside money in a bank?

Jones.—I do not think the two things should be brought into comparison, because each is right in its way. I would, however, repeat, that the first duty of every man is to provide to the best of his ability for his wife and family in the event of his death, and the most convenient way of doing so is to effect an insurance on his life. At the same time, I do not imagine that this is incompatible with other economical practices. Let every man save as much as he can by all means—the operative resorting to his savings' bank, and those with larger means at disposal seeking all proper investments for the surplus gains of their labour. In point of fact, I believe it will be found that the man who insures his life is the first to save otherwise. The very easy way in which insurance can be effected enables a person to economise. Instead of struggling to lay past a large sum, small instalments at distant intervals suffice, thus enabling him to put aside whatever other sums he may chance to have at his disposal.

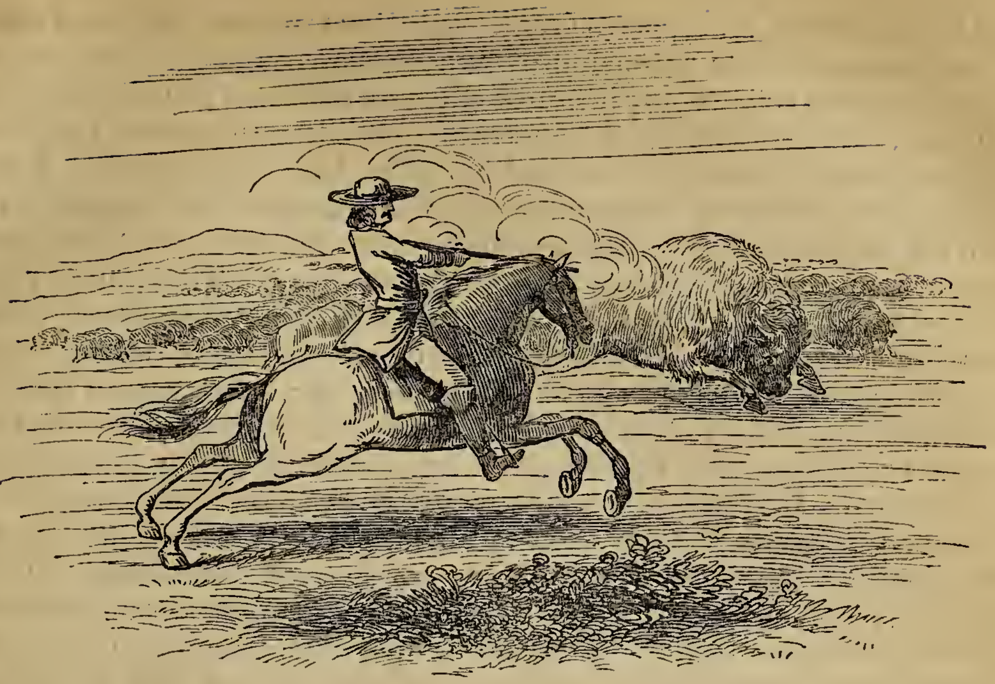
Thomson.—Well, I believe that life-insurance does not necessarily prevent other means of economising, even as regards working-men in good employment; and I shall recommend some artisans whom I happen to know to join either an insurance-office, or a friendly society such as you mention.

Jones.—Do so; but do not confine your advices to them. Try to influence every person to insure, whatever be his station. Indeed, till this practice becomes the rule amongst men of all classes, instead of being, as now, the rare exception, I cannot believe that we have attained such a point in civilisation as we have any title to boast of. For what is the predicament of that man who, for the gratification of his affections, surrounds himself with a wife and children, and peaceably lives in the enjoyment of these precious blessings, with the knowledge that, ere three moments at any time shall have passed, the cessation of his existence may throw wife and children together into a state of destitution? I hold it to be the duty of every man to provide, while he yet lives, for his own: I would say that it is not more his duty to provide for their daily bread during his life, than it is to provide, as far as he can, against their being left penniless in the event of his death. Indeed, between these two duties there is no essential distinction, for life-assurance makes the one as much a matter of current expenditure as the other. One part of his income can now be devoted by a head of a family to the necessities of the present; another may be stored up, by means of life-assurance, to provide against the future. And thus he may be said to do the whole of his duty towards his family, instead of, as is generally the case, only doing the half of it. Men are only comparatively indifferent on this subject, because there has as yet been but a brief experience of a system for redeeming widows and orphans from poverty. When life-assurance is as universally understood and practised as it ought to be, he who has not made such a provision, or something equivalent, for the possibility of his death, will, I verily trust, be looked on as a not less detestable wretch than he who will not work for his children's bread; and his memory after death will be held in not less contempt.

[*Jones and Thomson bid each other good-by, and separate, Thomson resolving not to go home till he has called at an office to fill up a proposal for an assurance upon his life.*]

NOTE.

The assurance principle has within the last few years been applied, with the prospect of success, to the guaranteeing of fidelity in persons holding situations of trust. In this case the calculation is, that out of a large range of instances where individuals of good moral character are intrusted with sums belonging to their employers, a nearly regular amount of defalcation will take place annually, or within some other larger space of time. This may give an unpleasant view of human nature, but it is found to be a true one, and the question which arises with men of business is, by what means may the defalcation be best guarded against. The choice is between a guarantee from one or two persons, and from a trading company. By the former plan, the risk is concentrated upon one or two, who may be deeply injured in consequence: by the other plan, the risk is not merely diffused, it is *extinguished*, for the premiums paid by the insuring parties stand for the losses, besides affording a profit upon the business. Nor have we only thus a protection for private parties against the dangers of security; but individuals, who have the offer of situations on the condition of giving a sufficient guarantee, may now be able to take, where formerly they would have had to decline them, seeing that they might have failed to induce any friend to venture so far in their behalf. Practically, it has also been found that, so far from parties being more ready to give way to temptation when they know that the loss will fall upon a company, they are less so, seeing that the company exercises a more rigid supervision, and presents a sterner front to delinquents, than is the case with private securities in general. Guarantee companies are now established in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other large cities; and as they serve a useful purpose, and rather support than deteriorate individual morality, we cordially trust that they will go on and prosper.—Ed.



EXCURSION TO THE OREGON.

THE continent of North America is about three thousand miles across, from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west; and, after an interval of three centuries since the discovery and settlement of the country, the civilised races, who are chiefly of English origin, have not generally penetrated with their possessions above a third of the entire breadth. The progress of encroachment in the western wilderness, however, is now exceedingly rapid. Since the deliverance of the New England and other states from British control, the Anglo-Americans have evinced a singularly energetic spirit of migration towards what was, seventy years ago, an almost unknown land. Crossing the Alleghany range of mountains, from the Atlantic or old settled states, they have taken possession of the valley of the Mississippi, a tract as large as all Europe; and approaching the head waters of the Missouri and other tributaries of the Mississippi, appear prepared to cross the Rocky Mountains—"the Great Backbone of America," as they have not unaptly been called—and take possession of the Oregon country, lying on the shores of the Pacific.

This extension of the boundaries of civilisation over a country hitherto abandoned to roaming tribes of Indians, and herds of wild animals, is at present one of the most remarkable facts in social history. Since the beginning of the present century, the population of the United States has increased from four millions to twenty millions; and following the same rate of increase, in less than a century hence the population will have increased to upwards of a hundred and fifty millions—all speaking the English language, and possessing institutions resembling our own. Yet, although the extension of the Anglo-American settlements be comparatively rapid, it is not effected without numerous difficulties. Those who first penetrate into the wilderness are usually parties of fur traders; and by these hardy pioneers, and the volunteer travellers who accompany them, the way may be said to be in some measure paved for the more formal visits of surveyors, and the new occupants of the country. The journeys of these pioneering parties are attended with many dangers. The setting out of an expedition resembles a caravan of pilgrims sallying forth across the African deserts; civilisation is for months, perhaps for years, left behind; no vestige of house or road is seen on the apparently interminable wastes; journeying is performed only on horseback during the day, while repose is enjoyed in tents pitched for the night; a constant outlook must be kept for prowling wild beasts, or the not less stealthy steps of the Pawnee Loup Indian: in short, all is wild nature, romantic enough perhaps to untamed minds, but as we can imagine altogether unendurable by persons accustomed to the quiet and orderly life of cities. Strange as it seems, however, there are highly cultivated individuals who, inspired by a love of science, or for the mere sake of sport, voluntarily make part of the fur-trading bands, and consent to remain for years from home, friends, and the world of refinement.

Believing that the account of one of these romantic expeditions cannot but be acceptable to our readers, we offer in the present sheet the history of an excursion performed a few years ago by Mr Townsend, an enthusiastic ornithologist, and his friend Professor Nuttall, of Howard university, an equally zealous botanist.* Being desirous of increasing the existing stock of knowledge in the departments of science to which they were respectively attached, these gentlemen agreed to accompany a body of traders, commanded by a Captain Wyeth, to the Columbia river and adjacent parts. The traders belonged to an association called the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company, and on this occasion they designed to fix a permanent branch-establishment in the west.

On the evening of the 24th of March 1834, the two friends arrived in a steamboat at St Louis, on the Missouri, from Pittsburg. At St Louis, which is the last great town within the settlements, they furnished themselves with several pairs of leathern pantaloons, enormous overcoats, and white wool hats with round crowns, fitting tightly to the head, and almost hard enough to resist a musket ball. Leaving their baggage to come on with the steamer, about three hundred miles farther up the

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* We draw the materials for our account from "An Excursion to the Rocky Mountains, by J. K. Townsend;" a work published at Philadelphia in 1839.

Missouri, Mr Townsend and his friend set off to amuse themselves by walking and hunting leisurely through that distance, which is composed chiefly of wide flat prairies, with few and remotely situated habitations of the frontier settlers.

One of the first indications of their approach to a wild country was the spectacle of a band of Indians of the Saque tribe, who were removing to new settlements. The men were fantastically painted, and the chief was distinguished by a profuse display of trinkets, and a huge necklace made of the claws of the grizzly bear. The decorations of one of the women amused the two travellers. She was an old squaw, to whom was presented a broken umbrella. The only use she made of this prize was to wrench the plated ends from the whalebones, string them on a piece of wire, take her knife from her belt, with which she deliberately cut a slit of an inch in length along the upper rim of her ear, and insert them in it. The sight was as shocking to the feelings as it was grotesque; for the cheeks of the vain being were covered with blood as she stood with fancied dignity in the midst of twenty others, who evidently envied her the possession of the worthless baubles.

While pushing forward on the borders of the wilderness, the travellers one day arrived at the house of a kind of gentleman-settler, who, with his three daughters, vied in showing kindness to their visitors. "The girls," says Mr Townsend, "were very superior to most that I had seen in Missouri, although somewhat touched with the awkward bashfulness and prudery which generally characterise the prairie maidens. They had lost their mother when young, and having no companions out of the domestic circle, and consequently no opportunity of aping the manners of the world, were perfect children of nature. Their father, however, had given them a good plain education, and they had made some proficiency in needlework, as was evinced by numerous neatly-worked samplers hanging in wooden frames round the room." Some little curiosity and astonishment was excited in the minds of the unsophisticated girls when they were informed that their two guests were undertaking a long and difficult journey across the prairies—one of them for the purpose of shooting and stuffing birds, the other for the purpose of obtaining plants to preserve between leaves of paper; but at last they began to perceive that probably there was some hidden utility in these seemingly idle pursuits; and the last words of the eldest Miss P—— to our ornithologist at parting were, "Do come again, and come in May or June, for then there are plenty of prairie-hens, and you can shoot as many as you want, and you must stay a long while with us, and we'll have nice times. Good-by; I'm so sorry you're going." Miss P——, in promising an abundance of prairie-hens, evidently did not perceive in what respect an ornithologist differed from a sportsman; but her invitation was kindly meant; and Mr

Townsend promised, that if ever he visited Missouri again, he would go a good many miles out of his way to see her and her sisters. The next resting-place which our traveller describes, was very different from Mr P——'s comfortable and cheerful house. It was a *hotel*, for which a pigsty would have been a more appropriate name. Everything and everybody were dirty, disobliging, and disagreeable; and after staying one night, the travellers refusing the landlord's invitation to *liquorise* with him, departed without waiting for breakfast.

In the case of our travellers, however, one of the last impressions left upon them before fairly entering the wilderness was of a more agreeable and suitable description. "In about an hour and a half," says Mr Townsend, "we arrived at Fulton, a pretty little town, and saw the villagers in their holiday clothes parading along to church. The bell at that moment sounded, and the peal gave rise to many reflections. It might be long ere I should hear the sound of the 'church-going bell' again. I was on my way to a far, far country, and I did not know that I should ever be permitted to revisit my own. I felt that I was leaving the scenes of my childhood—the spot which had witnessed all the happiness I ever knew, the home where all my affections were centered. I was entering a land of strangers, and would be compelled hereafter to mingle with those who might look upon me with indifference, or treat me with neglect."

The travellers, tired of their long journey on foot, waited at a small village on the Missouri till their companions and baggage should come up. The steamer arrived on the 9th of April, and the two pedestrians having gone on board, it was soon puffing up the river at the rate of seven miles an hour. In four days they reached the small town of Independence, the outermost Anglo-American post, and disembarking, they began to prepare for their long and venturesome journey. Mr Townsend here introduces a description of the company, about fifty in all.

There were amongst the men, to compose the caravan, a great variety of dispositions. Some, who had not been accustomed to the kind of life they were to lead, looked forward to it with eager delight, and talked of stirring incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Others, who were more experienced, seemed to be as easy and unconcerned about it as a citizen would be in contemplating a drive of a few miles into the country. Some were evidently reared in the shade, and not accustomed to hardships; many were almost as rough as the grizzly bear, and not a little proud of their feats, of which they were fond of boasting; but the majority were strong able-bodied men. During the day, the captain kept all his men employed in arranging and packing a vast variety of goods for carriage. In addition to the necessary clothing for the company, arms, ammunition, &c. there were thousands of trinkets of various kinds, beads, paint, bells, rings, and such like trumpery, intended as presents for the Indians, as well as objects of trade with them. The bales were usually made to weigh about eighty pounds, of which a horse was to carry two. Captain Wyeth insured the good-will and obedience of the men by his affable but firm manner, and showed himself every way suitable for his very important mission. In the company there were also five missionaries, the principal of whom, Mr Jason Lee, was "a tall and powerful man, who looked as though he were well calculated to buffet difficulties in a wild country." Before setting out, they were joined also by Mr Milton Sublette, a trader and trapper of several years' standing, who intended to travel a part of the way with them. Mr Sublette brought with him about twenty trained hunters, "true as the steel of their tried blades," who had more than once gone over the very track which the caravan intended to pursue—a reinforcement which was very welcome to Captain Wyeth and his party.

THE CARAVAN SETS OUT.

On the 28th of April, at ten o'clock in the morning, all things being prepared, the caravan, consisting of seventy men and two hundred and fifty horses, began its march towards the west. All were in high spirits, and full of hope of adventure; uproarious bursts of merriment, and gay and lively songs, constantly echoed along the line of the cavalcade. The road lay over a vast rolling prairie, with occasional small spots of timber at the distance of several miles apart, and this was expected to be the complexion of the track for some weeks. For the first day and night the journey was agreeable, but on the second day a heavy rain fell, which made the ground wet and muddy, soaked the blanket bedding, and rendered camping at night anything but pleasant. The description given of a nightly camp is interesting :—"The party is divided into messes of eight men, and each mess is allowed a separate tent. The captain of a mess (who is generally an 'old hand') receives each morning rations of pork, flour, &c. for his people, and they choose one of their body as cook for the whole. Our camp now consists of nine messes, of which Captain Wyeth's forms one, although it contains only four persons besides the cook. When we arrive in the evening at a suitable spot for encampment, Captain Wyeth rides round a space which he considers large enough to accommodate it, and directs where each mess shall pitch its tent. The men immediately unload their horses, and place their bales of goods in the direction indicated, and in such manner as, in case of need, to form a sort of fortification and defence. When all the messes are arranged in this way, the camp forms a hollow square, in the centre of which the horses are placed and staked firmly to the ground. The guard consists of from six to eight men, is relieved three times each night, and so arranged that each gang may serve alternate nights. The captain of a guard (who is generally also the captain of a mess) collects his people at the appointed hour, and posts them around outside the camp in such situations that they may command a view of the environs, and be ready to give the alarm in case of danger. The captain cries the hour regularly by a watch, and *all's well*, every fifteen minutes, and each man of the guard is required to repeat this call in rotation, which if any one should fail to do, it is fair to conclude that he is asleep, and he is then immediately visited and stirred up. In case of defection of this kind, our laws adjudge to the delinquent the hard sentence of walking three days. As yet, none of our poor fellows have incurred this penalty, and the probability is, that it would not at this time be enforced, as we are yet in a country where little molestation is to be apprehended; but in the course of another week's travel, when thieving and ill-designing Indians will be out, lying on our trail, it will be necessary that the strictest watch be kept; and for the preservation of our persons and property, that our laws shall be rigidly enforced."

For about a fortnight the caravan proceeded without any very remarkable incident occurring. The cook of the mess to which Mr Townsend belonged decamped one night, having no doubt become tired of the expedition, and determined to go back to the settlements. The man himself was little missed; but he had taken a rifle, powder-horn, and shot-pouch along with him, and these articles were precious. In a few days after, three other men deserted, likewise carrying rifles with them. In the course of the fortnight the caravan passed through several villages of the Kaw Indians, with whom they traded a little, giving bacon and tobacco in exchange for hides. These Indians do not appear, on the whole, to have been very favourable specimens of the American aborigines. The men had many of them fine countenances, but the women were very homely. The following is a description of one of their chiefs:—"In the evening the principal Kanzas chief paid us a visit in our tent. He is a young man about twenty-five years of age, straight as a poplar, and with a noble countenance and bearing, but he appeared to me to be marvellously deficient in most of the requisites which go to make the character of a *real* Indian chief, at least of such Indian chiefs as we read of in our popular books. I begin to suspect, in truth, that these lofty and dignified attributes are more apt to exist in the fertile brain of the novelist than in reality. Be this as it may, *our* chief is a very lively, laughing, and rather playful personage; perhaps he may put on his dignity, like a glove, when it suits his convenience."

On the 8th of May the party had a misfortune in the loss of Mr Milton Sublette, who, owing to a fungus in one of his legs, was obliged to return to the settlements. On the afternoon of next day, the party crossed a broad Indian trail, bearing northerly, supposed to be about five days old, and to have been made by a war-party of Pawnees. Hoping to escape these formidable enemies of the white man, the party pushed on, but not without occasional mishaps; at one time the horses ran away, and had to be chased for a whole night, and even when the labour of the chase was over, three were irrecoverably lost; at another time half of the party were drenched crossing a wide creek full of black mud, which the men had to flounder through on horseback. The weather, too, was becoming intolerably warm. They had frequently been favoured with fresh breezes, which made it very agreeable; but the moment these failed, they were almost suffocated with intense heat. Their rate of travelling was about twenty miles per day, which in this warm weather, and with heavily burdened horses, was as much as could be accomplished with comfort to the travellers and their animals.

The general aspect, however, of the country through which they were travelling, was exceedingly beautiful. "The little streams are fringed with a thick growth of pretty trees and bushes, and the buds are now swelling, and the leaves expanding, to 'welcome back the spring.' The birds, too, sing joyously amongst them—grosbeaks, thrushes, and buntings—a merry and musical band. I am particularly fond of sallying out early in the morning, and strolling around the camp. The light breeze just bends the tall tops of the grass on the boundless prairie, the birds are commencing their matin carollings, and all nature looks fresh and beautiful. The horses of the camp are lying comfortably on their sides, and seem, by the glances which they give me in passing, to know that their hour of toil is approaching, and the patient kine are ruminating in happy unconsciousness."

One morning the scouts came in with the intelligence that they had found a large trail of white men bearing north-west. Captain Wyeth and his party concluded that this was another caravan belonging to a rival trading company, and that it had passed them noiselessly in the course of the night, in order to be beforehand with them in traffic with the Indian tribes through which they were passing. The party grumbled a little at the unfriendly conduct of the rival caravan in stealing a march upon them; but consoled themselves by making the reflection, that competition is the soul of commerce, and that, in the same circumstances, they would in all probability have acted in the same way. While discussing the affair at breakfast, three Indians, of a tribe called the Ottos, made their appearance. These visitors were suspected of being concerned in the loss of the three horses mentioned above; but as the crime could not be brought home to them by any kind of evidence, they were received in a friendly manner; and, as usual, the pipe of peace was smoked with them.

"While these people," says Mr Townsend, "were smoking the pipe of peace with us after breakfast, I observed that Richardson, our chief hunter (an experienced man in this country, of a tall and iron frame, and almost child-like simplicity of character, in fact, an exact counterpart of Hawk-eye in his younger days), stood aloof, and refused to sit in the circle, in which it was always the custom of the *old hands* to join.

Feeling some curiosity to ascertain the cause of this unusual diffidence, I occasionally allowed my eyes to wander to the spot where our sturdy hunter stood looking moodily upon us, as the calamet passed from hand to hand around the circle, and I thought I perceived him now and then cast a furtive glance at one of the Indians who sat opposite to me, and sometimes his countenance would assume an expression almost demoniacal, as though the most fierce and deadly passions were raging in his bosom. I felt certain that hereby hung a tale, and I watched for a corresponding expression, or at least a look of consciousness, in the face of my opposite neighbour; but expression there was none. His large features were settled in a tranquillity which nothing could disturb, and as he puffed the smoke in huge volumes from his mouth, and the fragrant vapour wreathed and curled around his head, he seemed the embodied spirit of meekness and taciturnity.

The camp moved soon after, and I lost no time in overhauling Richardson, and asking an explanation of his singular conduct. 'Why,' said he, 'that *Injen* that sat opposite to you is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendezvous with letters for St Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte river—just a short distance beyond us here—I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I therefore felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse, and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. No; I should have nothing; and if I did not start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river. And,' continued the excited hunter, while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage, 'that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognised me, and knew very well the reason why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever; and I again declare, that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man.' 'But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?' 'To be sure they did, and my blankets, and everything I had, except my clothes.' 'But how did you subsist until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you.' 'Why, set to trappin' prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head.' I should remark that his hair was so long that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders. 'But squirrels in winter, Richardson! I never heard of squirrels in winter.' 'Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow.'" Such is a trait of human nature in these far western regions.

On the 18th of May the party reached the Platte river, one of the streams which pour their waters into the Missouri. Wolves and antelopes were abundant in the neighbourhood of the river, and herons and long-billed curlews were stalking about in the shallows, searching for food. The prairie is here as level as a race-course, not the slightest undulation appearing throughout the whole extent of vision in a northerly and westerly direction; but to the eastward of the river, and about eight miles from it, was seen a range of high bluffs, or sand-banks, stretching away to the south-east till lost in the far distance. The travellers were not less struck with the solemn grandeur of the apparently boundless prairie, than with the sight of its surface, which was in many places encrusted with an impure salt, seemingly a combination of the sulphate and muriate of soda: there were also seen a number of little pools, of only a few inches in depth, scattered over the plain, the water of which was so bitter and pungent, that it seemed to penetrate into the tongue, and almost to take the skin from the mouth. Next morning the party were alarmed with the appearance of two men on horseback, hovering on their path at a great distance. On looking at them with a telescope, they were discovered to be Indians, and on their approach it was found they belonged to a large band of the Grand Pawnee tribe, who were on a war-excursion, and encamped at about thirty miles' distance. Having got rid of these suspicious visitors, the party moved rapidly forward in an altered direction, and did not slacken their pace till twelve o'clock at night. After a brief rest, they again went on, travelling steadily the whole day, and so got quite clear of the Grand Pawnees.

The travellers were now proceeding across one of the large central prairies of North America, and were, as they reckoned, within three days' journey of the buffalo region; that is, the region haunted by herds of buffalo. The uninitiated of the party, who for a good many days past had been listening to the spirit-stirring accounts given by the old hunters of their sport in the buffalo region, began to grow impatient for the first sight of this animal, the tenant of the prairies. At length, on the afternoon of the 20th, they came in sight of a large gang of the long-coveted buffalo. They were grazing on the opposite side of the Platte, as quietly as domestic cattle; but as they neared them, the foremost *winded* the travellers, and started back, and the whole herd followed in the wildest confusion, and were soon out of sight. There must have been many thousands of them. Towards evening a large band of elk came on at full gallop, and passed very near the party. The appearance of these animals produced a singular effect upon the horses, all of which became restive, and about half of the loose ones broke away, and scoured over the plain in full chase after the elk. Captain Wyeth and several of his men went immediately in pursuit of them, and returned late at night, bringing the greater number. Two had, however, been lost irrecoverably. By an observation, the latitude was found to be 40 degrees 31 minutes north, and the computed distance from the Missouri settlements about 360 miles.

The day following, the party saw several small herds of buffalo on their side of the river. Two of the hunters started out after a huge bull that had separated himself from his companions, and gave him chase on fleet horses. Away went the buffalo, and away went the men, as hard as they could dash; now the hunters gained upon him, and pressed him hard; again the enormous creature had the advantage, plunging with all his might, his terrific horns often ploughing up the earth as he spurned it under him. Sometimes he would double, and rush so near the horses as almost to gore them with his horns, and in an instant would be off in a tangent, and throw his pursuers from the track. At length the poor animal came to bay, and made some unequivocal demonstrations of combat, raising and tossing his head furiously, and tearing up the ground with his feet. At this moment a shot was fired. The victim trembled like an aspen leaf, and fell on his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, started again as fast as before. Again the determined hunters dashed after him, but the poor bull was nearly exhausted: he proceeded but a short distance, and stopped again. The hunters approached, rode slowly by him, and shot two balls through his body with the most perfect coolness and precision. During the race—the whole of which occurred in full view of the party—the men seemed wild with the excitement which it occasioned: and when the animal fell, a shout rent the air which startled the antelopes by dozens from the bluffs, and sent the wolves howling from their lairs.

This is the most common mode of killing the buffalo, and is practised very generally by the travelling hunters: many are also destroyed by approaching them on foot, when, if the bushes are sufficiently dense, or the grass high enough to afford concealment, the hunter, by keeping carefully to leeward of his game, may sometimes approach so near as almost to touch the animal. If on a plain without grass or bushes, it is necessary to be very circumspect; to approach so slowly as not to excite alarm, and when observed by the animal, to imitate dexterously the clumsy motions of a young bear, or assume the sneaking prowling attitude of a wolf, in order to lull suspicion. The Indians resort to another stratagem, which is perhaps even more successful. The skin of a calf is properly dressed, with the head and legs left attached to it. The Indian envelopes himself in this, and with his short bow and a brace of arrows ambles off into the very midst of a herd. When he has selected such an animal as suits his fancy, he comes close alongside of it, and without noise passes an arrow through its heart. One arrow is always sufficient, and it is generally delivered with such force, that at least half the shaft appears through the opposite side. The creature totters, and is about to fall, when the Indian glides around, and draws the arrow from the wound lest it should be broken. A single Indian is said to kill a great number of buffaloes in this way before any alarm is communicated to the herd.

Towards evening, on ascending a hill, the party were suddenly greeted by a sight which seemed to astonish even the oldest amongst them. The whole plain, as far as the eye could discern, was covered by one enormous mass of buffalo. The scene, at the very least computation, would certainly extend ten miles, and in the whole of this great space, including about eight miles in width from the bluffs to the river bank, there was apparently no vista in the incalculable multitude. It was truly a sight that would have excited even the dullest mind to enthusiasm. The party rode up to within a few hundred yards of the edge of the herd before any alarm was communicated; then the bulls, which are always stationed around as sentinels, began pawing the ground and throwing the earth over their heads; in a few moments they started in a slow clumsy canter, but as the hunters neared them they quickened their pace to an astonishingly rapid gallop, and in a few minutes were entirely beyond the reach of their guns, but were still so near that their enormous horns and long shaggy beards were very distinctly seen. Shortly after encamping, the hunters brought in the choice parts of five that they had killed.

Of the animals belonging to those vast herds which the hunters kill, only a small portion is usually taken for food. Mr Townsend and two of his associates having killed a bull buffalo, they proceeded to cut it up in the following approved manner:—The animal was first raised from his side where he had lain, and supported upon his knees, with his hoofs turned under him; a longitudinal incision was then made from the nape or anterior base of the hump, and continued backward to the loins, and a large portion of the skin from each side removed; these pieces of skin were placed upon the ground, with the under surface uppermost, and the fleeces, or masses of meat taken from along the back, were laid upon them. These fleeces, from a large animal, will weigh perhaps a hundred pounds each, and comprise the whole of the hump on each side of the vertical processes (commonly called the hump ribs), which are attached to the vertebræ. The fleeces are considered the choice parts of the buffalo, and here, where the game is so abundant, nothing else is taken, if we except the tongue and an occasional marrow-bone. This, it must be confessed, appears like a useless and unwarrantable waste of the goods of Providence; but when are men economical, unless compelled to be so by necessity? The food of the hunters consists for months of nothing but this kind of buffalo meat, roasted, and cold water—no bread of any kind. On this rude fare they enjoyed the best health, clear heads, and high spirits.

One night shortly after their first encounter with the buffalo, Mr Townsend entering his tent about eleven o'clock, after having served as a supernumerary watch for several hours, was stooping to lay his gun in its usual place at the head of his couch, when he was startled by seeing a pair of eyes, wild and bright as those of a tiger, gleaming from a dark corner of the lodge, and evidently directed upon him. "My first impression," he says, "was that a wolf had been lurking around the camp, and had entered the tent in the prospect of finding meat. My gun was at my shoulder instinctively, my aim was directed between the eyes, and my finger pressed the trigger. At that moment a tall Indian sprang before me with a loud *wah!* seized the gun, and elevated the muzzle above my head; in another instant a second Indian was by my side, and I saw his keen knife glitter as it left the scabbard. I had not time for thought, and was struggling with all my might with the first savage for the recovery of my weapon, when Captain Wyeth and the other inmates of the tent were aroused, and the whole matter was explained, and set at rest in a moment. The Indians were chiefs of the tribe of Pawnee Loups, who had come with their young men to shoot buffalo: they had paid an evening visit to the captain, and as an act of courtesy, had been invited to sleep in the tent. I had not known of their arrival, nor did I even suspect that Indians were in our neighbourhood, so could not control the alarm which their sudden appearance occasioned me. These Indians," continues Mr Townsend, "were the finest looking of any I had seen. Their persons were tall, straight, and finely formed; their noses slightly aquiline, and the whole countenance expressive of high and daring intrepidity. The face of the taller one was particularly admirable, and Gall or Spurzheim, at a single glance at his magnificent head, would have invested him with all the noblest qualities of the species. I know not what a physiognomist would have said of his eyes, but they were certainly the most wonderful I ever looked into; glittering and scintillating constantly, like the mirror-glasses in a lamp frame, and rolling and dancing in their orbits as though possessed of abstract volition."

APPROACH TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

As the party, leaving the Pawnees and the buffalo behind, began to approach the mountain district, the country altered its appearance greatly for the worse. They were now on a great sandy waste, forming a kind of upper table-land of North

America—a region without a single green thing to vary and enliven the scene, and abounding in swarms of ferocious little black gnats, which assail the eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth of the unhappy traveller. It is necessary, however, to pursue a route in this direction, in order to find accessible passes through the Rocky Mountains, which are impenetrable more to the north-west. Making the best of their way over the inhospitable desert, and fortunately escaping any roving bands of unfriendly Indians, the cavalcade struck through a range of stony mountains, called the Black Hills, and in a few days afterwards came in sight of the Wind River Mountains, which form the loftiest land in the northern continent, and are at all times covered with snow of dazzling whiteness. From the great height above the level of the sea which the party had attained, the climate was found to be cold, even although in summer; the plains were covered only by the scantiest herbage; and frequently there was great difficulty in obtaining a supply of water for the camp. The painfulness of the journey, therefore, was now extreme, both for man and beast.

Occasionally, however, a green spot did occur, where the jaded horses were allowed to halt, to roam about without their riders, and to tumble joyfully on the verdant sward; and as these *oases* always abounded in birds and plants, our two naturalists were loath to leave them. Nor was their journey through the inhospitable region of the hills devoid of incidents to vary the monotony of the way, and provoke hearty laughs from the whole party. One afternoon, one of the men had a somewhat perilous adventure with a grizzly bear. He saw the animal crouching his huge frame among some willows which skirted the river, and, approaching on horseback to within twenty yards, fired upon him. The bear was only slightly wounded by the shot, and, with a fierce growl of angry malignity, rushed from his cover, and gave chase. The horse happened to be a slow one, and for the distance of half a mile the race was severely contested—the bear frequently approaching so near the terrified animal as to snap at his heels, while the equally terrified rider, who had lost his hat at the start, used whip and spur with the most frantic diligence, frequently looking behind, from an influence which he could not resist, at his rugged and determined foe, and shrieking in an agony of fear, 'Shoot him! shoot him!' The man, who was a young hunter, happened to be about a mile behind the main body, either from the indolence of his horse or his own carelessness; but as he approached the party in his desperate flight, and his pitiable cries reached the ears of the men in front, about a dozen of them rode to his assistance, and soon succeeded in diverting the attention of his pertinacious foe. After the bear had received the contents of all the guns, he fell, and was soon despatched. The man rode in among his fellows, pale and haggard from overwrought feelings, and was probably effectually cured of a propensity for meddling with grizzly bears.

On the 19th of June, the party arrived on the Green river, or Colorado of the west, which they forded, and encamped upon a spot which was to form a rendezvous for all the mountain companies who left the states in spring, and also the trappers who come from various parts with furs collected by them during the previous year.

Our traveller relates a misfortune which happened to him here. Having sallied forth with his gun, and wandered about for several hours shooting birds, he found on returning to the camp that his party had quitted the spot. In pursuing their track, he had to swim his horse across a deep and swift stream. After coming up with the party, he was congratulating himself on his escape from being drowned, when he found that he had lost his coat. "I had felt," he says, "uncomfortably warm when I mounted, and had removed the coat and attached it carelessly to the saddle; the rapidity of the current had disengaged it, and it was lost for ever. The coat itself was not of much consequence after the hard service it had seen, but it contained the second volume of my journal, a pocket compass, and other articles of essential value to me. I would gladly have relinquished everything the garment held, if I could but have recovered the book; and although I returned to the river, and searched assiduously until night, and offered large rewards to the men, it could not be found."

The loss of his journal, however, was not the only bad consequence of his river adventure. The ducking he had received brought on a fever which confined him to his tent for several days. It was well for him that they had now arrived at the rendezvous where the caravans always make some stay before proceeding on the remainder of their journey. Still, according to Mr Townsend's account of the encampment, it was scarcely the best hospital for an invalid. As there were several other encampments stationed on the spot—among others that of the party of rival traders which had passed Captain Wyeth's party on the road—the encampment was constantly crowded with a heterogeneous assemblage of visitors. "The principal of these are Indians of the Nez Percé, Banneck, and Shoshoné tribes, who come with the furs and peltries which they have been collecting at the risk of their lives during the past winter and spring, to trade for ammunition, trinkets, and fire-water. There is, in addition to these, a great variety of personages amongst us; most of them calling themselves white men, French-Canadians, half-breeds, &c., their colour nearly as dark, and their manners wholly as wild, as the Indians with whom they constantly associate. These people, with their obstreperous mirth, their whooping, and howling, and quarrelling, added to the mounted Indians, who are constantly dashing into and through our camp, yelling like fiends, the barking and baying of savage wolf-dogs, and the incessant cracking of rifles and carbines, render our camp a perfect bedlam. A more unpleasant situation for an invalid could scarcely be conceived. I am confined closely to the tent with illness, and am compelled all day to listen to the hiccoughing jargon of drunken traders, and the swearing and screaming of our own men, who are scarcely less savage than the rest, being heated by the detestable liquor which circulates freely among them. It is very much to be regretted that at times like the present there should be a positive necessity to allow the men as much rum as they can drink; but this course has been sanctioned and practised by all the leaders of parties who have hitherto visited these regions, and reform cannot be thought of now. The principal liquor in use is alcohol diluted with water. It is sold to the men at *three dollars* the pint! Tobacco, of very inferior quality, such as could be purchased in Philadelphia at about ten cents per pound, here fetches two dollars! and everything else in proportion. There is no coin in circulation, and these articles are therefore paid for by the independent mountain-men in beaver skins, buffalo robes, &c.; and those who are hired to the companies, have them charged against their wages. I was somewhat amused by observing one of our newly-hired men enter the tent and order, with the air of a man who knew he would not be refused, twenty dollars worth of rum and ten dollars worth of sugar, to treat two of his companions who were about leaving the rendezvous."

At the rendezvous a number of men belonging to Captain Wyeth's party left it to join returning parties; but the diminution of numbers thus occasioned was made up for by the accession of about thirty Indians—Flatheads, Nez Percés, and others, with their wives, children, and dogs. These Indians joined the party in order to enjoy the benefit of its convoy through the tract of country infested by the Blackfeet Indians—a fierce and warlike race, the terror both of Indians and whites. Here also the party was joined by two English gentlemen roaming the prairies for amusement. At length, on the 2d of July, the party bade adieu to the rendezvous, packed up their moveables, and journeyed along the bank of the river. The horses were much recruited by the long rest and good pasture, and, like their masters, were in excellent spirits for renewing the route across the wilderness.

They had now reached the confines of the Rocky Mountains, from which originate the upper tributaries of the Missouri on the one side, and those of the Columbia on the other. The plains in this high region are more rugged and barren than in the lower territories, and occasionally present evidences of volcanic action, being thickly covered with masses of lava and high basaltic crags. The principal vegetation on the hills consists of small cedars, while on the plains nothing flourishes but the shrubby wormwood or sage. Mr Townsend had an opportunity, in these melancholy wastes, of becoming acquainted with a variety of animals, particularly birds. He met with flocks of a beautiful bird, called the cock of the plain (*Tetrao urophasianus*), which was so very tame, or rather so little accustomed to evil treatment, as to mingle familiarly with the cavalcade, and to suffer itself to be knocked down by whips.

On the 10th of July, the party encamped near the Blackfeet river, a small sluggish stagnant stream which empties itself into the Bear river. Here they had a rather stirring adventure with a grizzly bear. "As we approached our encampment," says Mr Townsend, "near a small grove of willows on the margin of the river, a tremendous grizzly bear rushed out upon us. Our horses ran wildly in every direction, snorting with terror, and became nearly unmanageable. Several balls were instantly fired into him, but they only seemed to increase his fury. After spending a moment in rending each wound (their invariable practice), he selected the person who happened to be nearest, and darted after him; but before he proceeded far, he was sure to be stopped again by a ball from another quarter. In this way he was driven about amongst us for perhaps fifteen minutes, at times so near some of the horses, that he received several severe kicks from them. One of the pack-horses was fairly fastened upon by the fearful claws of the brute, and in the terrified animal's efforts to escape the dreaded gripe, the pack and saddle were broken to pieces and disengaged. One of our mules also lent him a kick in the head while pursuing it up an adjacent hill, which sent him rolling to the bottom. Here he was finally brought to a stand. The poor animal was so completely surrounded by enemies that he became bewildered; he raised himself upon his hind feet, standing almost erect, his mouth partly open, and from his protruding tongue the blood fell fast in drops. While in this position he received about six more balls, each of which made him reel. At last, as in complete desperation, he dashed into the water and swam several yards with astonishing strength and agility, the guns cracking at him constantly. But he was not to proceed far; for just then Richardson, who had been absent, rode up, and fixing his deadly aim upon him, fired a ball into the back of his head, which killed him instantly. The strength of four men was required to drag the ferocious brute from the water, and upon examining his body, he was found completely riddled; there did not appear to be four inches of his shaggy person, from the hips upward, that had not received a ball; there must have been at least thirty shots fired at him, and probably few missed; yet such was his tenacity of life, that I have no doubt he would have succeeded in crossing the river but for the last shot in the brain. He would probably weigh at the least six hundred pounds, and was about the height of an ordinary steer. The spread of the foot laterally was ten inches, and the claws measured seven inches in length. This animal was remarkably lean: when in good condition he would doubtless much exceed in weight the estimate I have given. Richardson and two other hunters in company killed two in the course of the afternoon, and saw several others."

Although it was known that parties of Blackfeet were hanging in the route of the caravan, our travellers fortunately escaped being attacked by these dreaded Indians; and on the 14th, having reached the banks of the fine large Shoshoné or Snake, also called Lewis river, they came to a halt for the purpose of erecting a fort, according to their instructions, and also of enjoying a rest of a fortnight or three weeks before renewing their journey. Nearly four months had now elapsed since they had commenced their expedition, and there were various evidences that they were approaching its close. The Snake river, on the banks of which they were encamped, pours its waters directly into the Columbia, and as they tried to form some idea of the great Oregon river from the size of its tributary, it became evident that they were approaching the western shore of the vast North American continent.

Food, however, was becoming scarce, the stock of dried buffalo meat being nearly exhausted; and therefore, while the majority of the party should remain to build a fort on the banks of the Snake river, it was resolved that a hunting party of twelve persons should start on the back track to shoot buffalo, and return to the fort in eight or nine days with the fruits of their diligence. To this party Mr Townsend attached himself. The hunters were successful in procuring buffalo, on which they now entirely fed, besides bringing a quantity in a dried state to the camp. Exposed constantly to the pure air, and having abundant exercise, the appetites of the party were most ravenous. Rising in the morning with the sun, they kindled a fire and roasted their breakfast, which consisted of from one to two pounds of meat. At ten o'clock they lunched on meat; at two they dined on meat; at five they supped on meat; at eight they had a second supper of meat; and during the night, when they awoke, they took a snatch at any meat within reach. Their food was thus entirely meat, without bread or any other article except water, which was their sole beverage. On this plain and substantial fare they enjoyed robust health.

Having heard that a ball in the middle of the forehead was never known to kill a buffalo, Mr Townsend determined to try the experiment. Accordingly one evening, seeing a large bull close at hand, he sallied forth with the utmost caution in the direction of his victim. "The unwieldy brute," he says, "was quietly and unsuspiciously cropping the herbage, and I had arrived to within ten feet of him, when a sudden flashing of the eye, and an impatient motion, told me that I was observed. He raised his enormous head and looked around him, and so truly terrible and grand did he appear, that I must confess I felt awed, almost frightened, at the task I had undertaken. But

I had gone too far to retreat; so, raising my gun, I took deliberate aim at the bushy centre of the forehead, and fired. The monster shook his head, pawed up the earth with his hoofs, and making a sudden spring, accompanied by a terrific roar, turned to make his escape. At that instant the ball from the second barrel penetrated his vitals, and he measured his huge length upon the ground. In a few seconds he was dead. Upon examining the head, and cutting away the enormous mass of matted hair and skin which enveloped the skull, my large bullet of twenty to the pound was found completely flattened against the bone, having carried with it, through the interposing integument, a considerable portion of the coarse hair, but without producing the smallest fracture. I was satisfied; and taking the tongue—the hunter's perquisite—I returned to my companions."

Some of the party had seen Blackfeet Indians skulking about, and the effect was to put the hunters more on their guard. They were now certain that their worst enemies, the Blackfeet, were around them, and that they only waited for a favourable opportunity of making an attack. It was felt that these savage wanderers were not there for nothing, and that the greatest care was necessary to prevent a surprise.

The Blackfeet is a sworn and determined foe to all white men, and he has often been heard to declare that he would rather hang the scalp of a pale-face to his girdle, than kill a buffalo to prevent his starving. The hostility of this dreaded tribe is, and has for years been, proverbial. They are, perhaps, the only Indians who do not fear the power, and who refuse to acknowledge the superiority of the white man; and though so often beaten in conflicts with them, even by their own mode of warfare, and generally with numbers vastly inferior, their indomitable courage and perseverance still urges them on to renewed attempts; and if a single scalp is taken, it is considered equal to a great victory, and is hailed as a presage of future and more extensive triumphs.

It must be acknowledged, however, that this determined hostility does not originate solely in savage malignity, or an abstract thirst for the blood of white men; it is fomented and kept alive from year to year by incessant provocatives on the part of white hunters, trappers, and traders, who are at best but intruders on the rightful domain of the red man of the wilderness. "Many a night," adds our traveller, "have I sat at the camp fire and listened to the recital of bloody and ferocious scenes, in which the narrators were the actors, and the poor Indians the victims, and I have felt my blood tingle with shame, and boil with indignation, to hear the diabolical acts applauded by those for whose amusement they were related. Many a precious villain and merciless marauder was made by these midnight tales of rapine, murder, and robbery; many a stripling, in whose tender mind the seeds of virtue and honesty had never germinated, burned for an opportunity of loading his pack-horse with the beaver skins of some solitary Blackfeet trapper, who was to be murdered and despoiled of the property he had acquired by weeks and perhaps months of toil and danger."

The proximity of the Blackfeet caused the old hunters to recollect their former adventures in the same neighbourhood; and one evening, as the party sat around the camp fire, wrapped in their warm blankets, these old hunters became talkative, and related their individual adventures for the general amusement. The best story was one told by Richardson, of a meeting he once had with three Blackfeet Indians. He had been out alone hunting buffalo, and towards the end of the day was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and upon looking back, observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him. To lighten his horse, he immediately threw off the meat he carried, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that in a few minutes more he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping-knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck, and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers. In a few moments one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart; but one of them happening to venture too near in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmlessly by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory. He caught the two Indians' horses, mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and returned to his camp with two spare rifles, and a good stock of ammunition.

Having now procured a sufficient quantity of buffalo meat, the hunting party set out on its return to the fort, and arrived there on the 25th, after nine days' absence. Their return had been anxiously expected, and "I could well perceive," says Mr Townsend, "many a longing and eager gaze cast upon the well-filled bales of buffalo meat as our mules swung their little bodies through the camp. My companion, Mr Nuttall, had become so exceedingly thin that I could scarcely have known him; and upon my expressing surprise at the great change in his appearance, he heaved a sigh of inanity, and remarked that I 'would have been as thin as he, if I had lived on old bear for two weeks, and short allowance of that.' I found, in truth, that the whole camp had been subsisting during our absence on little else than two or three grizzly bears which had been killed in the neighbourhood; and with a complacent glance at my own rotund and cow-fed person, I wished my poor friend better luck for the future."

Another travelling company had encamped on the banks of the Snake river during the absence of the hunting party. It consisted of thirty men, thirteen of them Indians, Nez Percés, Chinooks, and Kayouse, the remainder French-Canadians and half-breeds. Mr M'Kay, the leader of this company, was the son of Mr Alexander M'Kay, one of the early adventurers across the prairies, the tragical story of whose massacre by the Indians on the north-west coast is told by Washington Irving in his "Astoria." Mr Townsend gives an interesting description of this company and its captain. "On the evening of the 26th," he says, "Captain Wyeth, Mr Nuttall, and myself, supped with Mr M'Kay in his lodge. I am much pleased with this gentleman; he unites the free, frank, and open manners of the mountain man, with the grace and affability of the Frenchman. But above all, I admire the order, decorum, and strict subordination which exists among his men; so different from what I have been accustomed to see in parties composed of Americans. Mr M'Kay assures me that he had considerable difficulty in bringing his men to the state in which they now are. The free and fearless Indian was particularly difficult to subdue; but steady determined perseverance and bold measures, aided by a rigid self-example, made them as clay in his hand, and has finally reduced them to their present admirable condition. If they misbehave, a commensurate punishment is sure to follow. In extreme cases flagellation is resorted to, but it is inflicted only by the hand of the captain; were any other appointed to perform this office on an Indian, the indignity would be deemed so great that nothing less than the blood of the individual could appease the wounded feelings of the savage. After supper was concluded, we sat down on a buffalo robe at the entrance of the lodge to see the Indians at their devotions. The whole thirteen were soon collected at the call of one whom they had chosen for their chief, and seated with sober sedate countenances around a large fire. After remaining in perfect silence for perhaps fifteen minutes, the chief commenced a harangue in a solemn and impressive tone, reminding them of the object for which they were thus assembled—that of worshipping the 'Great Spirit who made the light and the darkness, the fire and the water,' and assured them that if they offered up their prayers to him with but 'one tongue,' they would certainly be accepted. He then rose from his squatting position to his knees, and his example was followed by all the others. In this situation he commenced a prayer, consisting of short sentences, uttered rapidly but with great apparent fervour, his hands clasped upon his breast, and his eyes cast upwards with a beseeching look towards heaven. At the conclusion of each sentence, a choral response of a few words was made, accompanied frequently by low moaning. The prayer lasted about twenty minutes.

After its conclusion, the chief, still maintaining the same position of his body and hands, but with his head bent to his breast, commenced a kind of psalm or sacred song, in which the whole company presently joined. The song was a simple expression of a few sounds, no intelligible words being uttered. It resembled the words *Ho-ha-ho-ha-ho-ha-ha-a*, commencing in a low tone, and gradually swelling to a full, round, and beautifully modulated chorus. During the song the clasped hands of the worshippers were moved rapidly across the breast, and their bodies swung with great energy to the time of the music. The chief ended the song by a kind of swelling groan, which was echoed in chorus. It was then taken up by another, and the same routine was gone through. The whole ceremony occupied perhaps an hour and a half; a short silence then succeeded, after which each Indian rose from the ground, and disappeared in the darkness with a step noiseless as that of a spectre. I think I never was more gratified by any exhibition in my life. The humble, subdued, and beseeching looks of the poor untutored beings who were calling upon their heavenly father to forgive their sins, and continue his mercies to them, and the evident and heartfelt sincerity which characterised the whole scene, was truly affecting and very impressive.

The next day being the Sabbath, our good missionary, Mr Jason Lee, was requested to hold a meeting, with which he obligingly complied. A convenient shady spot was selected in the forest adjacent, and the greater part of our men, as well as the whole of Mr M'Kay's company, including the Indians, attended. The usual forms of the Methodist service, to which Mr Lee is attached, were gone through, and were followed by a brief but excellent and appropriate exhortation by that gentleman. The people were remarkably quiet and attentive, and the Indians sat upon the ground like statues. Although not one of them could understand a word that was said, they nevertheless maintained the most strict and decorous silence, kneeling when the preacher kneeled, and rising when he rose, evidently with a view of paying him and us a suitable respect, however much their own notions as to the proper and most acceptable forms of worship might have been opposed to ours. A meeting for worship in the Rocky Mountains is almost as unusual as the appearance of a herd of buffalo in the settlements. A sermon was perhaps never preached here before, but for myself I really enjoyed the whole scene: it possessed the charm of novelty, to say nothing of the salutary effect which I sincerely hope it may produce."

After having completed the fort, and raised the American flag upon it, the party on the 6th of August recommenced their journey westward, leaving some men in charge of the building. The company consisted now but of thirty men, several Indian women, and one hundred and sixteen horses. Having left most of the fresh buffalo meat brought in by the hunting party in the fort for the subsistence of the small garrison, they had to be contented with the old dry meat they had carried for many weeks in their hampers, varied with the flesh of a grizzly bear, or any such animal which good fortune might send across their path. Nor was this the worst, for on the very day after leaving the fort, having travelled from sunrise over an arid plain covered with jagged masses of lava and twisted wormwood bushes, and where not a drop of water was to be seen, they began to suffer dreadfully from thirst. Every man kept a bullet or smooth stone in his mouth, mumbling it to provoke the saliva. At last one of the men, a mulatto, "cast himself resolutely from his horse to the ground, and declared that he would lie there till he died; 'there was no water in this horrid country, and he might as well die here as go farther.' Some of us tried to infuse a little courage into him, but it proved of no avail, and each was too much occupied with his own particular grief to use his tongue much in persuasion; so we left him to his fate.

Soon after nightfall, some signs of water were seen in a small valley to our left, and upon ascending it, the foremost of the party found a delightful little cold spring; but they soon exhausted it, and then commenced, with axes and knives, to dig it out and enlarge it. By the time that Mr Nuttall and myself arrived, they had excavated a large space, which was filled to overflowing with muddy water. We did not wait for it to settle, however, but throwing ourselves flat upon the ground, drank until we were ready to burst. The tales which I had read of suffering travellers in the Arabian deserts then recurred with some force to my recollection, and I thought I could, though in a very small measure, appreciate their sufferings by deprivation, and their unmingled delight and satisfaction in the opportunity of assuaging them.

Poor Jim, the mulatto man, was found by one of the people who went back in search of him lying where he had first fallen, and, either in a real or pretended swoon, still obstinate about dying, and scarcely heeding the assurances of the other that water was within a mile of him. He was, however, at length dragged and carried into camp, and soused head foremost into the mud puddle, where he drank until his eyes seemed ready to burst from his head, and he was lifted out and laid dripping and flaccid upon the ground."

The ground over which the party was travelling, was becoming more and more rugged and rocky. They entered a defile between the mountains, about five hundred yards wide, covered like the surrounding country with pines; and as they proceeded, the timber grew so closely, added to a thick undergrowth of bushes, that it appeared almost impossible to proceed with their horses. The farther they advanced the more their difficulties seemed to increase; obstacles of various kinds impeded their progress—fallen trees, their branches tangled and matted together; large rocks and deep ravines; holes in the ground, into which their animals would be precipitated without the possibility of avoiding them; and a hundred other difficulties.

After travelling for six miles through this defile, two of the party, Captain Wyeth and the experienced hunter Richardson, set out to explore the foreground, and look for a pass through the mountains. They returned next morning with the mortifying intelligence that no pass could be found. They had climbed to the very summit of the highest peaks above the snow and the reach of vegetation, and the only prospect they had was a confused mass of huge angular rocks, over which a wild goat could scarcely make his way. The captain also had a narrow escape from being dashed to pieces during the excursion. He was walking on a ridge which sloped from the top at an angle of about forty degrees, and terminated at its lower part in a perpendicular precipice of a thousand or twelve hundred feet. He was moving along in the snow cautiously, near the lower edge, in order to attain a more level spot beyond, when his feet slipped and he fell. Before he could attempt to fix himself firmly, he slid down the declivity till within a few feet of the frightful precipice. At the instant of his fall, he had the presence of mind to plant the rifle which he held in one hand, and his knife which he drew from the scabbard with the other, into the snow, and as he almost tottered on the verge, he succeeded in checking himself, and holding his body perfectly still. He then gradually moved, first the rifle and then the knife, backward up the slanting hill behind him, and fixing them firmly, drew up his body parallel to them. In this way he moved slowly and surely until he had gained his former position, when, without further difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the more level land.

Disappointed in finding a pass through the mountains at this point, the party altered the bearing of their route, and at last they came upon the remains of a recent encampment of Indians. Following the trail of these Indians, they entered a valley similar to that which they had just explored, and terminating in a path over the mountains. Mr Townsend thus describes their toilsome march across these heights. "The commencement of the Alpine path was, however, far better than we had expected, and we entertained the hope that the passage could be made without difficulty or much toil; but the farther we progressed, the more laborious the travelling became. Sometimes we mounted steep banks of intermingled flinty rock and friable slate, where our horses could scarcely obtain a footing, frequently sliding down several feet on the loose broken stones. Again we passed along the extreme verge of tremendous precipices at a giddy height, where at almost every step the stones and earth would roll from under our horses' feet, and we could hear them strike with a dull leaden sound on the craggy rocks below. The whole journey to-day, from the time we arrived at the heights until we had crossed the mountain, has been a most fearful one. For myself, I might have diminished the danger very considerably by adopting the plan pursued by the rest of the company, that of walking and leading my horse over the most dangerous places; but I have been suffering for several days with a lame foot, and am wholly incapable of such exertion. I soon discovered that an attempt to guide my horse over the most rugged and steepest ranges was worse than useless, so I dropped the rein upon the animal's neck, and allowed him to take his own course, closing my eyes and keeping as quiet as possible in the saddle. But I could not forbear starting occasionally when the feet of my horse would slip on a stone and one side of him would slide rapidly towards the edge of the precipice; but I always recovered myself by a desperate effort, and it was fortunate for me that I did so."

The party continued its march for several days through this rugged and inhospitable region, coming into occasional contact with parties of the Snake Indians, and subsisting on the kamas, a kind of root resembling the potato, which is found in the prairie; on cherries, berries, and small fruit, which they found growing on bushes; and also on an occasional chance prize of animal food. "At about daylight on the morning of the 20th," says Mr Townsend, "having charge of the last guard of the night, I observed a beautiful sleek little colt, of about four months old, trot into the camp, winnying with great apparent pleasure, and dancing and curvetting gaily amongst our sober and sedate band. I had no doubt that he had strayed from Indians, who were probably in the neighbourhood; but as here every animal that comes near us is fair game, and as we were hungry, not having eaten anything of consequence since yesterday morning, I thought the little stranger would make a good breakfast for us. Concluding, however, that it would be best to act advisedly in the matter, I put my head into Captain Wyeth's tent, and telling him the news, made the proposition which had occurred to me. The captain's reply was encouraging enough—'Down with him, if you please, Mr Townsend; and let us have him for breakfast.' Accordingly, in five minutes afterwards a bullet sealed the fate of the unfortunate visitor, and my men were set to work, making fires and rummaging out the long-neglected stew-pans, while I engaged myself in flaying the little animal, and cutting up his body in readiness for the pots.

When the camp was aroused about an hour after, the savoury steam of the cookery was rising and saluting the nostrils of our hungry people with its fragrance, who, rubbing their hands with delight, sat themselves down upon the ground, waiting with what patience they might for the unexpected repast which was preparing for them. It was to me almost equal to a good breakfast to witness the pleasure and satisfaction which I had been the means of diffusing through the camp. The repast was ready at length, and we did full justice to it; every man ate until he was filled, and all pronounced it one of the most delicious meals they had ever assisted in demolishing. When our breakfast was concluded, but little of the colt remained; that little was, however, carefully packed up and deposited on one of the horses, to furnish at least a portion of another meal."

In the afternoon of the same day, after a long march, they procured three small salmon from some Indians who were fishing on the Mallade river; and these, cooked along with a grouse, a beaver, and the remains of the pony, made a very savoury mess. "While we were eating, we were visited by a Snake chief, a large and powerful man, of a peculiarly dignified aspect and manner. He was naked, with the exception of a small blanket which covered his shoulders, and descended to the middle of the back, being fastened around the neck with a silver skewer. As it was pudding time with us, our visitor was of course invited to sit down and eat; and he, nothing loath, deposited himself at once upon the ground, and made a remarkably vigorous assault upon the mixed contents of the dish. He had not eaten long, however, before we perceived a sudden and inexplicable change in his countenance, which was instantly followed by a violent ejectment of a huge mouthful of our luxurious fare. The man rose slowly and with great dignity to his feet, and pronouncing the single word *shekum* (horse), in a tone of mingled anger and disgust, stalked rapidly out of the camp, not even wishing us a good evening. It struck me as a singular instance of accuracy and discrimination in the organs of taste. We had been eating of the multifarious compound without being able to recognise by the taste a single ingredient which it contained; a stranger came amongst us, who did not know, when he commenced eating, that the dish was formed of more than one item, and yet in less than five minutes he discovered one of the very least of its component parts."

The neighbourhood of these Snake Indians was not very agreeable to our travellers for many reasons. Mr Townsend paid a visit to their camp, and the description he gives of it does not lead one to conceive a high idea of savage life. "Early in the morning," he says, "I strolled into the Snake camp. It consists of about thirty lodges or wigwams, formed generally of branches of trees tied together in a conic summit, and covered with buffalo, deer, or elk skins. Men and little children were lolling about the ground all around the wigwams, together with a heterogeneous assemblage of dogs, cats, some tamed prairie wolves, and other *varmints*. The dogs growled and snapped when I approached, the wolves cowered and looked cross, and the cats ran away and hid themselves in dark corners. They had not been accustomed to the face of a white man, and all the quadrupeds seemed to regard me as some monstrous production, more to be feared than loved or courted. This dislike, however, did not appear to extend to the bipeds, for many of every age and sex gathered around me, and seemed to be examining me critically in all directions. The men looked complacently at me, the women, the dear creatures, smiled upon me, and the little naked pot-bellied children crawled around my feet, examining the fashion of my hard shoes, and playing with the long fringes of my leathern inexpressibles. But I scarcely know how to commence a description of the camp, or to frame a sentence which will give an adequate idea of the extreme filth and horrific nastiness of the whole vicinity.

Immediately as I entered the village, my olfactories were assailed by the most vile and mephitic odours, which I found to proceed chiefly from great piles of salmon entrails and garbage, which were lying festering and rotting in the sun around the very doors of the habitations. Fish, recent and half-dried, were scattered all over the ground under the feet of the dogs, wolves, and children; and others which had been split, were hanging on rude platforms erected within the precincts of the camp. Some of the women were making their breakfast of the great red salmon eggs as large as peas, and using a wooden spoon to convey them to their mouths. Occasionally, also, by way of varying the repast, they would take a huge pinch of a drying fish which was lying on the ground near them. Many of the children were similarly employed, and the little imps would also have hard contests with the dogs for a favourite morsel, the former roaring and blubbering, the latter yelping and snarling, and both rolling over and over together upon the savoury soil. The whole economy of the lodges, and the inside and outside appearance, was of a piece with everything else about them—filthy beyond description; the very skins which covered the wigwams were black and stiff with rancid salmon fat, and the dresses (if dresses they may be called) of the women were of the same colour and consistence from the same cause. These dresses are little square pieces of deer-skin, fastened with a thong around the loins, and reaching about half way to the knees; the rest of the person is entirely naked. Some of the women had little children clinging like bullfrogs to their backs, without being fastened, and in that situation extracting their lactiferous sustenance from the breast, which was thrown over the shoulders. It is almost needless to say that I did not remain long in the Snake camp; for although I had been a considerable time estranged from the abodes of luxury, and had become somewhat accustomed to at least a partial assimilation to a state of nature, yet I was not prepared for what I saw here. I never had fancied anything so utterly abominable, and was glad to escape to a purer and more wholesome atmosphere."

The party again toiled on, every day's march bringing them sensibly nearer the end of their journey. On the 2d of September they reached the Utalla river, and here Captain Wyeth and two men left them to go on to the Walla Walla fort, a little way distant. Now that our travellers were to enter once more into civilised society, they began to feel a little anxiety about their toilet; and Mr Townsend's description of the preparations they made on the occasion is rather amusing. "As we were approaching so near the abode of those in whose eyes we wished to appear like fellow Christians, we concluded that there would be a propriety in attempting to remove at least one of the heathenish badges which we had worn throughout the journey; so Mr Nuttall's razor was fished out from its hiding-place in the bottom of his trunk, and in a few minutes our encumbered chins lost their long-cherished ornaments; we performed our ablutions in the river, arrayed ourselves in clean linen, trimmed our long hair, and then arranged our toilet before a mirror with great self-complacence and satisfaction. I admired my own appearance considerably (and this is probably an acknowledgment that few would make), but I could not refrain from laughing at the strange party-coloured appearance of my physiognomy, the lower portion being fair like a woman's, and the upper brown and swarthy as an Indian."

ARRIVAL AT THE COLUMBIA.

"About noon of the 3d of September," continues our traveller, "we struck the Walla Walla river, a pretty stream of fifty or sixty yards in width, fringed with tall willows, and containing a number of salmon, which we can see frequently leaping from the water. The pasture here being good, we allowed our horses an hour's rest to feed, and then travelled over the plain until near dark, when, on ascending a sandy hill, the noble Columbia burst upon our view. I could scarcely repress a loud exclamation of delight and pleasure as I gazed upon the magnificent river flowing silently and majestically on, and reflected that I had actually crossed the vast American continent, and now stood upon a stream that poured its waters directly into the Pacific. This then was the great Oregon, the first appearance of which gave Lewis and Clark so many emotions of joy and pleasure, and on this stream our indefatigable countrymen wintered after the toils and privations of a long and protracted journey through the wilderness. My reverie was suddenly interrupted by one of the men exclaiming from his position in advance, 'There is the fort.' We had in truth approached very near without being conscious of it. There stood the fort on the bank of the river; horses and horned cattle were roaming about the vicinity, and on the borders of the little Walla Walla we recognised the white tent of our long lost missionaries. These we soon joined, and were met and received by them like brethren. Mr Nuttall and myself were invited to sup with them upon a dish of stewed hares which they had just prepared, and it is almost needless to say that we did full justice to the good men's cookery. They told us that they had travelled comfortably from Fort Hall without any unusual fatigue, and like ourselves had no particularly stirring adventures. Their route, although somewhat longer, was a much less toilsome and difficult one, and they suffered but little for want of food, being well provided with dried buffalo meat, which had been prepared near Fort Hall."

At Walla Walla, the party broke up into sections, some intending to reach Fort Vancouver in one way, some in another. The missionaries had engaged a large barge to convey them from Walla Walla directly to Vancouver, down the Columbia river, and Mr Townsend and Mr Nuttall were anxious to go along with them; but as the barge could not contain so many, they were obliged to travel on horseback to a point about eighty miles farther down the river, where Captain Wyeth engaged to wait for them and procure canoes to convey them to Vancouver. In the course of their land journey down the banks of the river, they passed a village of the Walla Walla Indians, a tribe so remarkable for their honesty and moral deportment, that their conduct and habits amidst great privations shine in comparison with those of Christian communities. The river in this part is described as about three quarters of a mile wide—a clear, deep, and rapid stream.

Having reached the appointed spot on the 10th of September, the travellers found the captain waiting with three canoes, each provided with an Indian helmsman, and on the 11th they embarked and commenced their voyage down stream. They had hardly set sail, however, when the wind "rose to a heavy gale, and the waves ran to a prodigious height. At one moment our frail bark danced upon the crest of a wave, and at the next fell with a surge into the trough of the sea; and as we looked at the swell before us, it seemed that in an instant we must inevitably be engulfed. At such times the canoe ahead of us was entirely hidden from view, but she was observed to rise again like the seagull, and hurry on into the same danger. The Indian in my canoe soon became completely frightened: he frequently hid his face with his hands, and sang in a low melancholy voice a prayer which we had often heard from his people while at their evening devotions. As our dangers were every moment increasing, the man became at length absolutely childish, and with all our persuasion and threats we could not induce him to lay his paddle into the water. We were all soon compelled to put in shore, which we did without sustaining any damage; the boats were hauled up high and dry, and we concluded to remain in our quarters until to-morrow, or until there was a cessation of the wind. In about an hour it lulled a little, and Captain Wyeth ordered the boats to be again launched, in the hope of being able to weather a point about five miles below before the gale again commenced, where we could lie by until it should be safe to proceed. The calm proved, as some of us had suspected, a treacherous one: in a very few minutes after we got under way, we were contending with the same difficulties as before, and again our cowardly helmsman laid by his paddle and began mumbling his prayer. It was too irritating to be borne. Our canoe had swung round broadside to the surge, and was shipping gallons of water at every dash.

At this time it was absolutely necessary that every man on board should exert himself to the utmost to head up the canoe and make the shore as soon as possible. Our Indian, however, still sat with his eyes covered, the most abject and contemptible looking thing I ever saw. We took him by the shoulders and threatened to throw him overboard if he did not immediately lend his assistance: we might as well have spoken to a stone. He was finally aroused, however, by our presenting a loaded gun at his breast. He dashed the muzzle away, seized his paddle again, and worked with a kind of desperate and wild energy until he sank back in the canoe completely exhausted. In the meantime the boat had become half-full of water, shipping a part of every surf that struck her; and as we gained the shallows, every man sprang overboard, breast deep, and began hauling the canoe to shore. This was even a more difficult task than that of propelling her with the oars; the water still broke over her, and the bottom was a deep kind of quicksand, in which we sank almost to the knees at every step, the surf at the same time dashing against us with such violence as to throw us repeatedly upon our faces. We at length reached the shore, and hauled the canoe up out of reach of the breakers. She was then unloaded as soon as possible, and turned bottom upwards. The goods had suffered considerably by the wetting; they were all unbaled, and dried by a large fire which we built on the shore."

For two or three days they were tossed about on the river, now attempting to make way, now forced to land again, and always drenched to the skin. The missionaries and their party, too, who had set out in the barge from Walla Walla, were in no better plight. On the 14th the three canoes were again loaded, and again made the attempt to proceed; but in a short while one of them was stove, and another greatly damaged, so that they had to be unloaded and drawn out of the water. An effort was now made to procure one or two canoes with a pilot from an Indian village five miles below. This proved a hazardous and fatiguing journey; but was rewarded by getting one canoe and several Indians to assist in the navigation. With this reinforcement, and with the boats mended, the party again attempted the descent of the river. The voyage this time was more fortunate, and next day they all arrived at the fort, which was the end of their journey across the wilderness. The time occupied in this dangerous expedition had been six months and three days. Unharmed by fatigue or accident, with a constitution strengthened by healthful exercise, and a mind buoyant with the novelty of the scenes they had passed through, the travellers felt sincerely thankful to that kind and overruling Providence which had watched over and protected them.

At Fort Vancouver, Mr Townsend left the trading part of the expedition, and procured a passage on board an American vessel, which carried him to the Sandwich Islands, and there he passed the winter months. He afterwards returned to the Columbia and its environs among the Rocky Mountains, to pursue his scientific researches; and his purpose being at length fulfilled, he returned by sea, touching at Valparaiso on the South American coast, and reached home after an absence of three years.

It is gratifying to learn, that the researches of the two naturalists were eminently successful. Besides procuring specimens of many rare animals, Mr Townsend discovered in the course of his expedition about fifty-four new species, sixteen of which were quadrupeds, and twenty-eight birds. Mr Nuttall also made many important additions to botanical science.

THE OREGON TERRITORY.

The large district of country on the Pacific, receiving the name of Oregon, which can only be reached from the eastern settlements, as we have seen, by an incalculable degree of labour, is of uncertain dimensions, but is generally considered to extend from the 42d to the 54th degree of north latitude, and from the Rocky Mountains westward to the Pacific. From the mountains, the country presents a comparatively abrupt slope, consisting of immense belts or terraces, disposed one below the other to the sea, but here and there interrupted by hilly ridges. The higher regions are rocky, wild, and covered with forests of huge pines and other trees; in the lower grounds, the land is open and fertile, furnishing grasses and edible roots in great profusion.

Towards the south, where the country borders on Mexico, the climate is mild, but afflicted with a rainy season, which, commencing in October, does not end till April. The tempests of wind and rain which occasionally occur are terrible. Near the northern limit, the extremes of heat and cold are greater, the winters being intensely severe. The principal animals found in the territory are bears, wild horses, small deer, wolves, and foxes; otters and beavers are plentiful on the banks of the rivers, whose waters abound with the finest salmon and seals. The Indian races are thinly scattered over this extensive region, and are not supposed to number more than 170,000 individuals.

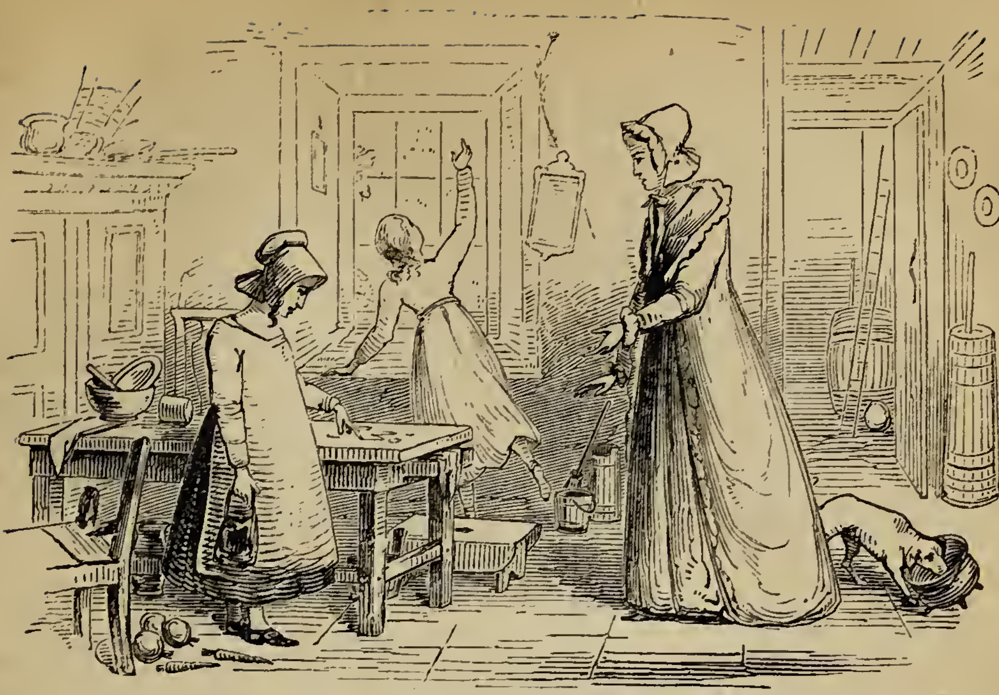
Little, however, is distinctly known of the Oregon. Few have explored it except hunters. The attention of travellers has been chiefly confined to the river Columbia or Oregon, the latter name having been communicated to the country. This river, politically and commercially, is the great point of attraction; for from it is expected a means of descending to the Pacific from the interior. The upper part of the river is formed by two main branches, winding their way amidst the valleys of the Rocky Mountains; and the more southerly of these tributaries is said to reach to within 200 miles of the head waters of the Missouri. Formed by these and many smaller streams, the Oregon flows in a westerly direction to the Pacific, pretty nearly dividing the country into two equal parts. In a direct line, the space over which it runs is 650 miles in breadth; but as it winds considerably, the entire length of the river is probably as much as 1000 miles.

According to the accounts of Townsend, Lewis and Clark, Washington Irving in his "Astoria," and others, the Oregon, though a large river, is exceedingly difficult of navigation, being very various in breadth and force of current, impeded by rocks, islands, cascades, and rapids, and exposed to furious gusts of wind, against which no skill can afford protection. In some places the banks are flat and marshy, covered with trees and bushes which flourish only in swamps, and in others they are high and precipitous, hemming in the waters which dash to and fro at their base. The bar or estuary is infested with breakers, which render the ingress and egress always hazardous; the tide rises about eight and a half feet at the mouth, and ascends the stream about 160 miles. Vessels of 300 tons may reach the Multnomah branch, about sixty miles below the great falls, and sloops of small burden go up nearly to the rapids. Beyond this point all is difficulty and danger, and the smallest craft have to be taken from the stream, and carried over the numerous rocky impediments.

The greatest of the falls is at about 180 miles above the mouth of the river. The first is a perpendicular cascade of twenty feet, after which there is a swift descent for a mile, between islands of hard black rock, to another pitch of eight feet divided by two rocks. About two and a half miles below this the river expands into a wide basin, seemingly dammed up by a perpendicular edge of black rock. A current, however, sets diagonally to the left of this rocky barrier, where there is a chasm forty-five yards in width. Through this the whole body of the waters roars along, swelling, and whirling, and boiling for some distance in the wildest confusion. Through this tremendous channel the first explorers of the river, Lewis and Clark, passed adventurously in their boats; the danger not being from the rocks but from the great surges and whirlpools. At the distance of a mile and a half from the foot of this narrow channel is a rapid formed by two rocky islands; and two miles beyond is a second great fall over a ledge of rocks twenty feet high, extending nearly from shore to shore. The river is again compressed into a channel from fifty to a hundred feet wide, worn through a rough bed of hard black rock, along which it boils and roars with great fury for the distance of three miles. This is called the Long Narrows. Such are a few of the features of the Columbia or Oregon, as mentioned by Irving and other American writers; the impression left on our minds, from all we have read on the subject, being that it is a river in its present condition of little commercial value; and how many millions of pounds sterling would be required to provide its navigation with artificial side-locks and channels, it would be presumptuous for us to say.

The only establishments of the whites are the Hudson Bay Company's posts and settlements, and the missionary stations of the American Board of Foreign Missions, the country generally being still in possession of the native tribes. Fort Vancouver, the company's principal depôt, stands on the north side of the river, 100 miles from its mouth, in the midst of fertile and beautiful prairies. The fort is merely a stockade, inclosing the company's buildings, surrounded by about fifty huts, occupied by the mechanics and labourers, with their Indian wives and slaves, who number in all about 800 persons. The stations of the American mission board are Astoria and Clatsop, both situated near the mouth of the river—the former on the north and the latter on the southern shore. Besides these there are various posts scattered over the interior; latterly the territory has received a number of Anglo-American settlers from the states; and from the enterprising character of that people, it seems not unlikely that in a few years, in spite of every obstacle, it will be extensively settled upon by them.

As is generally known, the United States prefer a claim to the greater part, if not the whole of the Oregon territory, while Great Britain disputes this title, and asserts a claim to at least joint occupancy, a right of navigating the Columbia, and of forming settlements and trading posts in the country. To the British, with their feeble and cumbrous colonial policy, this far distant territory can never be anything but an engine of trouble and expense; or at best, the mere resort of hunters and fur-traders, from whose feats the nation at large can derive little economical advantage. Even did it present an average field for emigration—which is rendered more than dubious by the character both of the soil and climate—still, considering that it is between two and three thousand miles distant from the farthest verge of Western Canada, and of very tedious and dangerous access by sea, it can by no means form an acquisition of peculiar value to a country whose accessible possessions are already so extensive. Viewed in whatever light, it is exceedingly desirable that the conflicting claims of the British and United States governments respecting the Oregon were amicably and speedily adjusted.



MRS MACCLARTY.

SCENES FROM THE "COTTAGERS OF GLENBURNIE."

ON a beautiful morning in summer, Mrs Mason, a lady who had led an active and useful life, but now was desirous of retiring for the sake of her health to a pleasant part of the country, arrived at the village of Glenburnie. Situated near the head of a glen, or romantic valley, the village was small and picturesque, but, like too many villages and hamlets in Scotland, it showed that nothing was done to make it neat, cleanly, or attractive. It consisted of about twenty or thirty thatched cottages, which, but for their chimneys, and the smoke that issued from them, might have passed for so many stables or hogsties, so little had they to distinguish them as the dwellings of man. That one horse, at least, was the inhabitant of every dwelling, there was no room to doubt, as every door could not only boast its dunghill, but had a small cart stuck up on end directly before it; which cart, though often broken, and always dirty, seemed ostentatiously displayed as a proof of wealth.

In the middle of the village stood the kirk, a humble edifice, which meekly raised its head but a few degrees above the neighbouring houses, ornamented, however, by two old ash-trees, which grew at its east end, and spread their protecting arms over its lowly roof. As the houses of the village stood separate from each other, at the distance of many yards, our traveller had time to contemplate the scene, and was particularly struck with the number of children who, as the car advanced, poured forth to look at Mrs Mason and her friends, Mr and Miss Mary Stewart, who accompanied her in their car. Mrs Mason having previously arranged to stay for a short time in the village with the only relation she had in the world, who was married to a farmer named John Macclarty, she now asked for the house of that worthy, and after a severe jolting from the badness of the road, was set down opposite his door.

It must be confessed that the aspect of the dwelling where she was to fix her residence was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial—built of stone and lime—but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter; and on one side of the door they were covered from view by the contents of a large dunghill. On the other, and directly under the window, was a squashy pool, formed by the dirty water thrown from the house, and in it about twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling.

At the threshold of the door, room had been left for a paving-stone, but it had never been laid; and consequently the place became hollow, to the great advantage of the younger ducklings, which always found in it a plentiful supply of water, in which they could swim without danger. Happily Mr Stewart was provided with boots, so that he could take a firm step in it, while he lifted Mrs Mason, and set her down in safety within the threshold. But there an unforeseen danger awaited her; for there the great whey-pot had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made, and was at the present moment filled with chickens, busily picking at the bits of curd which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr Stewart and Mrs Mason unfortunately tumbled. The pot was overturned, and the chickens, cackling with hideous din, flew about in all directions, some over their heads, and others making their way by the inner door into the house.

The accident was attended with no further bad consequences than a little hurt upon the shins; and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen; but though they found the doors of the house open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs Macclarty came in all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age. She welcomed Mrs Mason and her friends with great kindness, and made many apologies for being in no better order to receive them; but said that both her gudeman and herself thought that her cousin would have stayed with Mr Stewart at Gowan-brae till after the fair, as they were too far off at Glenburnie to think of going to it, though it would, to be sure, be only natural for Mrs Mason to like to see all the grand sights that were to be seen there; for, to be sure, she would gang mony places before she saw the like. Mrs Mason smiled, and assured her she would have more pleasure in looking at the fine view from her door than in all the sights at the fair.

"Ay, it's a bonny piece of corn, to be sure," returned Mrs

Macclarty with great simplicity; "but then, what with the trees, and rocks, and wimplings o' the burn, we have nae room to make parks o' ony size."

"But were your trees, and rocks, and wimplings of the burn all removed," said Mr Stewart, "then your prospect would be worth the looking at, Mrs Macclarty; would it not?"

Though Mr Stewart's irony was lost upon the good woman, it produced a laugh among the young folks, which she, however, did not resent, but immediately fell to busying herself in sweeping the hearth, and adding turf to the fire, in order to make the kettle boil for tea.

"I think," said Miss Mary, "you might make your daughters save you that trouble," looking at the two girls, who stood all this time leaning against the wall.

"O poor things," said their mother, "they have not been used to it; they have eneugh of time for wark yet."

"Depend upon it," said Mrs Mason, "young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as yourself."

"Indeed she's of a stately growth," said Mrs Macclarty, pleased with the observation; "and Jenny there is little ahint her; but what are they but bairns yet for a' that? In time, I warrant, they'll do weel eneugh. Meg can milk a cow as weel as I can do, when she likes."

"And does she not always like to do all she can?" said Mrs Mason.

"O, we manna complain," returned the mother; "she does weel eneugh."

The gawky girl now began to rub the wall up and down with her dirty fingers; but happily the wall was of too dusky a hue to be easily stained. And here let us remark the advantage which our cottages in general possess over those of our southern neighbours, theirs being so whitened up that no one can have the comfort of laying a dirty hand upon them without leaving the impression; an inconvenience which reduces people to the necessity of learning to stand upon their legs, without the assistance of their hands; whereas in our country, custom has rendered the hands in standing at a door, or in going up or down a stair, no less necessary than the feet, as may be plainly seen in the finger-marks which meet one's eye in all directions.

While Mrs Macclarty was preparing tea for her guests, Mrs Mason cast her exploring eye on the house and furniture. She soon saw that the place they were in served in the triple capacity of kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. Its furniture was suitably abundant. It consisted, on one side, of a dresser, over which were shelves filled with plates and dishes, which she supposed to be of pewter; but they had been so bedimmed by the quantities of flies that sat upon them, that she could not pronounce with certainty as to the metal they were made of. On the shelf that projected immediately next the dresser was a number of delf and wooden bowls, of different dimensions, with horn spoons, &c. These, though arranged with apparent care, did not entirely conceal from view the dirty nightcaps and other articles that were stuffed in behind.

Opposite the fireplace were two beds, each enclosed in a sort of wooden closet, so firmly built as to exclude the entrance of a breath of air, except in front, where were small folding-doors, which were now open, and exhibited a quantity of yarn hung up in bunches—affording proof of the goodwife's industry. The portable furniture, as chairs, tables, &c. were all, though clumsy, of good materials; so that Mrs Mason thought the place wanted nothing but a little attention to neatness, and some more light, to render it tolerably comfortable.

Miss Mary Stewart took upon herself the trouble of making tea, and began the operation by rinsing all the cups and saucers through warm water; at which Mrs Macclarty was so far from being offended, that the moment she perceived her intention she stepped to a huge Dutch press, and having with some difficulty opened the leaves, took from a store of nice linen, which it presented to their view, a fine damask napkin, of which she begged her to make use.

"You have a noble stock of linen, cousin," said Mrs Mason. "Few farmers' houses in England could produce the like; but I think this is rather too fine for common use."

"For common use!" cried Mrs Macclarty; "na, na, we're no sic fools as put our napery to use! I have a dizen table-claiths in that press thirty years auld, that were never laid upon a table. They are a' o' my mother's spinning. I have nine o' my ain makin' forbye that never saw the sun but at the boukin washin. Ye needna be telling us o' England!"

"It is no doubt a good thing," said Mrs Mason, "to have a stock of goods of any kind, provided one has a prospect of turning them to account; but I confess I think the labour unprofitably employed which, during thirty years, is to produce no advantage; and that linen of an inferior quality would be preferable, as it would certainly be more useful. A towel of nice clean huck-a-back would wipe a cup as well, and better, than a damask napkin."

"Towels!" cried Mrs Macclarty; "na, na, we manna pretend to towels; we just wipe up the things wi' what comes in the gait."

On saying this the good woman, to show how exactly she practised what she spoke, pulled out from between the seed-tub and her husband's dirty shoes (which stood beneath the bench by the fireside) a long blackened rag, and with it rubbed one of the pewter plates, with which she stepped into the closet for a roll of butter. "There," says she, "I'm sure ye'll say that ye never ate better butter in your life. There's no in a' Glenburnie better kye than ours. I hope ye'll eat heartily, and I'm sure ye're heartily welcome."

"Look, sister," cried little William, "see, there are the marks of a thumb and two fingers! do scrape it off, it is so nasty!"

"Dear me," said Mrs Macclarty, "I didna mind that I had been stirring the fire, and my hands were a wee sooty; but it will soon scrape aff; there's a dirty knife will take it aff in a minute."

"Stop, stop," cried Miss Mary, "that knife will only make it worse; pray, let me manage it myself."

She did so manage it that the boys, who were very hungry, contrived to eat it to their oat-cakes with great satisfaction; but though Mrs Mason made the attempt, the disgust with which she began was so augmented by the sight of the numerous hairs which, as the butter was spread, bristled up upon the surface, that she found it impossible to proceed.

Here, thought she, is a home in which peace and plenty seem to reign, and yet these blessings, which I thought invaluable, will not be sufficient to afford me any comfort, from the mere want of attention to the article of cleanliness. But may I not remedy this? She looked at Mrs Macclarty, and in the mild features of a face which, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of slovenly dress and four days' soil (for this was Thursday), was still handsome, she thought she perceived a candour that might be convinced, and a good nature that would not refuse to act upon conviction. Of the countenances of the two girls she could not judge so favourably. The elder appeared morose and sullen, and the younger stupid and insensible. She was confirmed in her opinion by observing that, though their mother had several times desired them to go to the field for their father, neither of them stirred a step.

"Do you not hear your mother speaking to you?" said Mr Stewart in a tone of authority. The eldest coloured, and hung down her head; the younger girl looked in his face with a stupid stare, but neither of them made any answer.

"*Ye'll* gang, I ken, my dear," said Mrs Macclarty, addressing herself to the younger; "oh ay, I ken ye'll gang, like a good bairn, Jean."

Jean looked at her sister; and Mrs Macclarty, ashamed of their disobedience, but still willing to palliate the faults which her own indulgence had created, said, "that indeed they never liked to leave her, poor things! they were so bashful; but that in time they would do weel eneugh."

"They will never do well if they disobey their mother," said Mr Stewart; "you ought to teach your children to obey you, Mrs Macclarty, for their sakes as well as for your own. Take my word for it, that if you don't, they, as well as you, will suffer from the consequences. But come, boys, we shall go to the field ourselves, and see how the farmer's work goes on."

Mrs Macclarty, glad of his proposal, went to the door to point the way. Having received her directions, Mr Stewart, pointing to the pool at the threshold, asked her how she could bear to have such dirty doors. "Why does not your husband fetch a stone from the quarry?" said he. "People who are far from stones and from gravel may have some excuse, but you have the materials within your reach, and by half a day's labour could have your door made clean and comfortable. How, then, can you have gone on so long with it in this condition?" "Indeed I kenna, sir," said Mrs Macclarty; "the gudeman just canna be fashed."

"And cannot you be fashed to go to the end of the house to throw out your dirty water? Don't you see how small a drain would from that carry it down to the river, instead of remaining here to stagnate, and to suffocate you with intolerable stench?"

"Oh, we're just used to it," said Mrs Macclarty, "and we never mind it. We couldna be fashed to gang sae far wi' a' the slaistery."

"But what," returned Mr Stewart, "will Mrs Mason think of all this dirt? She has been used to see things in a very different sort of order; and if you will be advised by her, she will put you upon such a method of doing everything about your house as will soon give it a very different appearance."

"Ay," said Mrs Macclarty, "I aye feared she would be owre nice for us. She has been sae lang amang the English, that she maun hae a hantel o' outlandish notions. But we are owre auld to learn, and we just do weel eneugh."

Mr Stewart shook his head, and followed his sons, who had by this time disengaged the gate from the post, to which it had been attached by an old cord of many knots.

While Mr Stewart had been engaging the farmer's wife in conversation at the door, his daughter had been earnestly exhorting Mrs Mason to return to Gowan-brae, and to give up all thoughts of remaining in a situation in which she could not probably enjoy any degree of comfort; but her arguments made no impression. Mrs Mason adhered inflexibly to her resolution of making a trial of the place; and on Mrs Macclarty's entrance, begged to see the room she was to occupy.

"That you sall," said Mrs Macclarty; "but, indeed, it's no in sic order as I could wish, for it's cram fou o' woo: it was put in there the day of the sheep-shearing, and we have never ta'en the fash to put it by; for, as I said before, we did not expect my cuisin till after the fair." She then opened the door that was placed in the middle, exactly between the two beds, the recesses of which formed the entry of the dark passage, through which they groped their way to the spens, or inner apartment, which was nearly of the same size as the kitchen. Mrs Mason was prepared for seeing the fleeces, which were piled up in the middle of the floor, but was struck with dismay at the fusty smell, which denoted the place to be without any circulation of air. She immediately advanced to the window, with the intention of opening it for relief. But, alas! it was not made to open; and she heard for her comfort that it was the same with all the other windows in the house. The bed, which was opposite to it, was shut up on three sides, like those in the kitchen. At the foot was a dark closet, in which Mrs Mason's trunks were already placed. Between the window and the fireplace was a large chest of drawers, of mahogany; and on the other side the window an eight-day clock in a mahogany case. The backs of the chairs were of the same foreign wood, betokening no saving of expense; yet, upon the whole, all had a squalid and gloomy aspect.

Mrs Macclarty tossed down the bed to show the fineness of the ticking and the abundance of the blankets, which she took care to tell were all of her own spinning. She received the expected tribute of applause for her good housewifery, though Mrs Mason could not help observing to her what a risk she ran of having it all lost for want of air. "See the proof of what I say," said she, "in that quantity of moths! they will soon leave you little to boast of your blankets!"

"Moths!" repeated Mrs Macclarty, "there never was sic a sight o' moths as in this room; we are just eaten up wi' them; and I'm sure I kenna how they can win in, for no ae breath o' wind ever blew here!"

"That is just the thing that induces them to breed in this place," returned Mrs Mason. "Plenty of air would soon rid you of the grievance. Since the window is unfortunately fast, I must beg to have a fire kindled here as soon as your maid comes from the hay-field."

"A fire!" repeated Mrs Macclarty; "I thought you had fund it owre warm."

"It is not to increase the heat that I ask for a fire," returned Mrs Mason, "but to increase the circulation of air. If the doors are left open, the air will come sweeping in to feed the fire, and the room will by that means be ventilated, which it greatly stands in need of. I can at present breathe in it no longer."

By the help of Miss Mary's arm Mrs Mason got out into the open air, and gladly assented to her friend's proposal of taking a view of the garden, which lay at the back of the house. On going to the wicket by which it entered, they found it broken, so that they were obliged to wait until the stake which propped it was removed. Nor was this the only difficulty they had to encounter; the path, which was very narrow, was damp, by sippings from the dirty pool; and on each side of it the ground immediately rose, and the docks and nettles which covered it consequently grew so high, that they had no alternative but to walk sideways or to separate.

"Ye'll see a bonny garden if ye gang on," said Mrs Macclarty; "my son's unco proud o't."

"I wonder your son can let these weeds grow here so rank," said Miss Mary; "I think if he is proud of the garden, he should take some pains to make the entrance to it passable."

"Oh, it does weel eneugh for us," returned the contented mother. "But saw ye ever sic fine suthernwood, or sic a bed of thyme? We have twa rose-bushes down yonder too, but we canna get at them for the nettles. My son gets to them by speeling the wa'; but he would do onything for flowers. His father's often angry at the time he spends on them."

"Your husband, then, has not much taste for the garden, I suppose?" said Mrs Mason; "and indeed so it appears, for here is ground enough to supply a large family with fruit and vegetables all the year round; but I see scarcely anything but cabbages and weeds."

"Na, na, we have some leeks too," said Mrs Macclarty; "and green kail in winter in plenty. We dinna pretend to kickshaws; green kail's gude eneugh for us."

"But," said Miss Mary, "any one may pretend to what they can produce by their own labour. Were your children to dress and weed this garden, there might be a pretty walk; there you might have a plot of green peas, there another of beans; and under your window you might have a nice border of flowers to regale you with their sweet smell. They might do this, too, at very little trouble."

"Ay, but they canna be fashed," said Mrs Macclarty; "and it does just weel eneugh."

Mr Stewart now appeared, and with him the farmer, who saluted Mrs Mason with a hearty welcome, and pressed all the party to go in and taste his whisky, to prevent, as he said, the tea from doing them any harm. As the car was now ready, Mr Stewart begged to be excused from accepting the invitation; and after laying a kind injunction on Mrs Mason to consider no place so much her home as Gowan-brae, he set off with his family on their return homewards.

Mrs Mason, unwilling to give trouble, and anxious not to disgust her new acquaintances by the appearance of fastidiousness, gave no further directions concerning her apartment than were barely necessary towards putting it in a habitable state. This being done, she entered cheerfully into conversation with the farmer, whom she found possessed of much plain good sense, and a greater stock of information than she could have supposed within his reach. She was struck with the force and rationality of his observations on various subjects, and almost sorry when their chat was interrupted by a call to supper, which was now upon the table. It consisted, besides the family dishes of sowens and milk, of a large trencherful of new potatoes, the first of the season, and intended as a treat for the stranger.

The farmer and his three sons sat down on one side, the goodwife and her two daughters on the other, leaving the arm-chair at the head for Mrs Mason, and a stool at the foot for Grizzy, who sat with her back to the table, only turning round occasionally to help herself.

When all were seated, the farmer, taking off a large blue bonnet, which, on account of his bald crown, he seldom parted with through the day, and looking round to see that all were attentive, invited them to join in the act of devotion which preceded every meal, by saying, "Let us ask a blessing."

Mrs Mason, who had been so long accustomed to consider the standing posture as expressive of greater reverence, immediately stood up, but she was the only one that moved; all the rest of the party keeping their seats, while the farmer, with great solemnity, pronounced a short but emphatic prayer. This being finished, Mrs Mason was desired to help herself; and such was the impression made by the pious thankfulness which breathed in the devotional exercise in which she had just engaged, that viands less acceptable to her palate would at that moment have been eaten with relish. The sowens were excellent; the milk was sweet; and the fresh-raised potatoes, bursting from the coats in which they had been boiled, might have feasted a queen. It is indeed ten thousand to one that any queen ever tasted of the first of vegetables in this its highest state of perfection. Mrs Mason was liberal of her praise; and both the farmer and his wife were highly gratified by her expressions of satisfaction.

The meal concluded, as it had begun, with prayer; and Mrs Mason retired to her room under a full conviction that, in the society of people who so sincerely served and worshipped God, all the materials of happiness would be within her reach.

Her bed appeared so inviting from the delicate whiteness of the linen, that she hastened to enjoy in it the sweets of repose; but no sooner had her head reached the pillow than she became sick, and was so overcome by a feeling of suffocation, that she was obliged to sit up for air. Upon examination, she found that the smell which annoyed her proceeded from new feathers put into the pillow before they had been properly dried, and when they were consequently full of the animal oil, which, when it becomes rancid, sends forth an intolerable effluvia. Having removed the annoyance, and made of her clothes a bundle to support her head, she again composed herself to sleep; but, alas! in vain; for the enemy by whom she was now attacked she found to be sworn against sleep. The assault was made by such numbers in all quarters, and carried on with such dexterity by the merciless and agile foe, that, after a few ineffectual attempts at offensive and defensive warfare, she at length resigned herself to absolute despair. The disgusting idea of want of cleanliness which their presence excited, was yet more insufferable than the piercing of their little fangs. But on recollecting how long the room had been filled with the fleeces, she gladly flattered herself that they were only accidental guests, and that she might soon be able to effect their banishment.

As day advanced, the enemy retired; and poor Mrs Mason, fatigued and wearied, at length sunk to rest. Happily, she was undisturbed by the light; for though her window, which was exactly opposite to the bed, was not shaded by a curtain, the veil of dust which it had contracted in the eighteen years it had stood unwiped, was too thick to permit the rays of the sun to penetrate.

As the clock struck eight she hastened out of bed, vexed at having lost so much of the day in sleep; and on perceiving, when about half-dressed, that she had in her room neither water nor hand-basin to wash in, she threw on her dimity bed-gown, and went out to the kitchen to procure a supply of these necessary articles. She there found Meg and Jean; the former standing at the table, from which the porridge dishes seemed to have been just removed; the latter killing flies at the window. Mrs Mason addressed herself to Meg, and, after a courteous good-morrow, asked her where she should find a hand-basin? "I dinna ken," said Meg, drawing her finger through the milk that had been spilled upon the table. "Where is your mother?" asked Mrs Mason. "I dinna ken," returned Meg, continuing to dabble her hands through the remaining fragments of the feast.

"If you are going to clean that table," said Mrs Mason, "you will give yourself more work than you need by daubing it all over with the porridge. Bring your cloth, and I shall show you how I learned to clean our tables when I was a little girl like you."

Meg continued to make lines with her forefinger.

"Come," said Mrs Mason, "shall I teach you?"

"Na," said Meg, "I shall dight nane o't. I'm ga'an to the schule." "But that need not hinder you to wipe up the table before you go," said Mrs Mason. "You might have cleaned it up as bright as a looking-glass in the time that you have spent in spattering it and dirtying your fingers. Would it not be pleasanter for you to make it clean than to leave it dirty?"

"I'll no be at the fash," returned Meg, making off to the door as she spoke. Before she got out she was met by her mother, who, on seeing her, exclaimed, "Are ye no awa yet, bairns! I never saw the like. Sic a fight to get you to the schule! Nae wonner ye learn little when you're at it. Gae awa, like good bairns; for there's nae schulin' the morn, ye ken; it's the fair day."

Meg set off after some further parley; but Jean continued to catch the flies at the window, taking no notice of her mother's exhortations, though again repeated in pretty nearly the same terms.

"Dear me!" said the mother, "what's the matter wi' the bairn! what for winna ye gang when Meg's gane? Rin, and ye'll be after her or she wins to the end o' the loan."

"I'm no ga'an the day," says Jean, turning away her face. "And what for are ye no ga'an, my dear?" says her mother. "Cause I hinna gotten my questions," replied Jean.

"Oh, but ye may gang for a' that," said her mother; "the maister will no be angry. Gang, like a gude bairn."

"Na," said Jean; "but he will be angry, for I didna get them the last time either."

"And what for didna ye get them, my dear?" said Mrs Macclarty in a soothing tone. "Cause 'twas unco kittle, and I couldna be fashed," replied the hopeful girl, catching, as she spoke, another handful of flies. Her mother, finding that intreaties were of no avail, endeavoured to speak in a more peremptory accent, and even laid her commands upon her daughter to depart immediately: but she had too often permitted her commands to be disputed, to be surprised at their being now treated with disrespect. Jean repeated her determined purpose of not going to school that day; and the firmer she became in opposition, the authoritative tone of the mother gradually weakened; till at length, by saying that "if she didna gang to the schule she sudna stand there," she acknowledged herself to be defeated, and the point to be given up.

Mrs Mason, who had stood an unobserved spectator of this scene, was truly shocked at such a contempt of parental authority as she believed must inevitably produce consequences of the most deplorable nature. She came forward, and stopping the little girl as she was slinking out at the door, asked her "if she really meant to disobey her mother by staying from school?" Jean made no answer; but the indulgent mother, unwilling that any one should open her eyes to that to which she resolved to be blind, instantly made her spoilt child's apology, by observing that "the poor thing hadna gotten her questions, and didna like to gang, for fear o' the maister's anger."

"But ought she not to have got her questions, as her master enjoined, instead of idling here all the morning?" said Mrs Mason. "O ay," returned Mrs Macclarty, "she sud hae gotten her questions, nae doubt; but it was unco fashious, and ye see she hasna a turn that gait, poor woman! but in time she'll do weel eneugh."

"Those who wait till evening for sunrise," said Mrs Mason, "will find that they have lost the day. If you permit your daughter, while a child, to disobey her parent and her teacher, she will never learn to obey her God. But perhaps I interfere too far. If I do, you must forgive me; for, with the strong impression which I have upon my mind of the consequences of a right education, I am tempted to forget that my advice may sometimes be unacceptable."

"Hoot," said Mrs Macclarty, who did not perfectly comprehend the speech, "maidens' bairns are aye weel bred, ye ken, cuisin; but I fear ye hinna sleepit weel, that ye have been sae lang o' rising. It's a lang time since the kettle has been boiling for your breakfast."

"I shall be ready for it very soon," said Mrs Mason; "but I came in search of a basin and water, which Grizzy has forgot to put in my room; and until I wash, I can proceed no further in dressing myself."

"Dear me," replied Mrs Macclarty, "I'm sure you're weel eneugh. Your hands hae nae need of washing, I trow. Ye ne'er do a turn to file them."

"You can't surely be in earnest," replied Mrs Mason. "Do you think I could sit down to breakfast with unwashed hands? I never heard of such a thing, and never saw it done in my life."

"I see nae gude o' sic nicety," returned her friend; "but it is easy to gie ye water eneugh, though I'm sure I dinna ken what to put it in, unless ye tak ane o' the parridge plates: or maybe the calf's luggie may do better, for it'll gie you eneugh o' room."

"Your own basin will do better than either," said Mrs Mason: "give me the loan of it for this morning, and I shall return it immediately, as you must doubtless often want it through the day." "Na, na," returned Mrs Macclarty; "I dinna fash wi' sae mony fykes. There's aye water standing in something or other for ane to ca' their hands through when they're blacket. The gudeman indeed is a wee conceity like yoursel', an' he coft a brown basin for his shaving in on Saturdays, but it's in use a' the week haddin' milk, or I'm sure ye'd be welcome to it. I shall see an' get it ready for you the morn."

Poor Mrs Mason, on whose nerves the image presented by this description of the alternate uses of the utensil in question produced a sensible effect, could scarcely command voice to thank her cousin for her civil offer. Being, however, under the necessity of choosing for the present, she without hesitation preferred the calf's bicker to the porridge plate: and indeed considered the calf as being so much the cleanlier animal than his mistress, that she would in every way have preferred him for an associate.

Mrs Mason was not ill pleased to find that she was to breakfast by herself; the rest of the family having long ago finished their morning repast, were now engaged in the several occupations of the day.

The kail-pot was already on the fire to make broth for dinner, and Mrs Macclarty busied in preparing the vegetables which were to be boiled in it, when her guest, on hearing her desire Grizzel to make haste and sit down to her wheel, thought it time to remind her that her bed was still to make, and her room to be put in order, and that Grizzy's assistance would be necessary for both.

It was not easy to persuade the good woman that it would not be time enough in the dusk of the evening; but as Mrs Mason declared it essential to her comfort, Grizzy was ordered to attend her, and to do whatever she desired. By her directions the stout girl fell to work, and hoisted out the bed and bed-clothes, which she carried to the barn-yard, the only place about the house where there was a spot of green grass. The check curtains followed, and in their removal effected the sudden ruin of many a goodly cobweb which had never before met with the smallest molestation. When the lower vallance was removed, it displayed a scene still more extraordinary; a hoard of the remains of all the old shoes that had ever been worn by any member of the family, staves of broken tubs, ends of decayed rope, and a long et cetera of useless articles, so covered with blue mould and dust, that it seemed surprising the very spiders did not quit the colony in disgust.

Mrs Mason sickened at the sight. Perceiving what an unpleasant task she should be obliged to impose on her assistant, she deemed herself in justice bound to recompense her for the trouble; and holding up a half-crown piece, told her that if she performed all she required of her on the present occasion it should be her own. No sooner was Grizzy made certain of the reward, which had till now been promised in indefinite terms, than she began in such good earnest, that Mrs Mason was glad to get out of the room. After three large bucketfuls of dirt and trumpery had been carried out, she came to Mrs Mason for fresh instructions; then proceeded to wash the bed-posts with soap and water; after which the chairs, the tables, the clock-case, the very walls of the room, as well as everything it contained, all underwent a complete cleaning.

The window, in which were nine tolerably large panes of glass, was no sooner rendered transparent, than Grizzy cried out in ecstacy, "that she cou'dna have thought it would have made sic a change. Dear me! how heartsome it looks now to what it used!" said the girl, her spirits rising in proportion to the exertion of her activity.

"And in how short a time has it been cleaned!" said Mrs Mason. "Yet, had it been regularly cleaned once a-week, as it ought to have been, it would have cost far less trouble. By the labour of a minute or two we may keep it constantly bright; and surely few days pass in which so much time may not be spared. Let us now go to the kitchen window, and make it likewise clean." Grizzy with alacrity obeyed. But before the window could be approached, it was found necessary to remove the heap of dusty articles piled up in the window-sill, which served the purpose of family library and repository of what is known by the term *odds and ends*.

Mrs Macclarty, who had sat down to spin, did not at first seem willing to take any notice of what was going forward; but on perceiving her maid beginning to meddle with the things in the window, she could no longer remain a neutral spectator of the scene. Stopping her wheel, she, in a voice indicating the reverse of satisfaction, asked what she was about? Mrs Mason took it upon her to reply. "We are going to make your window bright and clean for you, cousin," said she. "If you step into my room, and take a look of mine, you will see what a difference there is in it; and this, if these broken panes were mended, would look every bit as well." "It does weel eneugh," returned Mrs Macclarty; "it wants nae cleanin'; it does just weel eneugh. What's the gude o' takin' up the lass's time wi' nonsense? she'll break the window too, and the bairns hae broken eneugh o' it already."

"But if these panes were mended, and the window cleaned without and within," said Mrs Mason, "you cannot think how much more cheerful the kitchen would appear."

"And how lang wad it bide clean if it were?" said Mrs Macclarty; "it would be as ill as ever or a month, and wha cou'd be at the fash o' aye cleanin' at it?"

"Even once a-month would keep it tolerable, but once a-week would keep it very nice; your little girls might rub it bright of a morning, without the least trouble in the world. They might learn, too, to whiten the window-sill, and to keep it free from rubbish, by laying the books, and all these articles, in their proper places, instead of letting them remain here covered with dust. You cannot imagine what good it would do your young people did they learn betimes to attend to such matters; for believe me, cousin, habits of neatness, and of activity, and of attention, have a greater effect upon the temper and disposition than most people are aware of."

"If my bairns do as weel as I hae done, they'll do weel eneugh," said Mrs Macclarty, turning her wheel with great speed. Mr Macclarty's voice was just at that moment heard calling on Grizzy to drive the fowls out of the corn-field, which necessarily put a stop to all further proceedings against the window. Mrs Mason therefore returned to her own apartment; and, greatly pleased with the appearance which it now assumed, cheerfully sat down to her accustomed labours of the needle, of which she was such complete mistress, that it gave no interruption to the train of her reflections. On taking a view of her present situation, and comparing it with the past, she carefully suppressed every feeling that could lead to discontent. She saw that the more nearly people approached each other in their habits and opinions, the less would the sacrifice be felt; but while she entertained a hope of being able to do more good in her present situation than she could in any other, she resolved to remain where she was. "Surely," said she to herself, "I must be of some use to the children of these good people. They are ill brought up, but they do not seem deficient in understanding; and if I can once convince them of the advantage they will derive from listening to my advice, I may make a lasting impression on their minds."

While engaged by these reflections as she busily pursued her work, she was startled by a sudden noise, followed by an immediate diminution of light; and on looking up, perceived her window bespattered all over with mud. A tittering laugh betrayed the aggressors, and directed her attention to the side where they stood, and from which she knew they could not retreat without being seen. She therefore continued quietly on the watch, and in a little time saw Jean and her younger brother issue from the spot, and hastily run down the bank that led to the river.

Mrs Mason had been for above twenty years employed in studying the tempers and dispositions of children; but as she had never before seen an instance of what appeared to be unprovoked malignity in the youthful mind, she was greatly shocked at the discovery, and thought it incumbent on her to inform their mother of the incident, and to give her opinion of it in the plainest terms.

Mrs Macclarty, perceiving that Mrs Mason had something extraordinary to communicate, stopped her wheel to listen; and when the window was mentioned, asked, with great anxiety, whether it was broken? "No," said Mrs Mason; "the mud they threw at it was too soft to break the glass; it is not to the injury done the window that I wish to call your attention, but to the dispositions of your children; for what must the dispositions be that lead them to take pleasure in such an act?"

"Hoot," said Mrs Macclarty, "is that it a'?—ane wou'd hae thought the window had been a' to shivers by the way you spoke. If it's but a wee clarted, there's na sae muckle ill done. I tauld ye it was nonsense to be at sae muckle fash about it, for that it wou'dna get leave to bide lang clean."

"But if your children were better taught," said Mrs Mason, "it might get leave to bide clean long enough. If the same activity which they have displayed in dirtying it had been directed into proper channels, your cottage might have been kept in order by their little hands, and your garden and all about your doors made neat and beautiful. Children are naturally active; but unless their activity be early bent to useful purposes, it will only lead them into mischief. Were your children——"

"Hoot," said Mrs Macclarty peevishly, "my bairns are just like other folks'. A' laddies are fou o' mischief. I'm sure there's no a yard i' the town where they can get a flower or apple keepit for them. I wonder what ye would hae said if ye had seen the minister's yetts the day after they were painted slaked and blacket a' owre wi' dirt by the laddies frae the schule?"

"I would have said," returned Mrs Mason, "what I said before, that all that bent to mischief in the children arises from the neglect of the parents in not directing their activity into proper channels. Do you not think that each of these boys would, if properly trained, find as much amusement in works that would tend to ornament the village, or in cultivating a few shrubs and flowers to adorn the walls of their own cottages, as they now appear to find in mischief and destruction? Do you not think that that girl of yours might have been so brought up as to have had more pleasure in cleaning a window of her father's house than in bedaubing it with mud? Allowing the pleasure of being mischievously active, and the pleasure of being usefully active, to be at present equal, do you think that the consequences will not be different? 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' says Solomon, and depend upon it that in the way you train him he will go, whether you desire it or not. If you permit a child to derive all his pleasure from doing ill to others, he will not, when he is grown up, be inclined to do much good. He will even from his youth be conscious of deserving the ill-will of his neighbours, and must of course have no good-will to them. His temper will thus be soured. If he succeed in life, he will be proud and overbearing; if he do not, he will become sulky, and morose, and obdurate."

"Weel," said the farmer, who had been listening to the latter part of the conversation, "it's a' true that ye say; but how is it to be helpit? Do you think corrupt nature can be subdued in ony other way than by the grace of God?"

"If I read my Bible right," returned Mrs Mason, "the grace of God is a gift which, like all the other gifts of divine love, must be sought by the appointed means. It is the duty of a parent to put his children upon the way of thus seeking it, and, as far as it is in his power, to remove the obstacles that would prevent it."

"The minister himsel' could speak nae better," returned the farmer. "But when folks gie their bairns the best education in their power, what mair can they do?"

"In answer to your question," replied Mrs Mason, "I will put one to you. Suppose you had a field which produced only briers and thorns, what method would you take to bring it into heart?"

"I would nae doubt root out the briers and thorns as weel as I could," returned the farmer.

"And after you had opened the soil by ploughing, and enriched it by the proper manure, you would sow good seed in it, and expect, by the blessing of Heaven, to reap in harvest the reward of your labours?" said Mrs Mason.

"To be sure I would," said the farmer.

"And do you imagine," said Mrs Mason, "that the human soul requires less care in culturing it than is necessary to your field? Is it merely by teaching them to say their questions, or even teaching them to read, that the briers and thorns of pride and self-will will be rooted up from your children's minds?"

"We maun trust a' to the grace of God," said the farmer.

"God forbid that we should put trust in aught beside," returned Mrs Mason; "but if we hope for a miraculous interposition of divine grace in favour of ourselves or of our children, without taking the means that God has appointed, our hope does not spring from faith, but from presumption. It is just as if you were neither to plough nor sow your fields, and yet expect that Providence would bless you with an abundant crop."

"But what means ought we to use that we do not use?" said the farmer. "We send our bairns to the schule, and we tak them to the kirk, and we do our best to set them a good example. I kenna what we could do mair."

"You are a good man," said Mrs Mason with complacency; "and happy will it be for your children if they follow your example. But let us drop all allusion to them in particular, and speak only of training up youth to virtue as a general principle. By what you say, you think it sufficient to sow the seed; I contend for the necessity of preparing the soil to receive it; and say that, without such preparation, it will never take root nor vegetate."

"I canna contradict you," returned the farmer; "but I wish you to explain it better. If you mean that we ought to gie our bairns lessons at hame, I can tell you we hae nae time for it, nor are we book-learned eneugh to make fine speeches to them, as the like of you might do; and if we were, I fear it wad do little gude."

"Believe me," replied Mrs Mason, "set lessons and fine harangues make no part of my plan of preparation, which consists of nothing else than a watchful attention to the first appearances of what is in its nature evil, and, whether it comes in the shape of self-will, passion, or perverseness, nipping it in the very bud; while, on the other hand, I would tenderly cherish every kindly affection, and enforce attention to the feelings of others: by which means I would render children kind-hearted, tractable, and obedient. This is what I call the preparation of the soil: now, let us see the consequences. Supposing that, of two children, one has from infancy been accustomed to constant and cheerful obedience, while the other has never been taught to respect any will but his own; which of those two, on being instructed in the divine precept, 'honour thy father and thy mother,' will be most likely to enter into the spirit of the commandment? And what doth the gospel teach? Doth it not urge us to subdue all selfish and vindictive passions, in order that we may cherish the most perfect love to God and man? Now, if we have permitted our children to indulge these passions, how do we prepare them for practising the gospel precepts? Their duty to God and man requires that they should make the best use of every power of mind and body: the activity natural to youth is a power included in this rule; and if we permit them to waste it in effecting mischief, and in destroying or disturbing the happiness of others, can we say that we are not counteracting the express will of our divine Master? How can we flatter ourselves that, with such habits, the divine precepts will make much impression on their minds?"

Before Mrs Mason had finished her speech, her voice was drowned in the noise of a violent quarrel that had taken place between the farmer's two elder sons. Perceiving that the dispute would not be easily settled, she retired to her room, but was overtaken in the passage by Mrs Macclarty, who said in a whisper, "I hope ye'll say naething o' Jenny's playing the truant frae the schule. Her father mauna ken o't, he wad be sae angry." "Alas!" said Mrs Mason, "you know not how much you are your child's enemy; but I shall be silent."

Mrs Mason enjoyed the reward of her exertions, and of Grizzel's labour, in a night of sweet and uninterrupted repose. She was awakened at early dawn by the farmer calling his sons to get up to prepare for the labours of the day; and looking up, beheld the clouds already decked in the colours of the morning, inviting her to the most glorious sight on which the eye of man can look. The invitation was not given in vain. She rose and dressed herself, and taking her staff and crutch, sallied from her room, earnestly wishing to escape observation.

From the length of time that the outer door had been shut, the closeness of the house had become very unpleasant to her lungs. Welcome, therefore, was the reviving breeze of morning; welcome the freshness of the coming day, which now burst upon her senses. It was not, indeed, until she had removed some paces from the house that she fully felt its influence; for while near the door, the smell of the squashy pool, and its neighbour the dunghill, was so powerful, as to subdue the fragrance of earth's fruits and flowers.

Having taken the road towards the river, she, on its first turning, found herself in full view of the waterfall, and was arrested by admiration at the many beauties of the scene. Seating herself upon a projecting rock, she contemplated the effulgent glory of the heavens as they brightened into splendour at the approach of the lord of day; and when her eyes were dazzled by the scene, turned to view the living waters pouring their crystal flood over the craggy precipice, shaded by the spreading boughs of birch and alder.

While indulging in the grateful feelings of her heart, by sending up her tribute of praise to the Almighty Giver of all good, her ears were suddenly assailed by the harsh sound of discord; and on moving a few steps, she discovered that a violent dispute had taken place between the farmer and his eldest son. In the hope of making peace, she advanced towards them; but before she turned the corner she paused, doubting whether it were not better to take no notice of having heard the fray. The voices ceased, and proceeding, she saw the farmer hastily unsaddling a horse, and the son at the same moment issuing from the door, but pulled back by his mother, who held the skirt of his coat, saying, "I tell ye, Sandy, ye mauna gang to anger your father."

"But I sall gang," cried Sandy in a sullen tone; "I winna be hindered. I sall gang, I tell ye, whether my father likes or no."

"Ye may gang, ye doure loon," says the father; "but if ye do, ye sall repent it as lang as ye live."

"Hoot na," returned the mother, "ye'll forgie him; and ye had as weel let him gang, for ye see he winna be hindered!"

"Where is the young man for going to?" asked Mrs Mason.

"Where sud he be for gain' to but to the fair?" returned the mother; "it's only natural. But our gudeman's unco particular, and never lets the lads get ony daffin."

"Daffin!" cried the farmer; "is druckenness daffin? Didna he gang last year, and come hame as drunk as a beast! And ye wad hae him tak the brown mare too, without ever speering my leave! saddled and bridled too, forsooth, like ony gentleman in the land! But ye sall baith repent it: I tell ye ye'se baith repent it."

Mrs Mason endeavoured to dissuade the young man from going to the fair, but in vain; and he was left to pursue his own wilful course.

"Mistress!" hallooed the voice of Grizzel from the house, "I wish ye wad come and speak to Meg. She winna be hindered putting her fingers in the kirn, and licking the cream."

"If I were at you," cried Mrs Macclarty, "I'd gar you——"

She was as good as her word; and in order to show Mrs Mason the good effect of her advice, she ran that moment into the kitchen, and gave her daughter a hearty slap upon the back. The girl went a few steps farther off, and deliberately applied her tongue to the back of her hand, where part of the cream was still visible.

"Go! ye idle whippy!" said her mother, "and let me see how weel ye'll ca' the kirn."

"I winna kirn the day," returned Meg; "I'm gaun to milk the kye. Jean may kirn; she has naething else to do."

"I'm aye set to kirn," says Jean whimpering. "I never saw sic wark. I tell ye I winna kirn mair than Meg. Grizzy can milk the cows hersel'. She doesna want her help."

"But, girls," said Mrs Mason, "when I was a little girl like either of you, I never thought of choosing my work; I considered it my business to follow my mother's directions. Young people ought to obey, and not to dictate."

"Hear ye that?" said Mrs Macclarty. "But Jean will gang to the kirn, I ken, like a good bairn; and she sall get a dad o' butter to her bread."

"But I winna hae't frae the hairing knife," said Jean, "for the last I got stack i' my throat."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs Mason in amazement, "how does your butter come to be so full of hairs? where do they come from?"

"Oh, they are a' frae the cows," returned Mrs Macclarty. "There has been lang a hole in the milk sythe, and I have never been at the fash to get it mended; but as I tak aye care to sythe the milk through my fingers, I wonder how sae mony hairs win in."

"Ye needna wonder at that," observed Grizzel, "for the house canna be soopit but the dirt flees into the kirn."

"But do you not clean the churn before you put in the cream?" asked Mrs Mason, more and more astonished.

"Na, na," returned Mrs Macclarty, "that wadna be canny, ye ken. Naebody hereabouts would clean their kirn for ony consideration. I never heard o' sic a thing i' my life."

Mrs Mason found it difficult to conceal the disgust which this discovery excited; but resolving to be cautious of giving offence by the disclosure of her sentiments, she sat down in silence, to watch the further operations of the morning. While Jean was slowly turning the churn with unwilling hand, her mother was busily employed in making the cheese. Part of the milk destined to that purpose was already put upon the fire in the same iron pot in which the chickens had been feasting, and on which the hardened curd at which they had been picking was still visible towards the rim. The remainder of the milk was turned into a large tub, and to it that upon the fire was added as soon as it was of a proper heat. So far all was done well and cleverly. Mrs Macclarty then took down a bottle of runnet, or yearning, as she called it; and having poured in what she thought a sufficient quantity, tucked up the sleeve of her gown, and dashing in her arm, stirred the infusion with equal care and speed.

"I believe, cousin," said Mrs Mason hesitatingly, "I believe —you forgot to wash your hands."

"Hoot!" returned the goodwife, "my hands do weel eneugh. I canna be fashed to clean them at ilka turn."

"But you go about your work with such activity," rejoined Mrs Mason, "that I should think it would give you little trouble, if you were once accustomed to it: and by all that I have observed, and I have had many opportunities of observation, I believe that, in the management of a dairy, cleanliness is the first, the last, the one art needful."

"Cleanly!" repeated Mrs Macclarty; "nae ane ever said that I wasna cleanly. There's no a mair cleanly person i' the parish. Cleanly indeed! ane wad think ye was speaking to a bairn!"

Mrs Mason offered a few words in explanation, and then retired to her own apartment, to which she saw it would be necessary to confine herself, in order to enjoy any tolerable degree of comfort. She therefore began to consider how it might be rendered more airy and commodious; and after dinner, observing that the farmer's mind still brooded on his son's behaviour, she gladly introduced the subject of her projected alterations, hoping thus to divert his thoughts into another channel. The first thing she proposed was to have hinges for the frame of the window, that it might open and shut at pleasure. To this the farmer said he should have no objection, only that "he kenned it wad soon be broken to pieces blawing wi' the wund."

"Oh, but you mistake me," said Mrs Mason. "I intend that it should be fastened, when open, with an iron hook, as they constantly fasten the cottage windows in England."

"And wha do ye think wad put in the cleek?" returned he. "Is there ane, think ye, about this house that wad be at sic a fash?"

"Why, what trouble is there in it?" said Mrs Mason. "It is only teaching your children to pay a little attention to such things, and they will soon come to find no trouble in them. They cannot too soon learn to be neat and regular in their ways."

"Ilka place has just its ain gait," said the goodwife, "and ye neednа think that we'll ever learn yours. And indeed, to be plain wi' you, cuisin, I think you have owre mony fykes. There, didna ye keep Grizzy for mair than twa hours yesterday morning soopin' and dustin' your room in every corner, and cleaning out the twa bits o' buird, that are for naething but to set your feet on after a'?"

"But did you know how dirty they were?" said Mrs Mason.

"Hoot! the chickens just got their meat on them for twa or three weeks, puir wee beasties! The buirds were a wee thought clarted wi' parritch, but it was weel dried on, and ye wadna been a bit the waur."

"But are the boards the worse for being scoured?" asked Mrs Mason; "or would they have been the worse if they had been scoured when you took them from the chickens, or while they were feeding on them?"

"Oh, to be sure it wad hae been an easy matter to hae scour't them then, if we had thought of being at the fash," returned Mrs Macclarty.

"In my opinion," rejoined Mrs Mason, "this *fear of being fashed* is the great bar to all improvement. I have seen this morning that you are not afraid of work, for you have exerted yourself with a degree of activity that no one could excel; yet you dread the small additional trouble that would make your house cheerful, clean, and comfortable. You dread the trouble of attention more than the labour of your hands; and thus, if I mistake not, you often bring upon yourself trouble which timely attention would have spared. Would it not be well to have your children taught such habits of attention and regularity as would make you more easy, and them more useful, both to themselves and you?"

"As for my bairns," returned Mrs Macclarty, "if they pleasure me, they do weel eneugh."

"There's a great spice o' good sense in what Mrs Mason has said though," said the farmer; "but it's no easy for folk like us to be put out o' their ain gait."

In truth, Mrs Macclarty was one of those seemingly good-natured people who are never to be put out of their own way, for she was obstinate to a degree; and so perfectly self-satisfied, that she could not bear to think it possible that she might in anything do better than she did. Thus, though she would not argue in favour of sloth or dirt in general, she nevertheless continued to be slothful and dirty, because she vindicated herself in every particular instance of either; and though she did not wish that her children should be idle, obstreperous, disobedient, and self-willed, she effectually formed them to those habits, and then took credit to herself for being one of the best of mothers!

Mrs Mason had discernment enough to see how much pride there was in that pretended contentment which constantly repelled every idea of improvement. She saw that though Mrs Macclarty took no pains to teach her children what was truly useful, she encouraged, with respect to them, an undefined sentiment of ambition, which persuaded her that her children were born to rise to something great, and that they would in time overtop their neighbours. Mrs Mason saw the unhappy effects which this would infallibly produce upon minds brought up in ignorance. She therefore resolved to do all in her power to obviate the consequences; and from the opinion she had formed of the farmer's sense and principles, had no doubt of his co-operating with her in the work of reformation.

While musing on this subject as she sat by her window in the twilight, she saw the two younger lads run hastily past, and soon heard from their mother such an exclamation of sorrow, as convinced her they had been the messengers of bad news. She therefore speedily proceeded *butt*, and there she found the poor woman wringing her hands, and lamenting herself bitterly. The farmer entered at the same moment, and on seeing him she redoubled her lamentations, still calling out, "Oh, Sandy! Sandy! oh that I should hae lived to see this day! Oh, Sandy! Sandy!"

The intelligence was shortly made known that Sandy had enlisted as a soldier at the fair; which produced a general feeling of distress in the household, and a forgetfulness of ordinary duties. Evening was now far advanced. The cows, which the boys should have brought home to have milked, were still lowing in the West Croft; and when Mrs Macclarty desired Robert to go for them, she obtained no other answer than that "Grizzy might gang as weel as him." Grizzy was busy in washing up the dishes wanted for supper, and which had remained unwashed from breakfast-time till now: they had been left to the care of Meg, who had neglected them, and by this neglect made the task more difficult to Grizzy, who was therefore in very bad humour, and began loudly to complain of Meg and Rob, who in their turns raised their voices in defence and mutual accusation. The din of the squabble became insufferable. Mrs Mason retired from it with horror, and shut herself up in her room, where she meditated with deep regret on the folly of those who, having been placed by Almighty God in situations most favourable to the enjoyment of peace and the exercise of virtue, are insensible to the blessings, and, by permitting their passions to reign without control, destroy at once both peace and virtue.

The distress felt by honest John Macclarty for the loss of his son induced him to attempt his recovery, and he accordingly set out for the town in which he had enlisted. This was an unfortunate journey. The farmer was knocked down and robbed, and was brought home in a state of great pain and danger. A fever ensued, which, not being checked in time by proper medical attendance, gained head, and could not afterwards be subdued. He died amid his mourning though ill-instructed family, but not before his wife and second son were taken ill.

After the solemnities of the funeral, Mrs Mason was called to witness the reading of the farmer's will. He had performed the duty of an honest man in making it while he was in perfect health; wisely thinking that, if he deferred it till the hour of sickness, he might then neither have the ability nor inclination to give his mind to worldly cares.

To his wife he bequeathed a free cottage in the village, and an annuity which he considered equal to her wants. To each of his younger children he left the sum of forty pounds, and to his eldest son the farm, burdened with the above provision for the rest of the family. In case the elder son should choose to go abroad, or enter into business, the farm was to go to the second, and the elder to have only a younger child's portion. By a clause in the will, the widow was to retain possession of the farm till the Candlemas after her husband's death; so much more consideration had this humble cottager for the feelings of a wife, than is often shown in the settlements of the rich and great!

The minister, who read the will, addressed himself, in finishing it, to the friends and neighbours who were present, and proposed that they should alternately lend their assistance in managing the business of the harvest for the widow and her family. The proposal was readily agreed to by the men; while Mrs Mason, on her part, cheerfully undertook the superintendence of the household work and dairy, until her cousin should be so far recovered as to be able to resume her task.

As soon as all the strangers were dismissed, Mrs Mason informed her cousin of the arrangements that had been made, with which she appeared perfectly satisfied. Depressed by grief and sickness, she still considered her recovery as hopeless, and submitted to her fate with that species of quiescence which is often a substitute for the true spirit of resignation.

Every moment of Mrs Mason's time was now fully occupied; and the business of the family had never been so well conducted as since its mistress had been incapacitated from attending to it. By the effects of forethought, order, and regularity, the labour was so much diminished to the servant, that she willingly resigned herself to Mrs Mason's directions, and entered into all her plans. The girls, though at first refractory, and often inclined to rebel, were gradually brought to order; and finding that they had no one to make excuses for their disobedience, quietly performed their allotted tasks. They began to taste the pleasure of praise, and, encouraged by approbation, endeavoured to deserve it; so that, though their tempers had been too far spoiled to be brought at once into subjection, Mrs Mason hoped that, by steadiness, she should succeed in reforming them.

Mrs Macclarty, who was not so changed by sickness, or so absorbed in grief, as to be indifferent to the world and its concerns, fretted at the length of her confinement, which was rendered doubly grievous to her from the hints she occasionally received of the new methods of management introduced by Mrs Mason, which she could on no account believe equal to her own. Her friend and benefactress became the object of her jealousy and aversion. The neighbours, with whom she had cultivated the greatest intimacy, encouraged this dislike; and on all their visits of condolence, expressed in feeling terms their sense of the sad change that had taken place in the appearance of the house, which, they said, was "now sae *unco,* they wad scarcely ken it for the same place."

"Ay!" exclaimed the wife of auld John Smith, who happened to visit the widow the first evening she was able to sit up to tea —"ay, alake! it's weel seen that whar there's new lairds there's new laws. But how can your woman and your bairns put up wi' a' this fashery?"

"I kenna, truly," replied the widow; "but Mrs Mason has just sic a way wi' them, she gars them do onything she likes.

Ye may think it's an eery thing to me to see my poor bairns submitting that way to pleasure a stranger in a' her nonsense."

"An eery thing indeed!" said Mrs Smith: "gif ye had but seen how she gard your dochter Meg clean out the kirn! outside and inside! ye wad hae been wae for the poor lassie. 'I trow,' said I, 'Meg, it wad hae been lang before your mither had set you to sic a turn.' 'Ay,' says she, 'we hae new gaits now;' and she lookit up and leugh."

"New gaits, I trow!" cried Sandy Johnston's mother, who had just taken her place at the tea-table; "I ne'er kenned gude come o' new gaits a' my days. There was Tibby Bell, at the head o' the Glen, she fell to cleaning her kirn ae day, and the very first kirning after her butter was burstet, and gude for naething. I'm sure it gangs to my heart to see your wark sae managed. It was but the day before yesterday that I cam upon Madam as she was haddin' the strainer, as she called it, to Grizzy, desiring her a' the time she poured the milk to beware of letting in ane o' the cow's hairs that were on her goon. 'Hoot!' says I, 'cow's hairs are canny; they'll never choke ye.' 'The fewer of them that are in the butter the better,' says she. 'Twa or three hairs are better than the blink o' an ill ee,' says I. 'The best charm against witchcraft is cleanliness,' says she. 'I doubt it muckle,' says I; 'auld ways are aye the best!'"

"Weel done!" cried Mrs Smith; "I trow ye gae her a screed o' your mind! But here comes Grizzy frae the market; let us hear what she says to it."

Grizzel advanced to her mistress, and with alacrity poured into her lap the money she had got for her cheese and butter; proudly at the same time observing that it was more by some shillings than they had ever got for the produce of one week before that lucky day.

"What say you?" cried the wife of auld John Smith; "are the markets sae muckle risen? That's gude news indeed."

"I didna say that the markets were risen," returned the maid; "but we never got sae muckle for our butter nor our cheese, by a penny i' the pund weight, as I got the day. A' the best folks in the town were striving for it. I could hae sold twice as muckle at the same price."

"Ye had need to be weel paid for it," said Sandy Johnston's mother, "for I fear ye had but sma' quantity to sell."

"We never had sae muckle in ae week before," said Grizzy; "for you see," continued she, "the milk used aye to sour before it had stood half its time; but noo the milk dishes are a' sae clean, that it keeps sweet to the last."

"And dinna ye think muckle o' the fash?" said Mrs Smith.

"I thought muckle o't at first," returned Grizzy; "but when I got into the way o't, I fand it nae trouble at a'."

"But how do ye find time to get through sae muckle wark?" said the widow Johnston.

"I never," answered Grizzy, "got through my wark sae easy in my life; for ye see Mrs Mason has just a set time for ilka turn; so that folk are never rinnin' in ane anither's gait; and everything is set by clean, ye see, so that it's just ready for use."

"She maun hae an unco airt," said Mrs Macclarty, "to gar ye do sae muckle, and think sae little o't. I'm sure ye ken how you used to grumble at being put to do far less. But I didna bribe ye wi' half-croon pieces as she does."

"It's no the half-croon she gae me that gars me speak," cried Grizzy; "but I sall always say that she is a most discreet and civil person, ay, and ane that taks a pleasure in doing gude. I am sure, mistress, she has done mair gude to you than ye can e'er repay, gif ye were to live this hunder year."

"I sall ne'er say that she hasna been very kind," returned Mrs Macclarty; "but, thank the Lord, a' body has shown kindness as weel as her. It's no lessenin' o' her to say that we hae other freends forby."

"Freends!" repeated Grizzy; "what hae a' your freends done for you in comparison wi' what she has done, and is e'now doing for you? Ay, just e'now, while I am speaking. But I forget that she charged me no to tell."

Grizzy, however, was led to explain that Sandy having deserted, was doomed to be shot, and that Mrs Mason, who was acquainted with his commanding officer, had gone to procure, if possible, a remission of his sentence.

The suspense in which poor Mrs Macclarty was now involved with respect to her son's destiny appeared more insupportable than the most dreadful certainty. The stream of consolation that was poured upon her by her loquacious friends only seemed to add to her distress. She made no answer to their observations, but, with her eyes eagerly bent towards the door, she fearfully listened to the sound of every passing footstep. At length the approach of horses was distinctly heard. Her maid hastily ran to the door for intelligence; and the old women, whose curiosity was no less eager, as hastily followed. The poor mother's heart grew faint. Her head drooped upon her hands, and a sort of stupor came over her senses. She sat motionless and silent; nor did the entrance of the minister and Mrs Mason seem to be observed. Mrs Mason, who at a glance perceived that the sickness was the sickness of the mind, kindly took her hand, and bade her be of good cheer, for that, if she would recover, all her family would do well.

"Is he to live?" said Mrs Macclarty in a low and hollow voice, fixing her eyes on Mrs Mason's, as if expecting to read in them the doom of her son.

"Give thanks to God," returned the minister, who had accompanied Mrs Mason; "your son lives; God and his judges have dealt mercifully with him and you."

On hearing these blessed words, the poor agitated mother grasped Mrs Mason's hands, and burst into a flood of tears. The spectators were little less affected: a considerable time elapsed before the silence that ensued was broken. At length, in faltering accents, the widow asked whether she might hope to see her son again? It was explained to her that this was impossible, and that the farm must be conducted by Robert, her second son.

This arrangement was no improvement, as it soon appeared, on a former state of affairs. The young farmer, unrestrained by his mother, behaved so rudely to Mrs Mason, that she resolved to seek a lodging elsewhere. Disappointed in finding a home in the house of her kinswoman, she now applied to William Morison and his wife, who lived in the village, to be taken as a lodger. They were poor, and therefore the small sum she could afford to pay might to them be particularly useful. They were humble, and therefore would not refuse to be instructed in matters which they had never before had any opportunity to learn. She might, then, do good to them and to their children; and where she could do most good, there did Mrs Mason think it would be most for her happiness to go.

No sooner did she give a hint of her intention to Morison and his wife, than she perceived, from their brightened looks, that she had judged truly in imagining that her offer would be received with joy. These poor people had been sorely visited by affliction; but their good principles and good sense had taught them to make a proper use of the visitation, in checking the spirit of pride and presumption. Their resignation to the will of God was cheerful and unfeigned, and therefore led to redoubled efforts of industry; but their exertions had not as yet effectually relieved them from the extreme poverty to which they had been reduced. After gratefully acknowledging their sense of Mrs Mason's kindness in giving their house a preference, and declaring how much they deemed themselves honoured by having her beneath their roof, they looked at each other and paused, as if struck by the sudden recollection of some invincible obstacle. Mrs Mason perceived their embarrassment, and asked the cause.

There was a deficiency of furniture; but Mrs Mason obviated every difficulty by saying that she meant to furnish her own apartment; and after a little further conversation, in which everything was arranged to mutual satisfaction, she set out on her return to the farm, animated by the delightful hope of having it in her power to dispense a degree of happiness to her fellow-creatures.

After a visit of a few months to her friends at Gowan-brae, Mrs Mason returned to Glenburnie. When she arrived at Morison's cottage, she was received with a cordial welcome, to the comforts of "a blazing ingle and a clean hearth-stane." On examining her own apartment, she was delighted to find that everything was arranged to her wish, and far beyond her expectations; nor could she persuade herself that her room had not undergone some very material and expensive alteration. This striking improvement was, however, merely the result of a little labour and attention; but so great was the effect thus produced, that though the furniture was not nearly so costly as the furniture of her room at Mrs Macclarty's, it appeared in all respects superior.

Mrs Morison was highly gratified by the approbation bestowed upon her labours; and, pointing to her two little girls, told Mrs Mason how much they had done to forward the work, and that they were proud to find her pleased with it. Mrs Mason thanked them, and presented each with a ribbon, as an encouragement for good behaviour, assuring them at the same time that they would through life find happiness the reward of usefulness. "Alas!" said Mrs Morison, "they must be obliged to work: puir things, they have naething else to depend upon."

"And on what can they depend so well as on their own exertions?" replied Mrs Mason: "let them learn to excel in what they do, and look to the blessing of God upon their labours, and they may then pity the idle and the useless."

"If you could but get my poor gudeman to think in that way," said Peggy, "your coming to us would indeed be a blessing to our family."

"Fear not," said Mrs Mason; "as his health amends, his spirits will return, and in the good providence of God he will find some useful opening for his industry. Who ever saw the righteous man forsaken, or the righteous man's children either, so long as they walked in their father's steps? But now I must give some directions to my two little handmaids, whose attendance I shall take week about. I see they are willing, and they will soon be able to do all that I require."

"I'll answer for their being willing," cried their mother, looking fondly at the girls; "but ye winna tak it ill if they shouldna just fa' at ance into your ways."

"If they are willing," said Mrs Mason, "they will soon learn to do everything in the best way possible. All I want of them is to save themselves trouble, by getting into the habit of minding what they have to do. Any one who is willing may soon become a useful servant by attending to three simple rules." "To three rules?" cried Peggy, interrupting her; "that's odd, indeed. But my gudeman maun hear this. Come, William, and hear Mrs Mason tell our lassies a' the duties of a servant."

"I fear the kail will be cauld before she gets through them all," said William, smiling; "but I am ready to listen to her though it should."

"Your patience won't be long tried," said Mrs Mason; "for I have already told your girls, that in order to make good servants, they have only to attend to three simple rules."

"Well, what are they?" said the husband and wife, speaking both at once.

"They are," returned Mrs Mason, "TO DO EVERYTHING IN ITS PROPER TIME; TO KEEP EVERYTHING TO ITS PROPER USE; AND TO PUT EVERYTHING IN ITS PROPER PLACE."

"Well said!" cried William; "and as I live, these same rules would mak a weel-ordered house. My lassies shall get them by heart, and repeat them ilka morning after they say their prayers."

William kept his word; and Mrs Mason, finding that she would be supported by the parents, did not despair of being truly useful to the children, by conveying to them the fruits of her experience. Mrs Morison was a neat orderly person, and liked to see her house and children what she called *weel redd up;* but her notions of what was necessary to comfort fell far short of Mrs Mason's; neither had she been accustomed to that thorough-going cleanliness which is rather the fruit of habitual attention than of periodical labour, and which, like the pure religion that permits not the accumulation of unrepented sins upon the conscience, makes holiday of every day in the week. Mrs Morison was a stranger to the pride which scorns instruction. She did not refuse to adopt methods that were better than her own, merely because they were new; nor, though she loved her children as fondly and as dearly as any mother in the world, did she ever defend their faults. But as her children were early inspired with a desire to please, they did not often stand in need of correction, and stood more in awe of their father's frown than those who have been nurtured in self-will stand in awe of the most severe beating.

Mrs Mason had not been many weeks a resident in the family, till the peculiar neatness of William's cottage attracted the notice of the neighbours. The proud sneered at what they called the pride of the Morisons; the idle wondered how folk could find time for sic useless wark; and the lazy, while they acknowledged that they would like to live in the same comfort, drew in their chairs to the fire, and said they *couldna be fashed.*

By the interest of Mrs Mason, William Morison was appointed schoolmaster in the village, a situation for which he was well fitted, and Mrs Mason took upon herself the duty of schoolmistress to the girls. The benefit of the improved instruction now given to the children was soon perceptible, and praised by everybody but poor Mrs Macclarty. When she observed the thriving appearance of the Morisons, and how fast they were rising into notice and respect, her heart was torn between envy and regret. Far was she, however, from imputing to herself any blame; she, on the contrary, believed all the blame to rest with Mrs Mason, who was so unnatural as to leave her own relations, "and to tak up wi' strangers, who were neither kith nor kin to her;" nor did she omit any opportunity of railing at the pride of the schoolmaster's wife and daughters, who, she said, "were now sae saucy, as to pretend that they couldna sit down in comfort in a hoose that wasna clean soopit." She for a time found many among the neighbours who readily acquiesced in her opinions, and joined in her expression of contempt; but by degrees the strength of her party visibly declined. Those who had their children at school were so sensible of the rapid improvement that had been made in their tempers and manners, as well as in their learning, that they could not help feeling some gratitude to their instructors; and Mrs Mason, having instructed the girls in needlework, without any additional charge, added considerably to their sense of obligation. Even the old women, who, during the first summer, had most bitterly exclaimed against the pride of innovation, were by mid-winter inclined to alter their tone. How far the flannel waistcoats and petticoats distributed among them contributed to this change of sentiment, cannot be positively ascertained; but certain it is, that as the people were coming from church the first fine day of the following spring, all stopped a few moments before the school-house, to inhale the fragrance of the sweetbrier, and to admire the beauty of the crocuses, primroses, and violets which embroidered the borders of the grass-plot. Mrs Macclarty, who, in great disdain, asked auld John Smith's wife "what a' the folks were glowering at," received for answer that they were "looking at the bonniest sight in the town," pointing at the same time to the spot.

"Eh!" returned Mrs Macclarty, "I wonder what the warld will come to at last, since naething can serve the pride o' William Morison but to hae a flower garden whar gude Mr Brown's midden-stead stood sappy for mony a day! He's a better man than will ever stand on William Morison's shanks."

"The flowers are a hantel bonnier than the midden though, and smell a hantel sweeter too, I trow," returned Mrs Smith.

This striking indication of a change of sentiment in the most sturdy stickler for the *gude auld gaits*, foreboded the improvements that were speedily to take place in the village of Glenburnie. These had their origin in the spirit of emulation excited among the elder schoolboys for the external appearance of their respective homes. The girls exerted themselves with no less activity to effect a reformation within doors; and so successful were they in their respective operations, that by the time the Earl of Longlands came to take possession of Hill Castle, when he, accompanied by his two sisters, came to visit Mrs Mason at Glenburnie, the village presented such a picture of neatness and comfort, as excelled all that in the course of their travels they had seen. The carts which used formerly to be stuck up on end before every door, were now placed in wattled sheds attached to the gable-end of the dwelling, and which were rendered ornamental from their coverings of honeysuckle or ivy. The bright and clear glass of the windows was seen to advantage peeping through the foliage of the rose trees and other flowering shrubs that were trimly nailed against the walls. The gardens on the other side were kept with equal care. There the pot-herb flourished. There the goodly rows of bee-hives evinced the effects of the additional nourishment afforded their inhabitants, and showed that the flowers were of other use besides regaling the sight or smell.

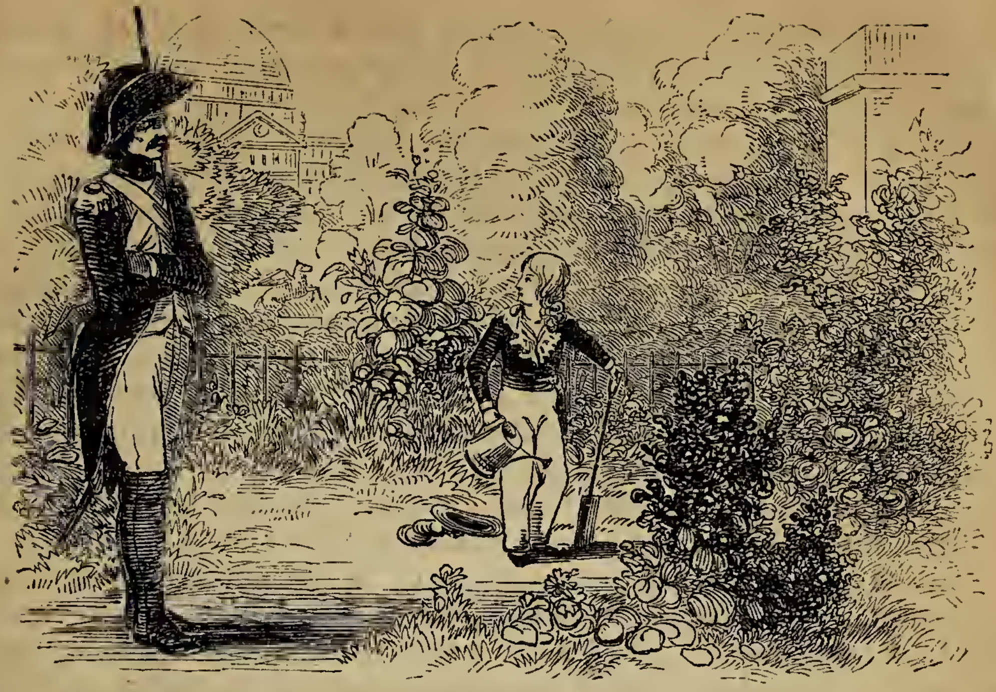
Mrs Mason, at the request of her visitors, conducted them into several of the cottages, where, merely from the attention paid to neatness, all had the air of cheerfulness and contentment. She was no less pleased than were the cottagers at the expressions of approbation which were liberally bestowed by her admiring friends, who particularly noticed the dress of the young women, which, equally removed from the slovenliness in which so many indulge on working days, as from the absurd and preposterous attempt at fashion which is on Sundays so generally assumed, was remarkable for neatness and simplicity.

Mrs Mason continued for some years to give her assistance to Morison in conducting the school, which was now increased by scholars from all parts of the country; and was amply repaid for her kindness by the undeviating gratitude of the worthy couple and their children, from whom she experienced a constant increase of friendship and affection.

The happy effects of their joint efforts in improving the hearts and dispositions of the youth of both sexes, and in confirming them in habits of industry and virtue, were so fully displayed, as to afford the greatest satisfaction to their instructors. To have been educated at the school of Glenburnie was considered as an ample recommendation to a servant, and implied a security for truth, diligence, and honesty. And fortunate was the lad pronounced whose bride could boast of the tokens of Mrs Mason's favour and approbation; for never did these fail to be followed by a conduct that insured happiness and prosperity.

The events that took place among the Macclarty family may now be briefly noticed. The first of these was Rob Macclarty's taking to wife the daughter of a smuggler, a man of notoriously bad character, who, it was said, tricked him into a marriage. Mrs Macclarty's opposition was violent, but abortive, and ended in an irreconcilable quarrel between her and her son. On being turned out of his house, she went to reside in a country town in the neighbourhood with her daughters, who were employed by a manufacturer in flowering muslin. Their gains were considerable; but as all they earned was laid out in finery, it only added to their vanity and pride. Meg's bad conduct finally obliged her to leave the place, and Jean, as I learn from an account sent to me, married a cousin, who kept an inn of the true Macclarty order on the —— road.

On entering this place of entertainment, everything appears dirty and comfortless. A passage sprinkled with sand leads you into apartments where you observe the tables to be covered with marks of liquor; and the chairs you will probably find it advisable to dust before sitting down: this will be done by the sturdy servant girl who, bare-legged, and with untied nightcap and scanty bedgown, will, soon after your arrival, hurry into the room with a shovelful of coals as a kindling for your fire. The attendance is as bad as it possibly can be. The waiters are of both sexes, and all are equally ingenious in delay. It is a rule of the house that your bell shall never be answered twice by the same person. If you dine at Mr Macclarty's, I shall not anticipate the pleasure of your meal, farther than to assure you, that you may depend on having here the largest and fattest mutton, and that though it should not be absolutely roasted to a cinder, the vegetables will not be more than half-boiled. In order to obtain a complete notion of this curiously-managed inn, you must not only dine, but sleep and breakfast there. The beds, from their dampness, are admirably calculated to give rheumatisms; and as for breakfast, you must not expect it to be on the table in less than an hour from the time of your ordering it, even although every one of the waiters should promise it in five minutes. At length one bustles in with the tea equipage, and toast swimming in butter. After a lapse of time, another appears with the tea-kettle, which he leaves on the hearth till he goes in search of the tea; and so on. Everything is served in detachments, and in a manner calculated to try the temper of travellers. Damp beds, bad cookery, wretched attendance, and slovenliness in everything, are rapidly causing a general desertion of the establishment, and impending ruin threatens this last branch of the old and respectable stock of the Macclartys. A rival house has been set up by a late scholar of Mrs Mason, and as it is conducted with care for the comfort of travellers, and with the most scrupulous regard for cleanliness, it is attracting all the trade to itself—furnishing another example of the advantages of activity and prudence over that slothfulness which leaves everything to be done to-morrow, and excuses itself by that perverse and self-indulgent phrase of Mrs Macclarty—*I canna be fashed.*



THE LITTLE CAPTIVE KING.

I.

LOUIS AND THE COMPASS.

ONE morning in the month of August 1789, a man and a child were walking through the extensive and beautiful park of Rambouillet—a royal residence, thirty-six miles south-west of Paris. The man, though of a somewhat bulky frame, was yet in the prime of life, and had a mild and distinguished countenance. His simple style of dress did not indicate the precise rank which he held in society, yet his aquiline nose, his majesty of air, as well as the broad blue ribbon visible between his white waistcoat and lace frill, marked him as one of the royal family. As for the child, he was remarkable for almost angelic beauty and his clustering curls of fair hair which hung over his open neck and shoulders. About four years and five months old, but, like all precocious children, taller than usual at that age, he bore in his features an air of bright intelligence, shaded, however, as some would think, with a stamp of melancholy unsuitable to his years. Gay and lively in the extreme, his animal spirits were at one moment in wild exuberance; in the next his mood changed to deep depression. His bright blue eyes had the irresistible charm of having their brilliance softened by a pensiveness of expression, calculated to interest all who looked on his fair countenance.

The man was Louis XVI., King of France, the child was his son, Louis-Charles, the dauphin.

"Louis," said the king, "to-morrow is the queen's birthday, and you must think of something new for her bouquet, and compose some little compliment."

"Papa," replied the young prince quickly, "I have a beautiful everlasting in my garden, and it will just do for my bouquet and my compliment too. When presenting it to mamma, I can say, 'Mamma, I wish that you may be like this flower.'"

"Very good, indeed, my child," said the king, pressing his little hand which he held in his. "How much I wish that your conduct was always as satisfactory as your little sallies are pleasing and full of heart! I grieve to have heard that while studying your lesson with your tutor yesterday, you began to hiss. Was this as it ought to be, Louis?"

"What would you have me do, papa?" replied Louis with an arch smile; "I said my lesson so badly, that I hissed myself."

"What was the abbé explaining to you?" said the king.

"It was the use of the compass, and I own to you, papa, that I am just now greatly puzzled about it. I scarcely heard a word he said. All the time he was speaking, I was thinking how the sun would be burning up my garden and my beautiful flowers, and I was longing to get out to water them; so Monsieur the abbé will be very angry with me to-morrow, for I do not remember a single syllable. If you have time, papa, could you not tell me all about it while we are walking?"

"With pleasure, Louis," answered the king, "particularly as I happen to have a small compass in my pocket. Before, however, attempting to explain this curious instrument, I must tell you something of the magnet, from which its power and usefulness are derived. The only natural magnet with which we are acquainted is the loadstone—a mineral of a dark iron gray colour approaching to black, found in great abundance in the iron mines of Sweden, in some parts of the East, in America, and sometimes, though rarely, among the iron ores of England. Now, the loadstone has a property of attracting iron, which it draws into contact with its own mass and holds firmly attached by its own power of attraction. A piece of loadstone drawn several times along a needle or a small piece of iron, converts it into an artificial magnet. If this magnetised needle be then carefully balanced, so as to move easily on its centre, one of its ends will always turn to the north. Now, Louis, look at this small case. You see in it the magnet, made like the hand of a clock, with that end which points to the north shaped like the head of an arrow. You see that it is carefully balanced on a steel point, and beneath it is a card marked like a dial-plate with north, south, east, west, such being the cardinal points; also the intermediate points, as north-west, south-east, &c. By merely looking at the position of the needle when it settles to a point, the mariner can see the direction in which his vessel is sailing, and regulate his steering accordingly. The case, you see, is covered with glass, to protect the face from injury. This is a small compass, but there are large ones which are not so well suited for carrying about. Whether large or small, the compass is one of the most useful instruments in the world. Without it, mariners dare not venture out of sight of land, nor would the discovery of America have been made by the great Columbus. You will remember that the magnetic needle always points to the north."

"Papa, tell me, is the compass as useful on land as at sea?"

"Assuredly, my child. For example, suppose we were to lose our way in the adjoining forest: I know that the Chateau de Rambouillet lies to the north of the forest, and to find out the north I look at my compass, and take the direction to which the needle points—so." And the king showed his son how the needle would act.

The boy, who had been most attentively listening to his father, suddenly cried, "Do, papa, lend me your compass, and let me find my way by myself to the chateau."

"And if you lose your way?" said the king, a little startled at the proposal.

"But the compass will guide me, papa."

"You are not afraid, then, of being alone in the forest?"

"Was a king of France ever afraid?" replied Louis, proudly raising his pretty fair head.

"Well, be it so," said the king; "here is the compass, and here, too, is my purse, for you may want money on your way. Now let us part; you, Mr Adventurer, may take to the right, I will keep to the left, and I appoint you to meet me at the chateau."

"Agreed," said Louis, kissing his father's hand as he took from it the compass, and then merrily plunged into the depths of the forest.

II.

LOUIS AND THE PEASANT.

For about an hour the dauphin pursued his way, directing his course by the compass till he arrived at the borders of the forest, without finding himself nearer home. A large meadow lay before him, in which some peasants were mowing, and he advanced towards them, not to inquire his way—the idea of seeking any other guide but his compass did not enter his head—no, he only wanted to know the hour. As he approached, a little dog began barking in rather a hostile way. His master called him back; but the dog did not immediately obey, and the peasant left his work, and with the handle of his scythe gave the animal several blows.

On hearing the cries of the dog, Louis ran to the peasant. "Will you sell that pretty dog, friend?" said he to him.

"Not so fast, my little gentleman," answered the peasant, who did not recognise the prince; "I would not sell my dog, do you see, for all the gold in the king's purse. My poor Muff—my only companion in my poverty—my only friend!"

"Then why do you beat him?"

"He that loves well chastises well, my little gentleman."

"Here, friend," said the child, taking a piece of gold from his purse; "I will give you this, if you promise me not to love your dog quite so well."

Astonished at this munificence in so young a child, the peasant said, "One would think you were the son of a king, to give away so much money at a time."

"I am the son of your king," answered Louis, artlessly.

"Pardon, my prince; I ask pardon," said the peasant in great confusion. "Pardon me for having refused you the dog: it is yours, my prince, and all that I have besides. Take Muff, my good young prince—take Muff."

"I am much obliged to you, my good sir," answered the child; "but you tell me he is your only friend. Now I have a great many friends, so I will not deprive you of yours. I only want you to tell me what o'clock it is."

"It is three o'clock, your highness."

"But how do you know?—where did you see it?" said the child with much surprise. "You did not look at your watch."

"If we poor peasants could not tell the hour without a watch, I do not know what we should do. Sure we have the sun."

"And how do you know by the sun?"

"Well, indeed, I cannot tell you that very clearly, my young prince; it is, however, according to its height. When as high as it will go nearly over our heads, and when it casts the least possible shadow anywhere, we know it is noon precisely. According as it comes down lower, and our shadow lengthens, it is one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, and so on. You see we just judge by the shadows, my good little prince."

"Thank you, friend, for all you have taught me," said the child; and then, notwithstanding the earnest intreaties of the peasant to be allowed to show him the way—steady to his resolve to consult no guide but the compass—he fearlessly struck again into the forest, and at length, after several hours of wandering, now finding now missing the track, he arrived at Rambouillet heated and panting, yet insensible to the fatigue he had undergone from exultation at having, unassisted, reached the end of his journey.

The moment the king saw him, he ran to him with an eagerness that betrayed what had been his anxiety. "I had almost begun to think you had lost your way, Louis."

"Lost my way, indeed! How could I have lost it?" said the child, with a half-indignant look.

"Oh, I see your pride is up in arms; but if it had not been for the compass——"

"Papa, if I had had no compass, my heart would have guided me to you."

III.

FAMILY HISTORY.

We must say something of the parentage and birth of our young hero, and shall commence with his father. Louis XVI. was grandson of Louis XV., by whom, while dauphin, or heir-apparent to the throne of France, he was kept in comparative seclusion and ignorance of the knowledge required for his high destination. In consequence of this imperfect acquaintance with the world and of state affairs, as well as from temperament, he was indecisive, timid, silent, and reserved; but full of benevolence, and of exemplary morals. In 1770, he was united to Marie Antoinette, daughter of Francis I. of Austria and Maria Theresa; Louis at the time being no more than sixteen, and Marie Antoinette fifteen years of age. Educated with great care, this young princess was highly accomplished, and endowed with an uncommon share of gracefulness and beauty. In a letter written by her mother Maria Theresa to her future husband, she says, among other things, "Your bride, dear dauphin, is separated from me. As she has ever been my delight, so she will be your happiness. For this purpose have I educated her, for I have long been aware that she was to be the companion of your life. I have enjoined upon her, as among her highest duties, the most tender attachment to your person, the greatest attention to everything that can please or make you happy. Above all, I have recommended to her humility towards God; because I am convinced that it is impossible for us to contribute to the happiness of the subjects confided to us, without love to Him who breaks the sceptres, and crushes the thrones of kings according to His own will." The departure of this young and fascinating creature from Vienna filled all hearts with sorrow, so much was she beloved. Conducted with great state through Germany to the borders of France, near Strasburg, she was there assigned to the care of the French nobles and ladies of honour deputed to receive her; but not till an important ceremonial, according to the usage of France, had been performed.

In the midst of a pretty green meadow was erected a superb pavilion. It consisted of a vast saloon, connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the court of Vienna, and the other to those of the court of France, including body-guard and pages. The young princess being conducted into the apartment for the Germans, she was there undressed, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign court; and with the slenderest covering she was ushered into the apartment in which her French suite was in attendance. It was a trying moment for a delicate female. On the doors being thrown open, the young princess came forward, looking round for her lady of honour, the Countess de Noailles; then rushing into her arms, she implored her, with tears in her eyes, and with a heart-felt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aërial yet august and serene deportment: her smile was sufficient to win every heart. Dressed by her tirewoman, the Duchess of Cossé, she became a princess of France; and on presenting herself to the numerous retinue, she was hailed with loud and protracted acclamations.

The journey of Marie Antoinette through France was like a triumphal march; and when she arrived at Versailles, the entertainments given on her account were remarkably splendid. On the occasion of her marriage, the city of Paris also gave a magnificent fête; but greatly to her distress and that of her husband, the overcrowding of the streets caused a deplorable catastrophe—fifty-three persons were pressed or trodden to death, and about three hundred dangerously wounded. To increase the melancholy recollections of the event, a fire broke out in the Place Louis XV. by which many persons perished, and hundreds lost their all. The dauphin and dauphiness were so overwhelmed with grief at this second disaster, that they sent their whole income for the year to the relief of the surviving sufferers. This and other traits of good dispositions seemed to endear Marie Antoinette to the French; but unfortunately she was from the first surrounded by mean factions, whose delight lay in misrepresenting all her actions, and rendering her unpopular.

The dauphin and dauphiness lived chiefly at Versailles, or in the small palace in the adjoining grounds, known by the name of the Trianon, where the princess had an opportunity of indulging in her love for flowers and gardening, and Louis could pursue unmolested the industrial occupations to which he was attached. Living much apart from state affairs, four years thus pleasantly passed away, when the current of their lives was greatly altered by the demise of the reigning sovereign. Any one who had visited the palace of Versailles at the beginning of May 1774, would have found the inmates in a state of extreme consternation. Louis XV. lay ill of a dangerous malady, small-pox, and a number of the courtiers catching the infection, died. At length, on the evening of the 10th of the month, the king closed his mortal career. The dauphin was at this time with the dauphiness in one of the apartments distant from the scene of death. A noise was suddenly heard by them; it increased like the rushing of a torrent. It was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead sovereign's antechamber, to come and bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This extraordinary tumult informed Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign; and by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees, and both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed, "Oh God! guide us, protect us; we are too young to govern!"

Marie Antoinette was now queen of France; but the accession brought no real happiness. For many years the court had been a scene of demoralisation, and full of jealousies and intrigues, which she found it impossible to quell. The queen was likewise harassed with perplexing ceremonies, for which, being bred in a simple patriarchal court, she had no taste. She was little else than a puppet in the hands of her attendants. If she wanted a glass of water, she was not allowed to take it herself; it must be given by a lady of honour. At table everything was presented on bended knees, as if she had been a divinity. In making her toilet, she durst not pour water on her own hands; every movement was performed by waiting-women, all members of the nobility. Sometimes one trifling operation would require six persons: one would take an article of dress from a wardrobe and hand it to another, who would in turn give it to another, and so on, the last putting it on the person of the queen, who was all the time perhaps shivering with cold. Marie Antoinette spoke with satirical pleasantry of these useless ceremonies, and wished to abolish them; but this only gained her enemies, and became the pretext for the first reproaches levelled against her.

Louis XVI. and his queen were married eight years before they had any children. At length, on the 11th of December 1778, the queen was delivered of her first infant, a daughter, and great were the rejoicings on the occasion, although to a less extent than if the birth had been of a son. When the young princess was presented to the queen, she pressed her to her truly maternal heart. "Poor little one," said she, "you are not what was wished for, but you are not on that account less dear to me. A son would have been rather the property of the state. You shall be mine; you shall have my undivided care, shall share all my happiness, and console me in all my troubles." A great number of attendants watched near the queen during the first nights of her confinement; and this made her uneasy, for it was contrary to the etiquette of the court that they should lie down in bed. With much kindly consideration, she ordered a number of large arm-chairs for her women, the backs of which were capable of being let down by springs, and which served perfectly well instead of beds. It was thus that Marie Antoinette felt for all who were about her. Her daughter was named Marie Thérèse.

On the 22d of October 1781, the queen gave birth to a son, the dauphin, and on this occasion the hopes of all classes appeared to be crowned with universal joy. Numerous were the congratulations; and Versailles for some time bore the air of a perpetual holiday. In the society of her son and daughter the queen now spent much of her time; and as they grew up, she endeavoured to cultivate in them every amiable quality. During the winter of 1783, when the poor suffered greatly from cold, she distributed large sums, saved from her allowance, among the most necessitous families in Versailles; nor did she fail on this occasion to give her children a lesson in beneficence. Having met on the new-year's eve to get from Paris, as in other years, all the fashionable playthings, she caused them to be spread out in her closet. Then taking her son and daughter in her hand, she showed them all the dolls and toys which were ranged there, and told them, that she intended to give them some handsome new-year's gifts, but that the cold made the poor so wretched, that all her money was spent in blankets and clothes to protect them from the rigour of the season, and in supplying them with bread; so that this year they would only have the pleasure of looking at the new playthings. When she returned with her children into her sitting-room, she said there was still an unavoidable expense to be incurred, and that was paying the toyman for the use of his toys and the cost of his journey, and a sum was accordingly paid to him for his services.

To the family of Marie Antoinette another addition was made on the 27th of March 1785, when Louis-Charles, the object of our present memoir, was born. Immediately on his birth, which took place at Versailles, the king, his father, conferred on him the title of Duke of Normandy, which had not been given to the princes of France since the time of Charles VII. He was baptised the same day, his sponsors being Monsieur, the king's brother (afterwards Louis XVIII.), and Madame Elizabeth, as proxy for the queen of Naples. This was a happy event in the royal family of France, and served to assuage the vexations in which the king was becoming involved with his state affairs. It was another bright moment when the princess Sophie was born in 1788; but she died while still an infant, and shortly afterwards the dauphin fell in a few months from a florid state of health into so weak a condition, that he could not walk without support. How many maternal tears did his languishing frame, the certain forerunner of death, draw from the queen, already overwhelmed with apprehensions respecting the state of the kingdom! Her grief was enhanced by petty intrigues and quarrels among the persons who surrounded her. The dauphin died in 1789; and Louis-Charles, or Louis, as his father usually called him, became dauphin in his stead.

To a naturally amiable disposition, Louis-Charles united an intellect premature in its development, with a countenance which bore the mingled expression of the mildness of his father and the lofty dignity of his mother. As he grew up in childhood, he showed a most decided love for flowers; and the king, who wished to cultivate tastes so simple and so conducive in their practical exercise to his bodily health, had given him a little plot of ground in front of the apartments opening on the terrace at Versailles. There was the dauphin, day after day, to be seen with his little spade working away; and though the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, he would suffer no one to help him. "No," said he; "it is because I make the flowers grow myself that mamma is so fond of them; so I must work hard to have them ready for her." And every morning the young proprietor of this little domain came to pull his fairest roses, his most fragrant violets, to form a bouquet to lay on his mother's bed; so that the first thing Marie Antoinette always saw on awaking was her boy's early offering; while from behind the curtain he watched her smile of pleasure, then sprang from his hiding-place to claim his reward—that reward a kiss—and that kiss was so sweet to him that no severity of weather could hinder him from going to his little garden to pull the flowers that won for him this prize.

And here we would pause to say, if, in this elevated rank, it is found that when affection is to be evinced it is evinced in a way common to all classes—evinced in the daily little attentions miscalled trifling—may not those in humble life who have perhaps felt inclined to murmur that all power to bestow large bounties, all opportunity to make splendid sacrifices in proof of love, has been denied to them, repress the vain wish that it had been otherwise, and rest satisfied in the recollection that however rare may be the occasions to save or serve, and vouchsafed to few, yet all may please. Let such, though they may not have even the flower in the bud to give, rejoice that a kindly look, the smallest office of patient love, the shrinking from giving pain, the bitter word repressed when rising to the lips, is no despicable offering, either in the eyes of an earthly friend or in the sight of that heavenly friend who forgets not the cup of cold water given for his sake, and who said of her of small power but loving heart, "She hath done what she could."

The young prince was not always equally studious or docile, and one day that he was to be punished for some misdemeanour, the plan devised was to take from him his dear little dog Muff, which the grateful peasant of the forest had brought as an offering to his young prince; and next to his parents and his flowers all his care was for Muff. On this occasion the dog was shut up in a closet where the dauphin might hear but could not see him —a privation apparently as great to Muff as to his master, for he never ceased howling and scratching at the door. The prince, unable to bear it any longer, ran with tears streaming down his cheeks to the queen. "Mamma," cried he, "Muff is so unhappy, and you know, as it was not he that was naughty, he ought not to be punished. If you will let him out, I promise to go into the closet instead of him, and to stay there as long as you wish." His petition was granted; Muff was set at liberty, and the little dauphin remained patiently in the dark closet till his mother released him.

Like most children of his age, he did not always make proper application of the maxims which he heard. One day that, in the exuberance of animal spirits, he was about to throw himself into the midst of some rose-bushes, "Take care," said the queen, "those thorns might tear your eyes out, and will certainly scratch you severely."

"But, dear mamma," answered he in a most magnanimous tone, "thorny paths, you know, lead to glory."

"It is a noble maxim," replied the queen, "but I see you do not quite understand it. What glory can there be in getting your eyes scratched out for the mere pleasure of jumping into a hedge? If, indeed, it were to extricate any one from danger, there would be glory in it, but as it is, there is only imprudence. My child, you must not talk of glory till you are able to read the history of true heroes who have disinterestedly sacrificed life and fortune for the good of others."

On one occasion his governess, uneasy at seeing him running at headlong speed, said to the queen, "He will surely fall."

"He must learn to fall," replied Marie Antoinette.

"But he may hurt himself."

"He must learn to endure pain," said the queen, who, with all her fondness, had no desire to make her boy effeminate.

IV.

REMOVAL TO PARIS.

The love of rural pursuits evinced by the young dauphin was destined to be rudely broken in upon. While with his parents at Versailles in 1789, the revolution in France broke out, and filled the royal family with alarm. It was the misfortune of Louis XVI. to have fallen on evil times, and, with all his good qualities, to become the victim on whose head the popular resentment for long-endured injuries should be visited. It was another of his misfortunes to be surrounded by incompetent advisers, and to be deserted by the classes who might have been expected to rally round the throne.

When tumults began to take place in Paris, it was considered necessary that the king should proceed thither to show himself to the people at the Hotel de Ville. He went on the 17th of July 1789. Everybody knows that this movement gave a trifling lull to the storm. When the sovereign received the tri-coloured cockade from the mayor of Paris in front of an assembled multitude, a shout of *Vive le Roi!* arose on all sides. The king breathed again freely at that moment; he had not for a long time heard such acclamations. During his absence the queen shut herself up in her private rooms with her family.

She sent for several persons belonging to the court, but their doors were locked; terror had driven them away. A deadly silence reigned throughout the palace; fear was at its height; the king was hardly expected to return. He did however come back, and was received with inexpressible joy by the queen, his sister, and his children. He congratulated himself that no accident had happened; and it was then he repeated several times, "Happily no blood has been shed, and I swear that never shall a drop of French blood be shed by my order."

It is not our intention to relate the history of the revolution which had already commenced, but only to note a few particulars in the life of our young hero and his unfortunate parents. On various pretexts it was resolved by the mob of Paris, a large portion of whom were women of the lowest habits, to march to Versailles and bring the royal family to Paris. This alarming movement took place on the 5th and 6th of October. The court, deserted by the host of nobles who might have been expected to rally round the throne, and with scarcely any friends left but their immediate attendants and attached guards, were on this momentous occasion exposed to many gross indignities, and with some difficulty were able to save their lives. Carriages being prepared, they were compelled to go into them and proceed to Paris, attended by a rabble of many thousands. It was not the least of the many painful circumstances accompanying this removal, that the king was compelled to withdraw his son from the healthy breezes of the country to the comparative closeness of a city atmosphere. The boy, also, was inconsolable. To be taken away from his little garden was a sore grief; his beautiful flowers, the flowers reared with his own hands, would, he said, wither and die; and he was like to die at the thought. In order to console him, he was told he should have much nicer flowers at Paris, and as many as he could wish for. "They will not be my own flowers that I planted and watered," he answered; "I shall never love any flowers so well as these."

Clinging to his mamma in terror of the horde of wild-looking men and women who were shouting in demoniac laughter, the dauphin entered one of the coaches; the queen alternately trying to pacify his fears, and to look with calmness on the terrific throng. Already blood had been shed. The mob, in forcing the palace, had killed two of the guards who defended the queen's apartments from outrage; and with the heads of these unfortunate and brave men stuck on the end of poles, a party preceded the royal carriages to Paris. These wretches, with a refinement of cruelty which, we imagine, could scarcely be matched out of France, stopped on the way at Sevres, and compelled a hairdresser to dress the gory heads according to the fashion of the period. In the rear of this band slowly came the procession of soldiers, citizens, women—an indescribable crowd of the vilest beings on earth—some riding astride on cannons, some carrying pikes or muskets, and numbers waving long branches of poplar. It looked like a moving forest, amidst which shone pike-heads and gun-barrels. After the royal carriages came the king's faithful guards, some on foot and some on horseback, most of them uncovered and worn out with want of sleep, hunger, and fatigue. Finally came a number of carriages containing deputies of the Assembly, followed by the bulk of the Parisian army.

In the course of the journey, which was protracted to a late hour, the king and queen were constantly reviled by the crowd of savage women who thronged about them. There was at the time a dearth of bread in Paris, arising from natural causes; but it was imputed to the king, and now that he was in the hands of the mob, they cried out that bread would no longer be either dear or scarce. "We shall no longer," they shouted at the windows of the royal carriages, "we shall no longer want bread; we have the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy with us." In the midst of all the revilings, tumult, and singing, interrupted by frequent discharges of musketry, might be seen Marie Antoinette preserving the most courageous tranquillity of soul, and an air of noble and inexpressible dignity.

The departure of the royal family for Paris was so hurried that no time was afforded to make preparations at the palace of the Tuileries, which, since the minority of Louis XV., had not been the residence of the kings of France. Some apartments, however, were cleared for their reception; and from this time may be dated the captivity of Louis XVI. in the hands of his people.

On the day after the arrival of the court in Paris, a noise was heard in the garden of the Tuileries, which, terrifying the dauphin, he threw himself into the arms of the queen, crying out, "Oh mamma, is yesterday come again?" The child in his simplicity could not account for the revolutionary movements of which he, with others, was the victim; and a few days after making the above affecting exclamation, he went up to his father to speak to him on the subject. "Well, Louis, what is it you wish to say?" asked the king.

"I want to know, papa," he answered pensively, "why the people, who formerly loved you so well, are all at once angry with you; what is it you have done to irritate them so much?"

His father, interested in the question, took him upon his knee, and spoke to him nearly as follows:—"I wished, my dear Louis, to make my people still happier than they were. I wanted money to pay the expenses occasioned by wars. I asked my people for money, as the former kings of France had done; the magistrates composing the parliament opposed it, and said that my people had alone a right to consent to it. I thereupon assembled the principal inhabitants of every town, whether distinguished by birth, fortune, or talents, at Versailles; and that is what is called the *States-General.* When all were assembled, they required concessions of me which I could not make, either with due respect for myself or with justice to you, who will be my successor. Wicked men inducing the people to rise, have occasioned the excesses of the last few days; the people must not be blamed for them."

The dauphin had now a more clear idea of the position of affairs, and to please his father and mother, he endeavoured to avoid giving cause of offence to those about him. When he had occasion to speak to the officers of the national guards, mayors of the communes, or revolutionary leaders who visited the Tuileries, he did so with much affability. If the queen happened to be present, he would come and whisper in her ear, "Is that right?"

The royal family were not permitted to consider the whole garden of the Tuileries as their own. The chief portion was claimed by the National Assembly. In that part appropriated to the king's household, the dauphin was given a small patch in which he might pursue his love for flowers; but even this indulgence was clogged with the regulation that he should be attended by members of the national guard. At first the escort was small, and courteously did the young prince invite his guards to enter, and graciously did he distribute flowers amongst them; sometimes saying to them, "I would give you a great many more, but mamma is so fond of them." But the guard being gradually increased, he could no longer do the honours of his little domain to all, and once he apologised to those who were pressing round the palisades—"I am sorry, gentlemen, that my garden is too small to permit of my having the pleasure of seeing you all in it."

One day a poor woman made her way into the garden, and presented him a petition. "My prince," said she, "if you can obtain this favour for me, I shall be as happy as a queen." The child took the paper, and with a look of deep sadness exclaimed, "Happy as a queen! you say; I know one queen who does nothing but weep all day long."

V.

GLOOMY FOREBODINGS—IMPRISONMENT.

The years 1790 and 1791 were passed by the royal family in a state of constant apprehension. Clamoured against by all, and in constant danger of assassination, the king appears to have sunk into a state of gloomy despondency, from which neither the smiles of his wife nor the sallies of little Louis could raise him. For some months he scarcely spoke a word. The queen spent much of her time in tears. Recommended by a few attached partisans, as well as by his own fears, he made an attempt to leave the kingdom with his family, but, as every one knows, they were stopped at Varennes before they reached the frontiers, and brought back to Paris. In their return they were under the charge of Barnave, one of the deputies appointed by the Assembly to attend the royal prisoners. At the time it was customary for the revolutionists to wear buttons on which was the device, "To live free, or die." Observing words to that effect on the button of M. Barnave, the dauphin said, "Mamma, what does that mean—*to live free?*" "My child," replied the queen, "it is to go where you please." "Ah, mamma," replied the child quickly, "then we are not free!"

This attempt at flight considerably aggravated the condition of the royal family, who were now more carefully watched than ever; the king and queen living almost continually under the eyes of sentinels, and all their correspondence watched. These things preyed on the mind of Marie Antoinette, and began to give her the appearance of premature old age.

"Mamma," said the dauphin one day shortly after the return of the family to the Tuileries, "how white your hair has grown!" "Hush, my dear child," replied the queen; "let us not think of such trifles when we have greater sorrows, those of poor papa, to distress us." It is true the queen's beautiful hair had grown white from the effect of grief. In a single night it had become as white as that of a woman of seventy, yet she was only about half that age. The Princess de Lamballe having asked for a lock of her whitened hair, she had a small quantity set in a ring and presented to her, with the inscription, *Bleached by sorrow.*

On the 20th of June 1792, a lawless Parisian rabble forced the Tuileries, and rushed like demoniacs from room to room in search of the king and queen, who, though sufficiently alarmed, did not quail before this barbarous torrent. Placing themselves in a recess, with two or three attendants, they awaited what might be their fate. The queen placed the dauphin before her on a table. When the tumultuous procession advanced, a person of coarse appearance gave the king a red cap, which he put on his head, and a similar emblem was drawn over the head of little Louis, almost burying the whole of his face. The horde passed in files before the table, carrying symbols of the most horrid barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended, with an inscription signifying that it was Marie Antoinette. Another was a board, to which a bullock's heart was fastened, with the words inscribed, "Heart of Louis XVI."

By the interference of several deputies, no bloody deed was committed on this occasion. The result was very different on the ensuing 10th of August, when the palace of the Tuileries was attacked and captured after a gallant and ineffectual defence by the Swiss guards, all of whom, to the number of eight hundred, were barbarously put to death. It would be too painful, even if it were necessary, to describe this terrible massacre. The poor son of Louis XVI., no longer heir to a throne, for the monarchy was abolished, shared all the perils of that day, evincing a degree of courage beyond his age. When the wainscotting of a secret passage in which the family had taken refuge appeared to be giving way under the repeated blows of the mob, and when the queen with suspended breath was listening to each stroke of the axe, the boy, gliding from the terror-relaxed hold of his mother, fell on his knees, and putting up his little hands, piously exclaimed, "Oh God, save mamma!—thou art able to do everything. Oh send away these men!—a poor child is praying for his mother! Oh thou good God, wilt thou not hear him?" As if in answer to this artless prayer, the noise suddenly ceased, and an announcement was made that the people demanded to see the queen—a fruitless interview, though affording a respite at the moment.

The result is well known. Louis XVI., the queen, the dauphin and his sister, with Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the king, took refuge in the Assembly, whence, after a lengthened debate, they were transferred to confinement in the Feuillans; from this place of detention they were soon taken to the Temple.

VI.

THE TEMPLE.

The Temple owes its name to the Templars, a military order of priests, who in the twelfth century devoted themselves to the recovery of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem from the Saracens. In 1250 they founded this, the principal house of their order, and retained possession of it for 160 years. Like the other ancient fortresses, it was surrounded by high and turreted battlements, in the middle of which rose a square tower, the walls of which were nine feet in thickness, and which was flanked by four other round towers. The church, of rudely Gothic construction, was built on the model of that of St John at Jerusalem.

Within a court-yard in this gloomy edifice, as well as in the park at Versailles and on the terrace of the Tuileries, Louis-Charles was indulged with a small garden, a plot where the flowers might indeed want the sunshine, but still to him they were flowers—he still had a garden to cultivate. The large square tower was the prison of the royal family: there for many months, to the very day of his death, Louis XVI., whose possession of all the virtues which constitute a good father, a good head of a family, is not denied even by his enemies, devoted himself to the education of his son. It was his delight to develop and cultivate that youthful and naturally quick and powerful intellect. Often did his mirthful sallies, his playful wit, beguile the anxious parents of a smile.

Every morning the king rose at six o'clock, and prepared the lessons he intended giving to his son; at ten, the captives assembled in the queen's apartment, and study began. Very sweet were these hours to the poor prisoners, and whilst the lesson lasted, each seemed to forget past greatness, and ceased to anticipate future perils; but too often, alas! these calm domestic scenes were interrupted by clamorous shouts, nay, even death-screams, from without, which too plainly told the royal victims that the forfeiture of liberty and a crown was no security for life being spared.

It was in such hours as these that the courage of Louis XVI. seemed to grow with the danger—that courage which consists in calm endurance. As soon as each new cause for alarm had ceased, he endeavoured to lure his startled little circle into forgetfulness of it by some question to the prince—at times it might be a riddle, an enigma; and his ingenious guesses often succeeded in checking the tears of the fond mother and aunt.

"Louis," asked the king on one of these occasions, "what is that which is white and black, weighs not an ounce, travels night and day like the wind, and tells a thousand things without speaking?" "It must be a horse," answered the dauphin; "it surely is a horse. A horse may be white and black, and a horse runs races, and a horse does not speak." "So far so good, my boy; but a horse weighs somewhat more than an ounce, and I never heard of his telling any news." "Ah! now papa, I have it; it is a newspaper," and the young prince's merry peal of laughter almost met a response from the sorrowful little group. "Another question for you," said the king. "Who is she, the most beautiful, the best, the noblest——" "Who but mamma," quickly interrupted the dauphin, throwing himself into the queen's arms. "You did not give me time to finish, Louis," pursued his father; "I ask you who is the most beautiful, the best, the noblest, and who yet repels the greater part of mankind?" "It is Truth, papa; but to tell you the truth, I did not guess it myself; my sister whispered it to me."

In such little exercises of ingenuity, and at times in playing a geographical game invented by the king, were the boy's hours of recreation passed. This game consisted in drawing out of a little bag the names of towns, which were then traced out upon the map and marked by counters, and the game was won by whichever player told most of the historical events occurring in the places the names of which they had drawn.

Thus the autumn of 1792 passed and winter came on without bringing any alleviation of the condition of the prisoners. One evening, after the candles were lighted, when the family were arranged round the table in their sitting apartment, the dauphin, with the inquisitiveness of youth, asked his father what book it was he was now reading and studying so carefully. "It is the history of an unfortunate king, Charles the First of England," answered Louis. "How was he unfortunate, dear papa? Did his people put him in prison, as yours have done?" "Yes, my dear child, there is much resemblance in our lives, as I fear there will be in our fate"—here the queen uttered a deep sigh, and looked with agony towards her husband—"but you shall read the memoirs of Charles when you are old enough to comprehend his history: it is too intricate and difficult for a boy. See, here is a book which I have sent for to amuse you, and I think you will like it better than the very melancholy memoirs of Charles the First." "Thank you, dear papa. Oh! I see it is full of stories; shall I read one aloud?" "Certainly, if you please: take that pretty one near the beginning called Arthur; it teaches a fine lesson to boys in adversity." The dauphin read as follows:—

"A poor labourer, named Bernard, had six young children, and found himself much at a loss to maintain them; to add to his misfortune, an unfavourable season much increased the price of bread. Bernard worked day and night, yet, in spite of his labours, could not possibly earn enough of money to provide food for six hungry children. He was reduced to extremity. Calling therefore one day his little family together, with tears in his eyes he said to them, 'My dear children, bread is become so dear that, with all my labour, I am not able to earn sufficient for your subsistence. This piece of bread in my hand must be paid for with the wages of my whole day's labour, and therefore you must be content to share with me the little that I have been able to earn. There certainly will not be sufficient to satisfy you all; but at least there will be enough to prevent your perishing with hunger.' The poor man could say no more: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and wept; his children wept also, and each one said within himself, 'Oh Lord, come to our assistance, unfortunate infants that we are!—help our dear father, and suffer us not to perish for want!' Bernard divided the bread into seven equal shares; he kept one for himself, and distributed the rest amongst his children. But one of them, named Arthur, refused his share, and said, 'I cannot eat anything, father; I find myself sick. Do you take my part, or divide it amongst the rest.' 'My poor child! what is the matter with you?' said Bernard, taking him up in his arms. 'I am sick,' answered Arthur, 'very sick.' Bernard carried him to bed, and the next morning he went to a physician, and besought him for charity to come and see his sick child. The physician, who was a man of great humanity, went to Bernard's house, though he was very sure of not being paid for his visits. He approached Arthur's bed, felt his pulse, but could not thereby discover any symptoms of illness. He was going to prescribe a cordial draught, but Arthur said, 'Do not order anything for me, sir; I could take nothing that you should prescribe for me.'

The physician asked him the reason for refusing the medicine, but the child tried to evade the question. He then accused him of being obstinate, and said he should inform his father. This distressed Arthur greatly, and, no longer able to conceal his emotions, he said he would explain everything to him if no one were present.

The children were now ordered to withdraw, and then Arthur continued—'Alas! sir, in this hard season my father can scarcely earn us every day a loaf of coarse bread. He divides it amongst us. Each of us can have but a small part, and he will hardly take any for himself. It makes me unhappy to see my little brothers and sisters suffer hunger. I am the eldest, and have more strength than they; I like better, therefore, not to eat any, that they may divide my share amongst them. This is the reason why I pretended that I was sick; but I intreat you not to let my father know this!'

The medical attendant was affected, and said, 'But, my dear little friend, are you not hungry?' 'Yes, sir, I am hungry; but that does not give me so much pain as to see my family suffer.'

'But you will soon die if you take no nourishment.'

'I am sensible of that,' replied Arthur, 'but I shall die contented. My father will have one mouth less to feed; and I pray God to give bread to my little brothers and sisters when I am gone.'

The humane physician was melted with pity and admiration on hearing the generous child speak thus. Taking him up in his arms, he clasped him to his heart, and said, 'No, my dear little friend, you shall not die! God, who is the father of us all, will take care of you and of your family.' He hastened to his own house, and ordering one of his servants to take a quantity of provisions of all sorts, returned with him immediately to Arthur and his famished little brothers. He made them all sit down at table, and eat heartily until they were satisfied. It was a delightful sight for the good physician to behold the joy of those innocent creatures. On his departure he bid Arthur not to be under any concern, for that he would provide for their necessities; which promise he faithfully observed, and furnished them every day with a plentiful subsistence. Other charitable persons also, to whom he related the circumstance, imitated his generosity. Some sent them provisions, some money, and others clothes and linen, so that in a short time this little family became possessed of plenty.

As soon as Bernard's landlord was informed of what the generous little Arthur had suffered for his father and brothers, he sent for Bernard, and addressed him thus: 'You have an admirable son; permit me to be his father also. I will employ you on my farm; and Arthur, with all your other children, shall be put to school at my expense.' Bernard returned to his house transported with joy, and, throwing himself upon his knees, blessed God for having given him so worthy a child."

As the winter of 1792–3 advanced, the situation of the royal family in the Temple became more painful. It was resolved to suppress certain indulgences which they had hitherto enjoyed. Their food was to be more plain and less abundant, they were to eat off pewter instead of silver, tallow candles were to be substituted for wax, and their servants were to be reduced in number. None of these attendants, however, were to enter their apartments; and their meals were to be introduced to them by means of a turning-box. The carrying of these pitiful arrangements into execution was confided to a municipal officer named Hebert. This man had originally been check-taker at the door of a theatre, from which he was expelled for having embezzled the receipts. He was now the editor of a foul and slanderous print, and by the most odious arts as an ultra revolutionist, had attained considerable power. A ruling passion with him seems to have been the vilifying and tormenting the royal family, and pursuing them individually to destruction. Empowered by the Convention, he repaired to the Temple; and not satisfied with taking away the most trifling articles to which the royal family attached a value, he deprived Madame Elizabeth of eighty louis which she had received from Madame de Lamballe. No man, observes M. Thiers, is more dangerous, more cruel, than the man without acquirements, without education, clothed with a recent authority; if, above all, he possess a base nature, and leap all at once from the mud of his condition into power, he is as mean as he is atrocious.

Rendered in every respect uncomfortable in circumstances by the miserable devices of this wretch, and agitated by the rumours which daily reached them, the royal family looked with apprehension to the future. Never had the dauphin seen so many tears; his most playful sallies could not extort a solitary smile. They did not tell him of the impending misfortune, nor could he have suspected it while gazing on the calm and firm countenance of his father. The poor child in his simplicity thought, and indeed said, "They will not do any harm to papa; for papa never did them any harm." The 20th of January 1793 came, and sentence of death was passed on Louis XVI. When it was announced to him, he asked to see his family. This request was granted. The interview took place at eight o'clock in the evening. The queen, holding the dauphin by the hand, Madame Elizabeth, and Marie Thérèse, rushed sobbing into the arms of Louis XVI. During the first moments it was but a scene of confusion and despair. At length tears ceased to flow, the conversation became more calm, and the king tried to console his heart-broken family. While the dauphin stood between his father's knees gazing on his face, scarcely conscious of the full extent of the loss he was so soon to sustain, the public criers suddenly proclaimed under the tower the sentence of death, and the hour for the execution. The half-distracted boy tore himself from his father's arms, rushed from the apartment, and endeavoured to force his way through the guards. "Where are you going so fast?" asked one of them, rudely repelling the poor child. "To speak to the people, gentlemen; to implore them not to kill papa. Oh, do let me pass!" All was in vain, and Louis-Charles had to retrace his steps, crying, "Papa, papa; oh do not kill papa!" as if his heart were like to burst.

The king led his family to entertain the hope of a last interview in the morning; but on consideration he thought it better that such should not take place. At an early hour, the roll of the drums announced that the unfortunate husband and father was led out to execution. The particulars of that dreadful event are too painful to be minutely dwelt upon. At the scaffold he addressed a few words to the people, saying in a firm voice that he died innocent of the crimes imputed to him; that he forgave the authors of his death, and prayed that his blood might not fall on France. He would have continued, but the drums were instantly ordered to beat, and their rolling drowned the voice of the king. In a few moments all was over. As soon as the deed was perpetrated, furious wretches dipped their pikes and their handkerchiefs in the blood, spread themselves throughout Paris, and with shouts even went to the gates of the Temple to display that brutal and factious joy which the rabble manifests at the birth, the accession, and the fall of princes.*

Such was the fate of the unfortunate Louis XVI., a man of almost unexampled benevolence of disposition, who ever endeavoured to act on his favourite maxim, that "kings exist only to make nations happy by their government, and virtuous by their example." Now called on to expiate the political errors of his dissolute predecessors, an angry word never escaped him in the depth of his misfortunes. In his will, written December 25, 1792, he says—"I forgive, from my whole heart, those who have conducted themselves towards me as enemies, without my giving them the least cause, and I pray God to forgive them. And I exhort my son, if he should ever have the misfortune to reign, to forget all hatred and enmity, and especially my misfortunes and sufferings. I recommend to him always to consider that it is the duty of man to devote himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow-men; that he will promote the happiness of his subjects only when he governs according to the laws; and that the king can make the laws respected, and attain his object, only when he possesses the necessary authority." In the same spirit, on the day before his condemnation, he sent to his faithful servants, who were ready to risk all for him, this message—"I should never forgive you if a single drop of blood were shed on my account. I refused to suffer any to be shed when, perhaps, it might have preserved to me my crown and my life; but I do not repent: no, I do not repent."

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* Thiers.

VII.

SEPARATION OF THE YOUNG KING FROM HIS FAMILY.

Marie Antoinette was now a widow, and her children orphans. The prince was acknowledged throughout Europe to be king, under the title of Louis XVII. But, alas! this honour only aggravated the sufferings of this unfortunate child. A short time after the execution of her husband, the queen was forcibly separated from her son. The scene of her parting with her dear boy, for whose sake alone she had consented to endure the burden of existence, was so touching, so heart-rending, that the very jailers who witnessed it could not refrain from tears.

The revolutionary tribunal, which had no little difficulty in finding pleas against Louis XVI. and his queen, was greatly embarrassed in its treatment of their infant son. Only eight years of age, he was too young to be either tried or guillotined. Not that the wish was wanting to put him to death along with the other members of his family; but the spectacle of a child under the hands of the executioner might have formed a somewhat dangerous provocative to public indignation. There was *one* thing, therefore, which the monsters who assumed the character of judges in that dreadful period durst not do: they durst not openly put an innocent and fair-haired child to a bloody death. Undetermined as to what should be done with this youthful descendant of a hundred kings, they readily yielded to the request of Hebert, who proposed that it would be highly expedient for the nation to give Louis Capet, as he called him, a sound *sans-culotte* education; that he should receive thorough notions of liberty and equality, and be at the same time taught a handicraft, whereby he might gain an honest livelihood. The means of instruction, he said, were already at hand. Simon, a shoemaker and a good Jacobin, was quite the man to undertake this weighty charge. Hebert's proposal met with a ready assent, and the young prince was consigned to Simon and his wife, both of whom went to reside in the Temple, for the purpose of conducting their new duties.

From anything which can be gathered from history, it does not appear that Simon was to be in any respect accountable for his treatment of the poor boy handed over to his care; and from his conduct, it might reasonably be inferred, that the greater his cruelty, the greater would be his merit in the eyes of the Convention. The most correct mode of describing Simon would be to speak of him as an utter blackguard, a man lost to all sense of decency—ignorant, brutal, and habitually intemperate. Torn from the arms of his mother, and committed to the charge of such a personage, the youthful king was made to drain even to the dregs the martyr's bitter cup.

The whole course of life of Louis-Charles was now altered. Simon hated books, and tore and trampled in pieces those of his prisoner, substituting for them, as his only recreation, the perusal of a placard entitled the Rights of Man. Simon hated exercise, and therefore would not permit the young king to walk any more in the garden attached to the prison. Simon hated birds, and therefore took away from his little captive two tame canaries which his aunt, Madame Elizabeth, had reared for him. Simon hated religion, and therefore expressly forbade his young charge ever to say his prayers; and one night having surprised the child kneeling with uplifted hands beside his flock-bed, he flew at him, crying, "What are you about there, Capet; tell me or I will be the death of you?" The child confessed that he was repeating a little prayer which his mamma had taught him. Simon instantly seized the child by the arm, and flung him into a dark dungeon, where for several days he was allowed only bread and water.

But there was one thing which Simon did not hate, and that was—drink; and whenever he sat down to it, he used to hold out his glass, crying, "Here, Capet, wine here; hand me some wine, I say." Hard was it for the child to brook such an office to such a being; but the slightest murmur was so severely punished, that he was obliged to submit to be a servant to Simon, and to learn the duties of his new situation from the cruelties of this tyrannical supporter of equality and the rights of man. Nor was his merry moods less trying to the little sufferer; for then he began to sing, and as he would not sing alone, and as he knew only those horrible choruses howled around the guillotine, the child had to choose between joining in them and being severely beaten; and often did he suffer himself to be felled to the earth sooner than comply. Not even at night had he respite from his tormentor. Several times he was awakened by this Simon calling out, "Capet, are you asleep? Where are you? Come here till I look at you." The poor little victim used to start from his sleep, jump out of bed, and run almost naked to his tyrant, who suffered him to approach till near enough to be kicked back to bed.

The wife of Simon, however, at times felt some touch of pity for the sufferings of the unhappy child, and tried, without the knowledge of her husband, to procure him some indulgences. She once ventured to remonstrate with his terrible jailer, representing to him the cruelty of not giving the little Capet a single plaything. "You are quite right," answered Simon; "children ought to be amused; he shall have a plaything to-morrow."

On the morrow he brought him a little model of a guillotine: the child, in horror, hid his face in his hands, crying, "I will die rather than touch it." Simon rushed upon him, poker in hand; and had it not been for the interposition of M. Naudin, the surgeon, who came in at that moment to see Simon's wife, who was ill, the helpless victim would for ever have escaped the brutal rage of his tormentor, who, however, when the surgeon had left, handed to the boy, as if shamed into indulgence, two pears in addition to his usual scanty supper. The child took them, and laid them aside for a purpose not to be discovered by such a mind as that of Simon, and began to eat his bread, which he held in one hand, while with the other he added another storey to the card-edifice he was raising. Seeing the caution with which the young prisoner was placing each card, Simon bent over the table and blew upon the castle, which instantly fell.

"Eh, Capet, what do you say to my breath?" said he, with a savage laugh.

"I say that the breath of God is more mighty still," answered the child.

VIII.

MORE PRISON SCENES.

The next day the surgeon repeated his visit: but let us for a moment try to realise the scene which the prisoner's apartment presented. It was one of two compartments, the first of which served as an antechamber, communicating with the next by an aperture in the partition; its only furniture a stove. In the second, which was lighted by a window secured with thick iron bars, were a large table, a small square one, some straw chairs, and two beds without curtains, in one of which lay the sick wife of Simon.

Several men were smoking and drinking round the larger table, and were already intoxicated. A poor little child, pale and haggard, was seated near the window at the smallest table. With his weak emaciated hands he was building a castle of cards, but his tearful eyes hardly followed the movement of each card as it rose or fell. His pallid countenance had but one expression, that of sorrow, and at times terror. Alas! who could have recognised in this miserable little creature the once charming child—so gay, so mirthful, so delicately neat, so graceful? Not only had his mourning, which he had worn since his father's death, been taken off him, but his hair, his beautiful fair hair, whose clustering curls had been so often fondly stroked and carefully arranged by a mother's hand, had fallen under the pitiless scissors of the woman who deemed she was thus depriving him of the last remaining relic of royalty. A woollen shirt, a coat and trousers of coarse red cloth, had replaced the silk and velvet, the cambric and lace, of days gone by.

"Well, Citizen Naudin," said one of the municipals, as the surgeon, with an involuntary stolen glance towards the place where the young king was seated, approached the sick woman's bed—"Well, Citizen Naudin, any news to-day?"

"You might have learned that from the cannonading," replied the doctor.

"Ah, citizen, a republic is a fine thing—always something stirring," said Simon, now so drunk as to be scarcely able to stand. "Apropos—is there any news of the ex-queen, the she-wolf?"

"She was removed from the Temple to the Conciergerie the 2d of this month," was the answer.

The name of his mother having instantly brought the child to Simon's side in the hope of hearing something of her fate, he said to him, "Do you remember your mother, Capet?"

"Remember her!" exclaimed he, tears springing to his eyes—"remember her! I see her now: I have her before me yet, my poor mother. I hear her saying, as they were tearing me from her arms, 'Forget not, my child, forget not a mother who loves you better than life. Be prudent, gentle, and virtuous.' Simon," continued the child of Marie Antoinette, the hot tears falling from his eyes—"Simon, you may beat me, you may kick me; I will do anything you wish; I will love you, if you will only speak to me of my mother. You never speak to me of her."

"I would desire nothing better, Capet," answered Simon; "and as a beginning I will sing you a song that the Sans-Culottes have just made upon her." Then, with a hoarse discordant voice, he began to roar out a couplet, every word of which was a vile slander upon the unhappy queen. The poor child recoiled with horror. But holding him fast by the coat, Simon continued—"What! you little cub, you ask me news of your mother, and now you refuse to listen. You shall not only listen, but sing too."

"Never; no, never. You shall kill me first," said the child, struggling to escape from his grasp.

"Well, if you will not sing, you shall join in a toast. Citizens, fill your glasses; it must be a bumper;" and as he spoke he filled his own glass and those of his companions. "The republic for ever!"

"The republic for ever!" shouted every voice but that of the child, who was now weeping bitterly.

"Capet," said Simon, the moment he observed his silence; "Capet, cry 'the republic for ever.' Come, let us have it."

"No," said the child in a low but firm tone.

"Oh, if you please, Capet." Louis made no answer.

"I command you, Capet." The same silence on the part of the boy.

"Will you obey, wolf-cub?" cried Simon, in a paroxysm of fury. "If you do not instantly cry 'the republic for ever,' I will knock you down, Capet; I will knock you down."

Without appearing the least intimidated by Simon's preparing to suit the action to the word, the young victim dried his tears, and gazing calmly and steadfastly upon his persecutor, said, "You may do what you please, sir; but never will I utter those words." Immediately a piercing cry re-echoed through the vaults of the dungeon. Simon had seized the unhappy child by the hair, and was holding him up by it, crying, "Miserable viper, I know not what hinders me from dashing you against the wall!"

"Scoundrel! what are you about?" cried Monsieur Naudin, indignantly; and once more rescuing the child from him, he placed him gently on his chair, whispering in his ear some little soothing and caressing words. "Sir," said the child, "you showed yesterday also much kind interest in me, and I was thankful. Will you do me the favour to accept those two pears? They were given me for my supper last night. I have no other way of showing that I am not ungrateful to you." Deeply affected, Monsieur Naudin took the fruit; and as he respectfully kissed the hand of the little prisoner, his tears fell upon it.

"The citizen Naudin must always have his joke," said Simon, sullenly. "I meant the child no harm."

But neither suffering nor constant intercourse with these rude men had as yet had power to alter the noble disposition of the child.

"If the Vendéans were to set you at liberty," asked Simon one day, "what would you do?"

"I would pardon you," was the instant reply.

Could the most determined party-spirit—that spirit which has been well termed "a species of mental vitriol which men keep to let fly at others; but which, in the meantime, injures and corrodes the mind that harbours it"—could the most determined party-spirit behold this poor child, and hinder its tears from falling?

IX.

MARIE ANTOINETTE—THE SIGNATURE.

The queen survived her husband nine months, and they were months of the deepest sorrow. Separated from her son in the Temple, and afterwards conveyed to the Conciergerie, a prison of meaner pretensions, she there was made to endure the greatest indignities. Lodged in an apartment unwholesome from its dampness and impure odours, she was waited on by a spy—a man of horrible countenance, and hollow sepulchral voice. This wretch, whose name was Barassin, was a robber and murderer by profession. Such was the attendant chosen of the queen of France. A few days before her trial he was removed, and a gendarme placed in her chamber, who watched over her night and day, and from whom she was not separated, even when in bed, but by a ragged curtain. In this melancholy abode Marie Antoinette had no other dress than an old black gown, stockings with holes, which she was forced to mend frequently, and she was utterly destitute of shoes.

To relieve the difficulty of substantiating charges against the queen at her trial, Hebert conceived the infamous idea of wringing from her son revelations which would criminate his mother. As the boy was too young to admit of his appearing as a witness before the tribunal, and as it would have been impossible to make him charge his mother with imaginary crimes while in possession of his senses, it was resolved by Hebert and Simon to induce him to drink by a show of kindness, and to effect their purpose when he should become intoxicated. This diabolical scheme was forthwith put in execution. A deposition full of the most revolting confessions and accusations was carefully prepared and brought to the Temple. All that was necessary to complete it as an instrument to be laid before the tribunal, was the signature of the little captive king.

On the morning of the 5th of October 1793, Simon and Hebert, with two municipal officers, were breakfasting together in the prison in the company of the prince, from whose thick and rapid utterance, unusual loquacity, and flushed features, it was easy to perceive they had succeeded in intoxicating him. When it was thought he was sufficiently stupified by liquor, Simon opened a large paper, and giving him a pen dipped in ink, he said—"Come, Capet, my boy; let us see whether you can write. Just try if you can put your name at the bottom of this paper."

"Let me read it first," replied the child, speaking quite thick and hardly able to lift his head.

"Sign it first and read it after; but you must have a little more to drink. Here, take this one glass of Malaga."

"You make me drink too much, Simon," said he, putting up his hand to his burning brow; "it disagrees with me, and besides I do not like wine—you know I do not."

"It is well to be accustomed to everything. Come, my boy, this one little glass of wine, and then you can write your name."

"I would rather do it than drink any more," replied the child, taking the pen and writing Louis-Charles of France at the bottom of the sheet that lay open before him; then letting his head fall heavily on the table, he was carried to bed by Simon, where he lay for some hours in a heavy slumber.

Fortified by the instrument so basely fabricated and subscribed, the revolutionary tribunal proceeded to try Marie Antoinette. The accusations were so odious that the Jacobin audience, bad as it was, was disgusted. Urged to answer if she had not attempted to pollute the mind of her son, the queen said with extraordinary emotion, "I thought that human nature would excuse me from answering such an imputation; but I appeal from it to the heart of every mother present." This noble and simple reply affected all who heard it. To the general charges of interfering in political affairs, she showed that there was no precise fact against her, and that, as the wife of Louis XVI., she was not answerable for any acts of his reign. All was unavailing; it had been determined to put her to death, and she was accordingly condemned.

Being taken back to prison, she there passed in tolerable composure the night preceding her execution, and on the morning of the following day, October 16, she was conducted to the scaffold. Her long hair, now white as snow, she had cut off with her own hands. She was dressed in white; and though depressed with a thousand conflicting emotions, she had an air which still commanded the admiration of all who beheld her; and she ascended the scaffold with a step as firm and dignified as if she had been about to take her place on a throne by the side of her husband. With the same nobility of soul did this much injured woman submit herself to the hands of the executioner and endure the stroke which deprived her of existence.

The intelligence of the condemnation of his mother was not communicated to Louis-Charles, nor did he know of her death till some hours after it had taken place. On the morning of the execution he rose earlier than usual, for, depressed with melancholy, he had spent a wretched night; and dressing himself, he sat down to wait the entrance of his keeper, who was later than usual at his post. Simon at last appeared with breakfast. As the door opened to admit him, the boy perceived a Savoyard with his back to the door smoking; and at the moment Simon called to the man, "Citizen, will you help me to put this room in order?"

"Willingly, citizen, I was looking for a job," said the man with an air of affected indifference; and taking the offered broom, he began to sweep.

"Simon," said the prisoner to his jailer, "I cannot eat any breakfast; I am not hungry."

There seemed to be something extraordinary about Simon himself this day; a half-expression of remorse seemed to have taken place of the usually unvarying harshness of his countenance, and he carefully avoided meeting the restless glance of his victim.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Simon in a more softened tone than he had ever yet been heard to use. "Are you ill this morning?"

"No," said the young king, "but I have had such a horrid dream; it is the second time I have dreamt it. The night before they took me from my mother, I dreamt that I was in the midst of a troop of wild beasts which wanted to tear me to pieces. I dreamt it again last night."

"Oh, you must not mind dreams," replied Simon.

"That may be; but, Simon, pray listen to me. I am so frightened—I know not why—but I am terrified; take me to your shop, teach me to make shoes, I will pass for your son; for I know," continued he, in a timid faltering voice, "oh, I *know* they will not spare me any more than my poor father. They will kill me."

Simon made no answer, but went out abruptly, slamming the door after him.

As Simon closed the door, Louis dragged his failing limbs to his usual seat in the window. The poor child already felt the symptoms of the malady which carried him off. He now perceived that the man introduced by Simon, instead of sweeping, was from time to time gazing at him, and manifestly with tears in his eyes.

"You weep as you look at me," said he, making an effort to go to him, but again falling back upon his seat—"you weep. Who can you be? No one here has any pity for me."

"A friend," replied the man in the low tones of caution.

"And are you come to tell me of my mother? Oh where is she? What is become of her?"

"Unhappy prince!" said the pretended Savoyard with gasping sobs.

"Oh speak, sir, speak! Is she ill?"

"They have killed her," said the man.

"My mother!—killed her!" repeated the child with a cry of agony.

"Hush, hush, sir. This morning at half-past four."

"As they did my father, upon the guillotine—as they did my father?"

And as the tears of the man prevented his reply, the poor child went on—"She so good, so good! Oh, my God, have pity on me! But of what did they accuse her?—what could they lay to her charge? She who did nothing but good to every one. Mother! mother!"

"They condemned her partly upon your testimony, sir; upon what you told of her."

"I—I—accuse my mother!—I who would lay down my life sooner than a hair of her head should be touched. Believe me, sir, you are mistaken."

"Calm yourself, and listen to me," replied the stranger. "Some members of your family yet remain, and you may ruin them as you did your mother; nay, you may destroy yourself. Doubtless some insidious questions have been answered by you imprudently; and upon words uttered by you, it may be at random, they have founded a charge against the queen of having plotted with some of the municipal officers against the constitution, and of carrying on a correspondence with foreign states. On this charge she was condemned, sir."

The young king, who had almost held his breath as if the more distinctly to hear these killing words, now said, in a tone which despair rendered calm, "I am a wretch; I have murdered my mother. Never again shall a single word pass these guilty lips." So saying, he seated himself in his usual place at the little table under the window, and from that time till the end of eighteen months, and then only a few hours before his death, opened not his lips to utter a word.

X.

FATE OF THE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

When Marie Antoinette had been conducted from the Temple to the Conciergerie, she left in that prison, beside her son, her sister-in-law Madame Elizabeth, and her daughter Marie Thérèse. Before proceeding farther with the history of the little captive king, let us say a few words of these ladies his relations.

Madame Elizabeth, whose whole life was an example of the tenderest affection, gentleness, and female dignity, remained in a cell in the Temple till the 9th of May 1794. On the evening of that day she was transferred to the Conciergerie, charged with the offence of corresponding with her brothers. The next evening she was carried before the revolutionary tribunal, and when asked her name and rank, she replied with dignity, "I am Elizabeth of France, and the aunt of your king." This bold answer filled the judges with astonishment, and interrupted the trial. Twenty-four other victims were sentenced with her; but she was reduced to the horrible necessity of witnessing the execution of all her companions. She met death with calmness and submission; not a complaint escaped her against her judges and executioners. Without being handsome, Elizabeth was pleasing and lively. Her hair was of a chestnut colour, her blue eyes bore a trace of melancholy, her mouth was delicate, her teeth beautiful, and her complexion of a dazzling whiteness. She was modest, and almost timid in the midst of splendour and greatness, but courageous in adversity, pious and virtuous, and her character was spotless.

The fate of Marie Thérèse, the daughter of Louis XVI., was less cruel than that of her parents, her aunt, or her brother. She remained in confinement in the Temple till December 1795; never, however, being allowed to share the sorrows of poor Louis-Charles, and remaining in a state of constant apprehension. Undetermined what to do with the princess, the revolutionary government at length, at the above period, consented to exchange her for certain deputies whom General Dumouriez had surrendered to the Austrians. She was accordingly sent out of France, and was carried to Vienna, where she resided with her uncle (afterwards Louis XVIII.), by whom she was married to the Duke d'Angouleme. She lived to return to France at the restoration.

The revolutionary tribunals, which destroyed every one claiming relationship with royalty that fell within their grasp, did not even refrain from taking the lives of servants and instructors of royal personages. Among the number of blameless and defenceless women who perished in this dreadful storm, was Madame de Soulanges, the abbess of Royal Lieu, who had been an instructress to the aunts of Louis XVI. This excellent woman and her numerous sisterhood were led to the scaffold on the same day. While leaving the prison, they all chanted a hymn upon the fatal car. When they arrived at the place of execution, they did not interrupt their strains. One head fell, and ceased to join its voice with the celestial chorus; but the strain continued. The abbess suffered last; and her single voice, with increased tone, still raised the devout versicle. It ceased at once —it was the silence of death!

XI.

EFFECTS OF PROLONGED CAPTIVITY.

From some cause not recorded in the history of the revolution, Simon was dismissed by the municipal authorities from his office of tutor to the young king; but the change does not seem to have led to any improved treatment of the little prisoner. Hebert, likewise, was no more seen in the Temple: he had, like most of the revolutionary leaders, taken his turn under the guillotine, and received the punishment due to his manifold outrages on society.

About thirteen months after the visit of the Savoyard, three persons presented themselves at the Temple prison, as visitors from the committee of public health, to verify statements which the municipal officers had deemed it their duty to make to it of the rapid progress of the disease of Louis XVII. The boy was in his usual place at his usual employment of building card-houses, his once expressive countenance now one dull blank. Even the heavy tread of the gentlemen as they approached him did not seem to excite his attention; nor did the sight of such unusual visitors arouse him from his apathy. Monsieur Harmand, advancing before his companions, approached the prisoner. "Sir," said he, taking off his hat as he stood before the innocent victim, "the government, informed of the bad state of your health, of your refusal to take exercise, to use any remedies, or receive the visits of a physician, and to answer any questions, nay, even to speak, has commissioned us to ascertain whether this is really the case. In the name of the government, we now renew the offer of a physician. We are authorised to permit your extending your walks, to allow you any amusement or relaxation you desire. Allow me to press upon you the acceptance of these indulgences. I await respectfully your reply."

At the commencement of this address the unhappy child raised his eyes to the speaker, and seemed to listen with great attention; but this was all—Monsieur Harmand did not obtain a single word in reply.

"Perhaps I have not sufficiently explained myself, sir; have not made myself understood by you? I have the honour of asking you if you would like playthings of any description—birds, a dog, a horse, one or two companions of your own age, to be first submitted to you for approval? Perhaps you would like to go now and then into the garden or on the ramparts? Do you care to have sweetmeats or cakes, a new dress, a watch and chain? You have only to say what you wish."

The enumeration of all these things, usually the objects of childish desire, did not excite the slightest sensation. The prince's countenance wore a look of utter indifference to all that was offered, and when the speaker ceased, there succeeded an expression of such sad, such melancholy resignation, that Monsieur Harmand turned away to hide his emotion.

"I believe, sir," said one of the jailers, "that it is useless for you to talk to the child. I have now been nearly thirteen months here, and I have not yet heard him utter a word. Simon the cobbler, whose place I took, told me that he had never spoken since he made him sign some paper against his mother."

This account, so simple yet so touching, went to the very hearts of the deputies of the commune. A child not yet nine years old forming and keeping a resolution of never again speaking, because a word of his had given a pretext to the murderers of his mother! At this moment the young prince's dinner was brought up, and on its appearance the visitors could scarcely repress an exclamation of indignant surprise. For the delicately-reared son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, for the child of royalty, the heir of France, was served up for dinner —"A brown earthenware porringer, containing a black broth covered with lentiles; a dish of the same ware, with a small piece of black coarse salt beef; and a second dish, on which were six half-burned chestnuts; one plate and no knife completed the dinner-service."

Involuntarily they turned to look at the child; his face expressed "What matters it! Take your victim." Was this resignation, or was it utter hopelessness? How could he have hoped for anything from the murderers of his mother? Alas! had he hoped for anything at their hands, he would have been disappointed. The representations of the visitors were disregarded. His allowance of fresh air was diminished, his window was narrowed, the iron bars were made closer, and washing, both of his person and his clothes, was thrown altogether upon himself. The door of his prison was, as it were, sealed, and it was through a narrow wicket that the pitcher of water, too heavy for his weak arms, was handed to him, with the sordid provision barely sufficient for the day. Not having strength enough to move his bed, having no one to look after his sheets and blankets, now nearly in rags, he at length was reduced to the extreme of wretchedness.

Condemned to solitude—for though two guards kept watch at the door, yet they never spoke to him—his intellect was at last impaired, and his body bent as if under the burden of life; all moral sense became obtuse, and so rapidly did his disorder now gain ground, that the tardy aid of two physicians, sent by the municipal authorities, was utterly ineffectual to arrest its progress. One of them could not restrain his indignation when he saw the state of the poor victim, and as he was audibly and in no measured terms giving vent to it, the prince beckoned him to approach his bed. "Speak low, sir," said he, breaking a silence which he had persevered in for eighteen months; "I pray, speak low, lest my sister should hear you, and I should be so sorry that she should know I am ill, it would grieve her so much."

XII.

DEATH OF THE LITTLE CAPTIVE KING.

We have been telling no imaginary tale. The sufferings of Louis XVII. in his foul prison require no picturesque embellishment. Yet the mind of the compassionate reader may well be excused for doubting the truthfulness of these melancholy details, and will naturally inquire if no effort was made to rescue the unfortunate prisoner from his oppressors—if no humane hand interfered to point out his condition to the people. Nothing of this kind appears to have been done. A nation assuming itself to be the greatest, the most civilised, and the most polite, quailed under the despotism of a set of wretches elevated to a power which they disgraced. As M. Thiers forcibly observes, "People dared no longer express any opinion. A hundred thousand arrests and some hundreds of condemnations rendered imprisonment and the scaffold ever present to the minds of twenty-five millions of French." And thus the fate of poor Louis-Charles, if it did not escape notice, at least encountered no censure.

The visit of the physician, to which we have alluded, took place only after the reign of terror had subsided, and the nation had resumed something like its senses. But this resumption of order came too late to save the little captive king. The physician, on seeing his deplorable condition, had him instantly removed into an apartment, the windows of which opened on the garden; and observing that the free current of air seemed to revive him for the moment, he said in a cheerful tone, "You will soon be able to walk and play about the garden."

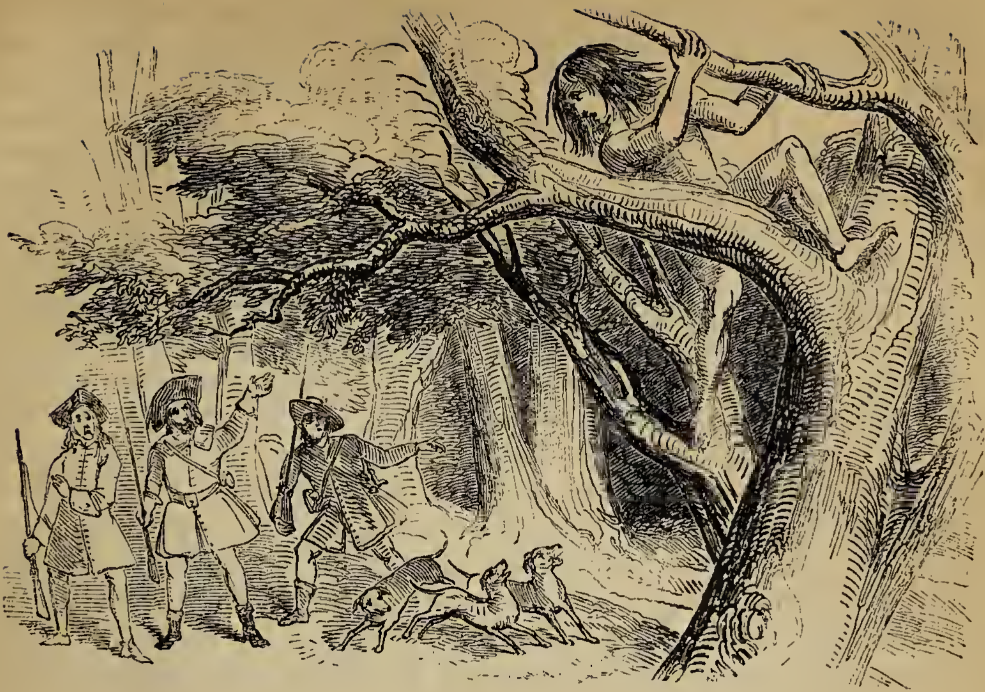
"I!" said the prince, raising his head a little; "I shall never go anywhere but to my mother, and she is not on earth."

"You must hope the best, sir," said the physician soothingly.

The child's only answer was a smile; but what a tale of withered hopes, of buried joys, of protracted suffering, was in that smile!

On the 8th of June 1795, about two o'clock, he made signs to those about him to open the window. They obeyed, and with a last effort he raised his eyes to heaven, as if seeking some one there, softly whispered "Mother!" and died.

Thus expired Louis XVII. at the early age of ten years and two months. A more gentle soul never ascended to the bosom of its Creator.



CHILDREN OF THE WILDS.

INSTANCES of children having been left by accident or by unnatural parents to perish in solitary places, are unhappily to be met with in various eras of social history. Sometimes the infants thus exposed have, by some extraordinary means, been preserved, and have lived in a savage condition till found by chance and brought within the pale of civilisation. It has occasionally happened that beasts usually remarkable for ferocity have nurtured them until strong enough to subsist upon roots, berries, and other fruits. Children found under such circumstances have always been regarded with interest. Though painful to the last degree to behold a human being possessing all the characteristics of a wild beast, yet it has been pleasing and instructive to watch the gradual development of their faculties, and the growth of their moral sentiments. It is our purpose in this tract to record some of the most prominent of these cases, detailing the more interesting at length. Many accounts of wild children—for example, that of Valentine and Orson—are doubtless fabulous: it has been our care, however, to select such as are well authenticated.

There is no instance on record which excited more curiosity, especially in England, than that of a child who was known as

PETER THE WILD BOY.

At the beginning of the last century, a great sensation was created by the accidental finding of a wild boy in a German forest, to whom the above name was afterwards given. The earliest account of him is to be found in a letter from the Hanoverian correspondent of the St James's Evening Post, published December 14, 1725. "The intendant of the house of correction at Zell," says the writer, "has brought a boy to Hanover, supposed to be about fifteen years of age, who was found some time ago in a wood near Hamelin, some twenty miles hence. He was walking on his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees." The young savage was brought to George I., who was at that time residing in Hanover. The king was at dinner, and some food was offered the youth, which he rejected. His majesty then ordered him such meat as he liked best; and raw food having been brought, he devoured it with a relish. As he was unable to speak, it was impossible to learn how he was first abandoned in the woods, and by what means he existed. Great care was taken of the boy by order of the king; but, despite the vigilance of those who had charge of him, he escaped in less than a month to the woods. Every species of restraint had been evidently irksome to him, and he availed himself of the first opportunity of freedom that occurred. The woods in the neighbourhood of Hanover were diligently searched, and at length he was discovered hiding in a tree. The boldest of his pursuers were unable to reach him, for as fast as they attempted to climb, he pushed them down, so great was his strength. As a last resource, they sawed down the tree; luckily, it fell without hurting its occupant, and he was once more captured.

Early in the following year (1726) George I. returned to England, and Peter was brought over also. His appearance in London excited intense curiosity. The public papers teemed with notices of his conduct and appearance. On arriving at the palace, a suit of blue clothes was prepared for him; but he seemed very uneasy at wearing apparel of any sort, and it was only restraint that would induce him to wear it. Various colours and descriptions of costume were meantime provided, and at length his taste appeared to be gratified by a strange dress, thus described by a correspondent to an Edinburgh newspaper, April 12, 1726:—"The wild youth is dressed in green, lined with red, and has scarlet stockings." By the same account, we find that he had been taught to abandon the use of his hands in walking, and to move about in an erect posture. "He walks upright," says the same authority, "and has begun to sit for his picture." On his first arrival, no inducements could persuade him to lie in a bed, and he would only sleep in a corner of a room.

When in presence of the court, Peter always took most notice of the king, and of the princess his daughter. The scene was so novel to him, and he so strange an object to those who saw him, that many ludicrous scenes took place, which are humorously related by Dean Swift in his amusing account "of the wonderful wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted, and taken in toils; how he behaved himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry, 1726." From the droll character of the dean, he may be suspected of having overdrawn his account of the wild boy; but we have carefully compared it with the current newspapers of the time, and find that in the main particulars he is correct.

It appears that, after residing many months within the pale of civilisation, the boy was unable to articulate words. He expressed pleasure by neighing like a horse, and imitated other animal sounds. The king placed him under the tuition of the celebrated physician of that day, Dr Arbuthnot, by whose instructions, it was hoped, the boy would, after a time, be enabled to express himself in words. On the 5th July 1726 he was baptised, at the doctor's house in Burlington Gardens, by the name of "Peter."

All attempts to teach this boy to speak were unavailing; and it was several years before his habits were at all conformable to civilised society. Finding this impracticable, the king caused a contract to be made with a farmer in Hertfordshire, with whom he was sent to reside, and who put him to school; but without any visible improvement. Instead of eating the food provided at the farm table, he preferred raw vegetables, particularly cabbage leaves; though he was not long in acquiring a taste for wine and spirits. His habits were far from steady: he was constantly running away from home, and cost his protector some trouble in reclaiming him. On one of these excursions, he was arrested on suspicion of being a spy from the Scottish Pretender, whose army was then invading England. As he was unable to speak, the people supposed him obstinate, and threatened him with punishment for his contumacy; but a lady who had seen him in London acquainted them with the character of their prisoner, and directed them where to send him. In these excursions he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young tender roots of trees. He took great delight in climbing trees, and in being in the open air when the weather was fine; but in winter, seldom stirred from before the fire.

After twelve years' residence in Hertfordshire, Peter was removed to the care of another farmer in Norfolk, where he resided during the rest of his life. In the beginning of June 1782, Lord Monboddo, the author of "Ancient Metaphysics," visited the half-reclaimed "boy," for by that title he was designated even in his old age. He then resided at a farmhouse called Broadway, within about a mile of Berkhamstead. The pension which George I. had granted was continued by his successors, George II. and George III. "He is," says his lordship, "low of stature, not exceeding five feet three inches; and though he must now be about seventy years of age, he has a fresh healthy look. He wears his beard. His face is not at all ugly or disagreeable; and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to elope, and once, as I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which is characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors."

Peter had always been remarkable for his personal strength; and even in his old age, the stoutest young countrymen were afraid to contend with him in athletic exercises. To the last, his passion for finery continued; and anything smooth or shining in the dress of a visitor instantly attracted his attention. "He is," remarked a correspondent of Lord Monboddo, "very fond of fire, and often brings in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fireplace would contain it, were he not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney corner, even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and seating himself on each of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place. He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather; for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked; but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed into the back of his hand. I could not find that he ever did any violence in the house, excepting when he first came over, he would sometimes tear his bedclothes, to which it was long before he was reconciled. He has never, at least since his present master has known him, shown any attention to women, and I am informed that he never did. Of the people who are about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in anything that can assist them; but he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart: the latter had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully occupied in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return, he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected."

Nothing further can be gleaned respecting "Peter the wild boy," except that he did not long survive the visits of Lord Monboddo and his friend. He died at Broadway farm in February 1786, at the supposed age of seventy-three.

More interesting than the history of Peter the wild boy, is that of

MADEMOISELLE LEBLANC.

One evening in the autumn of 1731, the villagers of Soigny, near Châlons, in the north-east of France, were engaged in a little festival, or *ducasse*, when their merriment was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a wild animal in human form. Its hair was long, and floated over its shoulders. The rest of the form was black, and nearly naked, and in the hand was wielded a short thick club. The terrified peasants mistook it for an evil spirit, and, not daring to attack it themselves, let loose a huge dog, having a collar surrounded with iron spikes, which they kept for the protection of the village against marauders. The strange figure, so far from flying, stood at bay, and awaited the attack of its assailant without a sign of fear. The dog, furiously set on by the peasants, made a sudden spring at the intruder's throat; but one violent and dexterously-dealt blow from the cudgel laid the beast dead on the spot. The wild creature then turned, crossed the fields at a rapid pace, and, darting into the forest whence it had at first emerged, climbed a tree with the activity of a squirrel. The villagers were too frightened to follow it, and all traces of the alarming visitor were lost for several days.

Meanwhile the proprietor, or *seigneur*, of the estate of which Soigny formed a part, having heard of the adventure, caused search to be made in every part of the wood; but without effect. In about a week, however, one of his servants perceived in the orchard of the chateau during the night a strange-looking figure mounted on a well-laden apple tree. The domestic, having more courage than the villagers, approached the tree stealthily; but ere he could reach it, the creature sprang into another, and passing from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, at length escaped from the orchard, and fled to the summit of a high tree in a neighbouring grove. The servant awoke his master, who instantly arose, ordered up all his household, and sent one to the village to desire the assistance of some of the peasants. They all assembled at the foot of the tree, determined to prevent the escape of this singular being, who made every effort to conceal itself amidst the foliage, though without being able wholly to escape observation.

The villagers at once recognised it as the "evil spirit" who had killed their dog, while the Seigneur de Soigny was able to distinguish that the creature resembled a young girl, and explained, to quiet the fears of the peasants, that she was in all probability some unhappy maniac who had escaped from confinement, and whom thirst (for the weather was oppressively warm) had driven from her haunts in the forests.

They continued to watch all that night and part of the following day, when Madame de Soigny proposed that a pail of water should be placed at the foot of the tree, and that the people should retire, so as to induce the maniac to descend. The stratagem succeeded. After some hesitation the creature came down, and eagerly approached the pail to drink, which she did like a horse—plunging her face into the water. The bystanders immediately rushed forward to secure her; but did not without much difficulty. Both her fingers and toes were armed with long and sharp nails, and she used them with great address and perseverance against her assailants: but after some trouble, they captured and conveyed her to the chateau.

She was taken into the kitchen. It happened that the cook was preparing some fowls for the spit; and on seeing them, the girl broke away from her captors, seized, and, though raw, devoured them with avidity. It was evident, from the quantity she ate and the eagerness with which she swallowed it, that she had not tasted food for a long time. Her appetite once satisfied, she looked around, and without betraying any lively signs of curiosity at the surrounding objects, evinced by her actions and countenance that they were quite strange to her. She appeared to be from twelve to thirteen years of age, and the blackness of her skin arose partly from constant exposure, and partly from dirt. She uttered no articulate sounds, but occasionally made a loud and unpleasant noise with her throat.

Monsieur de Soigny and his wife were for some time at a loss to know what to do with their extraordinary guest. During the rest of the day, she manifested the utmost impatience at the restraint she was placed under, and showed every desire to escape to the forest. At night, she refused to eat the food which was offered her, because, probably, it had been cooked; and could not by any inducement be persuaded to lie on a bed. All attempts to clothe her were equally useless.

By dint of management, however, and constant attention from Madame de Soigny and her household, the young wild girl became gradually reconciled to her new state. Her repugnance to clothing and to dressed food was gradually overcome, and after the lapse of a month, it was found practicable to allow her to range about the chateau unattended; for her desire to escape appeared to have left her. In a little time longer, it was thought advisable to take her out of doors; for the sudden and complete change in her mode of life was injuring her health. This was rather a hazardous experiment, and her host took care to be well attended while accompanying her. The moment she got into the fields, she set off, running with a speed which was truly astonishing, and not one of the party could keep up with her on foot; but De Soigny being on horseback, managed to keep her within sight. After a time, she came to the brink of a small lake. Here she stopped, and, divesting herself of her clothes, plunged into the water. Her host began to dread she had endeavoured to escape from him by self-destruction; but on arriving at the pond, he was gratified to find her swimming about with the greatest ease and dexterity. Soon, however, his fears were again awakened, for she dived and remained under water so long, that he gave her up for lost. He was in the act of preparing himself for an attempt to save her, when to his relief she again appeared on the surface, gracefully shaking the water from her long hair. As she approached the shore, something was perceived in her mouth which glistened in the sun; and on coming out of the water, De Soigny was astonished to find that, during her long dive, she had employed herself in catching a fish, which she devoured on the shore. Having resumed her apparel, she returned home peaceably with the domestics, whom they met on their way back.

It was long before the girl could be taught to make articulate sounds, which was the more singular, as there was scarcely any of the noises peculiar to a forest which she could not imitate. She occasionally amused her new companions by copying the cries of wild animals and of birds so exactly, that there was no difficulty in recognising the beast or bird she was imitating. The song of the nightingale, however, was beyond her powers, for she never attempted to imitate that. From all these facts, it was concluded that she was not, as at first conjectured, an escaped maniac, but some unfortunate being who had been abandoned in infancy, and had managed to subsist in the woods in a perfect state of nature.

Great pains were taken to teach her to speak, and after much perseverance, they were crowned with success. It was noticed that, as she improved in speaking, the feelings and ideas belonging to her early habits left her; and it was unfortunate that, in proportion as her ability to communicate her early history increased, new feelings and new mental resources impaired her memory of her old way of life. Still some of the most important facts connected with her former existence she retained; the most striking and interesting of them being the one which led to her capture.

All that she could remember, when able to speak well enough to be understood, was, that she had lived in the woods as long as her memory could trace, with, up to a very recent period, a companion about her own age, supposed to have been a sister. Of her parents, her recollections were extremely indistinct. The idea she communicated regarding them was something like this:—That they lived near the sea-shore, and collected sea-weed for manure. In the winter, she and her companion covered themselves with the skin of some animal they had previously slain for food; but in the summer, they had no other covering than a girdle. To this she suspended the only weapon she ever possessed—the short strong cudgel with which she so promptly slew the village watch-dog. In speaking of this cudgel, she invariably applied to it the word which signifies a wild boar's snout (*boutoir*), to which in shape it had some remote resemblance. It was to her an important weapon, for with it she killed such wild animals as afforded her sustenance. One remarkable but not very pleasing trait in her past history was her fondness for blood, and particularly that of hares. Whenever she caught a hare, she did not kill it at once, but opening a vein with her sharp nails, sucked the blood and threw away the carcass. This fondness for hares' blood did not wholly leave her in after life.

Of her companion she remembered nothing except her death. They were swimming together, as near as could be understood, in the river Marne (which gives the name to the department in which the wood of Soigny is situated), when a shot from the gun of a sportsman—who perhaps mistook them for water-fowl—passed close to them. They instantly dived, and having swam for some distance under water, escaped into a part of the forest which was supposed to have been near to some village. Here they happened to find something (whether a chaplet or string of beads, could not be sufficiently made out), which each wished to possess. In the struggle that ensued, the sister inflicted a sharp blow on the wild girl's arm, which was returned on the head with a stroke from the "boutoir," with so much violence, that she became, in the words of the narrator, "all red." This excited her sorrow, and she ran off to seek some remedy. It was difficult to make out the nature of the intended remedy; still it was clear that some curative means was known to the young savage; but whether gum, obtained from a tree, or the skin of a frog bound to the wound with strips of bark, could not, from the confused nature of the recital, be ascertained. Be that as it may, on her return to the spot where she had left her sister weltering in blood, she could nowhere find her. Her grief was now redoubled, and she sought every part of the wood in vain; nor did she relax her search till coming suddenly upon the villagers at Soigny, whither she had wandered in the hope of quenching her thirst. The rest of her story is known. Her companion was never heard of more; and it was thought that she must have been dragged away by a wolf to his den, and there devoured. The accident happened, as near as could be computed, about three days before the capture of the survivor near the chateau.

In a very few months the fame of Monsieur de Soigny's strange inmate spread to Châlons, and thence to Paris. De Choiseul, bishop of that diocese, went expressly to Soigny to see her, and inquire into every particular concerning her. The result was, that he caused her to be removed into a convent. It must be owned that the inhabitants of the chateau were not displeased at the change. The wild girl, despite her improvement, cost them much fear and anxiety. Her temper was ungovernable, and easily roused, especially when within sight of or when spoken to by any of the male species, for whom she from the first entertained a decided aversion. This was the chief reason for the bishop recommending her to be transferred to a convent, where none of the male sex would cross her path to vex her.

Once within the walls of her new abode, the wild girl was immediately baptised, but by what Christian name, we have not been able to ascertain, the only title given to her from that period having been Mademoiselle Leblanc. The secluded nature of the place had no effect in taming her wild temper, so that low diet and frequent bleedings were resorted to. This treatment not only had a most prejudicial effect upon her health, but renewed her desire to return to the woods. Indeed, it was remarked that the more she was subjected to privation and restraint, the more forcibly her savage propensities returned. On one occasion, she showed that her thirst for living animals had not wholly left her. A young lady, of a very blooming and sanguine complexion, who resided at Châlons, had a great curiosity to see her, and was seated at dinner when she was introduced. There happened to be a chicken at table, and Mademoiselle Leblanc's eyes appearing wild and excited, the young lady offered her a wing; but the girl refused it, and trembling with excitement, said with savage simplicity, "No, no, it is not that; it is you I want." As she said these words, she appeared so very much inclined to seize the young lady, that her attendant removed her by force.

During the confinement of the wild girl in the convent, the queen of Poland passed through Châlons on her way from Paris, on purpose to see her. Her majesty had the bad taste to order a sort of exhibition, in which the girl performed all her savage tricks: she was made to howl as she was wont in the forest, and a live hare was actually brought her to suck to death. This exhibition had nearly terminated fatally, on account of her invincible dislike to men. One of the queen's officers was silly enough to make some jesting approach to her. In an instant she seized him by the throat, and would assuredly have strangled him, but for the interference of the bystanders.

After having remained some years in the convent, she became an object of such great curiosity to the Parisians, that M. de la Condamaine, the celebrated member of the Academy of Sciences, was commissioned to make a journey to Châlons to inquire into the particulars of the wild girl's life. On seeing her, and hearing her story, he determined to remove her to Paris for the purpose of placing her in some religious house in that city. On arriving, however, it was found that her health was so severely impaired, that the discipline of a monastic institution would be far from beneficial. Condamaine, therefore, having succeeded in raising by subscription a fund for her support, provided an asylum for her near Paris, and proper persons to attend her. Towards the latter portion of her existence, few traces of the savage state in which she was found in Soigny remained; at all events, if any existed, the ill health in which she spent the latter days of her life prevented her from manifesting them. She died at Paris in the year 1780, forty-nine years after her capture by Monsieur de Soigny, and in about the sixty-second year of her age.

VICTOR, THE SAVAGE OF AVEYRON.

Towards the end of the year 1798, a child who appeared to be about eleven or twelve years of age, and who had several times before been seen in the woods of Caune, in France, seeking acorns and roots, on which he subsisted, was caught by three sportsmen, who seized him at the moment he was climbing a tree to avoid them. They carried him to a neighbouring village, where he was placed under the care of an old woman, from whom he, however, found means to escape before the end of the week, and fled to the mountains, where he wandered about during the winter, which was uncommonly severe, without any clothing but a ragged shirt. At night he retired to solitary places, but in the day approached nearer the houses and villages. He thus passed a roving life, till at length he voluntarily took refuge in a house in the canton of St Sernin. After being kept there two or three days, he was sent to the hospital of St Afrique, whence he was removed to Rhodez, where he remained several months. During his abode in these different places, he always seemed to be wild, impatient of restraint, and capricious, and constantly intent on getting away.

How he was originally abandoned, no one ever discovered; but, from certain scars on various parts of his body, he was thought to have escaped from the terrors of the Revolution, during which so many cruelties were perpetrated. From the testimony of the country people who lived near the woods in which he was found, he must have passed in absolute solitude seven years out of the twelve, which was supposed to be his age when caught in the woods of Caune. When he was first taken into society he lived on acorns, potatoes, and raw chestnuts, eating husks and all. In spite of the utmost vigilance, he was frequently near escaping, and at first exhibited great unwillingness to lie in a bed. His eyes were without steadiness and expression, wandering from one object to another; and his voice was imperfect, for he could utter only a guttural and monotonous sound. He seemed to be alike indifferent to the smell of the most delicious perfumes and the most fetid exhalations; and his sense of feeling was limited to those mechanical functions occasioned by the dread of objects that might be in his way.

But despite all these disadvantages, the young savage was by no means destitute of intelligence. During an intercourse of six weeks with society, he had learned to prepare his food with a great degree of care and attention. M. Bonaterre informs us that, during his stay at Rhodez, his employment was shelling kidney-beans, and that greater discernment could not have been shown by a person the most accustomed to the employment. As soon as the pods were brought him, he fetched a kettle, and arranged his materials in the middle of the apartment in the most commodious manner possible, placing the kettle on his right hand, and the beans on his left. The shells he opened, one after the other, with admirable dexterity, putting the good grains into the kettle, and throwing away the bad; and if any grain happened to escape him, he took it up and placed it with the others. He formed a separate heap of the empty shells; and when his work was finished, he filled the kettle with water, and placed it on the fire, on which he threw the empty husks, to increase the heat.

In the year 1799 he was removed to Paris, and placed in the deaf and dumb institution, under the care of Madame Guerin and the superintendence of M. Itard, physician to the asylum. Beneficial results, from M. Itard's judicious treatment in exciting the dormant faculties of the strange patient, showed themselves in three months' time. The touch by that time appeared sensible to the impression of all bodies, whether warm or cold, smooth or rough, soft or hard. The sense of smell was improved in a similar way; and the least irritation now excited sneezing. From the horror with which he was seized the first time this happened, it was presumed that it was a thing altogether new to him. The sense of taste was improved in a still greater degree. The articles of food on which he subsisted for some time after his arrival in Paris were excessively disgusting: he dragged them about his room, and ate them out of his hand, besmeared with filth. So great was the change which had taken place in this respect, that he now threw away the contents of his plate if any particle of dust or dirt had fallen upon it; and after he had broken his walnuts with his foot, he cleaned them in the most careful manner.

His new habits, and the tenderness that was shown him, at length began to inspire the youth with a fondness for his new situation. He likewise conceived a lively attachment for his governess, which he would sometimes testify in the most affectionate manner. He could never leave her without evident uneasiness, nor meet her again without expressing his satisfaction. Once after he had slipped from her in the streets, on again seeing her he burst into tears. For several hours he appeared much dejected, and Madame Guerin having then gently reproached him, his eyes again overflowed with tears. As in all similar cases, the endeavours to excite the faculty of speech were almost futile, and never advanced him beyond the capability of uttering a few exclamations and unimportant words. Neither did his sense of hearing improve much.

Some traits this boy exhibited were amusing. "When fatigued," says a contemporary account, "with the length of the visits of inquisitive strangers, he dismisses them with more frankness than politeness, presenting to each, but without an air of contempt, their cane, gloves, and hat, then pushing them gently towards the door, which he shuts after them with great violence. This kind of language Victor understands, when employed by others, with the same facility as he uses it himself; and his readiness in this respect is truly astonishing, for it requires no previous instruction to make him comprehend the meaning of signs which he has never seen before."

So far as we can learn, Victor remained in the same institution, but whether he be there now, or indeed is still alive, we have not been able to ascertain.

CASPAR HAUSER.

Of all the cases of abandoned children, none ever created a greater sensation than that of a youth who was left at the gate of the city of Nuremberg, in Germany, so recently as 1828.

On the Whit-Monday, which happened in that year on the 26th May, a citizen who lived at Unschlitt Place, near the little frequented Haller gate of Nuremberg, was loitering before his door between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when he remarked at a little distance a young man in a peasant's dress. He was standing in the singular posture of a person endeavouring to move forward, without being fully able either to stand upright or to govern the movement of his legs. On approaching, this singular stranger held out a letter directed to the captain of the 4th squadron of the 6th regiment of Bavarian light horse. As this person lived near to the new gate, the citizen assisted the crippled youth to his house. On the door being opened, and the servant inquiring the applicant's business, it was evident that he did not comprehend the inquiry. His own language was little else than unintelligible sounds, mixed with tears and moans; but, with difficulty, the following words were made out:—"Reuta wähn, wie mei votta wähn is"—("I will be a rider or trooper, as my father was.") He was taken for a kind of savage; and as the captain was from home, he was conducted to the stable, where he stretched himself on the straw, and soon fell into a profound sleep. Upon the return of the captain, it was with great difficulty that he could be awakened. When fully conscious, he gazed intently on the officer's glittering uniform, which he seemed to regard with childish satisfaction, and instantly groaned out, "Reuta," &c. The captain then read the letter, which was from an unknown hand, wishing that the youth should be received into the captain's troop of light horse. It was written in German; but enclosed was a memorandum in Latin, which the writer of the letter declared he had received when the boy, then a baby, was left at his house on the 7th of October 1812. The memorandum ran thus:—"The child is already baptised. You must give him a surname yourself. You must educate the child. His father was one of the light horse. When he is seventeen years old, send him to Nuremberg to the 6th regiment of light horse, for there his father also was. I ask for his education until he is seventeen years old. He was born on the 30th April 1812. I am a poor girl, and cannot support him. His father is dead."

Neither of the epistle nor the enclosure could the captain make anything, and consequently handed his extraordinary visitor over to the police, which was done by about eight o'clock in the evening. When in the guard-room, in which were several inferior magistrates and police soldiers, he betrayed neither fear, confusion, nor astonishment. He continually cried, and pointed to his tottering feet; and this, joined to his childish demeanour, excited the pity of the officials. A soldier brought him a piece of meat and some beer, but he rejected them with abhorrence, partaking simply of bread and water, which he appeared to do with a relish. The usual official questions of, What is your name? Whence came you? Produce your passport? were put to the youth in vain. The magistrates began to suspect that he was playing a part, and this suspicion was soon greatly confirmed. A bystander proposed trying if he could write; and pen, ink, and paper, were placed before him, which appeared to give him pleasure. He took the pen in his hand, by no means awkwardly, and, to the astonishment of the spectators, began to write! He slowly and legibly traced the words "Kaspar Hauser." All was doubt and uncertainty. It was doubtful whether he ought to be treated as an idiot or an impostor. However, for the present he was removed to the place appropriated to rogues and vagabonds—a tower near the guard-house. During this short way he sank down, groaning at almost every step. Walking seemed to be not only painful, but a motion with which he was quite unacquainted. Soon after entering the small apartment allotted to him, he lay down on a straw-bed and slept soundly.

A close scrutiny of this strange being's attire increased the astonishment. It consisted of a peasant's jacket over a coarse shirt, a groom's pantaloons, and a white handkerchief marked K. H. The contents of his pockets created the greatest surprise. They consisted of coloured rags, a key, a paper of gold sand, a small horn rosary, and several religious tracts. An examination of his person presented new grounds for surprise. The soles of his feet were as soft as the palms of his hands; but were covered all over with blisters, which fully accounted for the pain which walking seemed to give him. His gait was that of a child learning to walk in leading-strings; indeed he could not walk at all without assistance. To account for this, his knees were attentively examined, when it was found that the joint, instead of being a protuberance when the leg was straightened, formed a sort of hole or depression; while at the back, his hams so nearly touched the ground, that a common playing card could scarcely be thrust between.

After a time, Caspar was no longer kept in the tower, but was admitted amongst the family of the prison keeper, Hiltel, of whose children he seemed very fond. About a fortnight after his arrival, he was visited by a young college professor, Daumer, who eventually, with the concurrence of the city authorities, took Caspar to his own home to educate him. The professor soon discovered that his mental powers only required attention to become cultivated. He soon was able to speak intelligibly; and the first use to which he put his new accomplishment, was to make a deposition before the burgomaster of Nuremberg. Not to cause him embarrassment, however, Mr Binder, the burgomaster, abandoned legal forms, and had Caspar to his house, so as to get him to converse freely, and without restriction, concerning his previous history. From these conversations he drew up a document, of which we give an abridgment. Caspar declared that he knew not who he was, nor where his home is. As long as he can recollect, he had constantly lived in a sort of hole, which he sometimes called a cage, where he always sat upon the ground, with his back supported in an erect posture (this was fully corroborated by the state of his knees). The only human being he had ever seen, up to the time of his arrival in Nuremberg, was "the man," as he said, "with whom I have always been;" whose face he had never seen. He knew no difference between day and night; but whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Shortly before his removal, "the man" placed a small table over his feet, and spreading something white upon it (paper), he put a kind of stick between his fingers (proved to have been a lead pencil), and guided his hand in making black marks, which pleased him very much. The man came every day to guide his hand; and by imitating the marks thus made, after the man was gone, Caspar learned, it would seem, to write his name. As to speaking, all he was ever taught to say was "Reuta," &c. Finally, the man came one day, placed his hands over Caspar's shoulders, and carried him on his back out of his prison, and made him try to walk; but "it became night"—that is, he fainted with the effort; and at last he brought him to the gate of Nuremberg.

This extraordinary account increased the mystery. The story of Caspar spread not only over Germany, but throughout Europe. Many thought him an impostor. He was examined by the faculty, by law officers, and by every competent person who imagined they could find a clue to the mystery. Meanwhile he continued under the tutorship of Professor Daumer, and made very great improvement; though his new state of existence was extremely distasteful to him, and he longed to go back to "the man with whom he had always been." He suffered from headache. The operation of his senses, from their extreme acuteness, gave him pain rather than pleasure. He soon learned to talk like a child, for his memory was very good. As an instance of it, Dr Osterhausen, an eminent physician, gave him a nosegay, naming the different flowers: several days afterwards, other flowers were brought him, and all of the same kind as those which composed the former nosegay he named correctly. At an early stage of instruction, he exhibited a great love of order, and was extremely obedient. In short, he in less than a year became nearly reconciled to his new position, and was allowed to go about with little restraint.

On Saturday, 17th October, Caspar was the subject of an extraordinary and nearly fatal event. He was accustomed, daily between eleven and twelve, to leave Professor Daumer's house to attend a ciphering class; but on the above day, not feeling well, he was desired to remain at home, while his host went out to take a walk. A little after twelve, Daumer's sister was sweeping the house, when she observed on the stairs several spots of blood and bloody footsteps. These marks she traced along the passage to a closet, and there, to her horror, beheld a large quantity of clotted blood. She instantly called her mother. In great alarm, they sought Caspar in his chamber, but he was not to be found either there or in any other part of the house. The marks of blood being more carefully traced, were found to lead to a cellar door. This was opened, and after a time Caspar was found within, to all appearance dead, with a large wound across his forehead. The servant-maid and the son of the landlord had now joined them, and Caspar was removed to his chamber. He appeared to breathe, and presently gave a deep groan, saying with difficulty, "Man! man!—mother tell professor—closet;" he could say no more, for he was seized with a strong ague; after which he lay senseless for forty-eight hours. In his delirium, he murmured at various times, "Man came!—don't kill me—I love all men—do no one anything. Man, I love you too—don't kill—why man kill?" He was assiduously attended by the medical officer of the city jurisdiction, and under his hands gradually recovered. When strong enough, the judicial authorities caused him to be examined as to his misfortune. From his deposition,* it appears that, while in the closet, to which he had occasion to retire, he heard footsteps softly treading the passage, and presently the head of a person masked appeared. In an instant he received a severe blow on the forehead, which felled him to the ground: he fainted, and did not completely recover his senses till found in the cellar. How he got there, he was unable to remember correctly, but thought that he must have been left for dead; and, coming to a sort of half consciousness, had crawled thither, partly from fright, and partly from having mistaken his way to Mrs Daumer's chamber.

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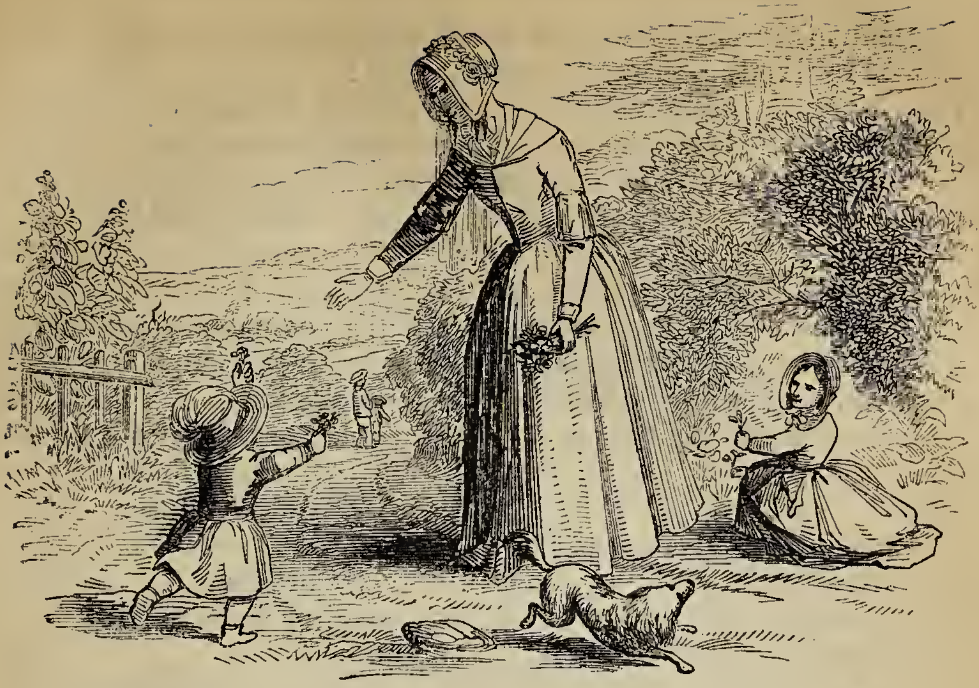
* It may be well to observe, that all the depositions respecting this extraordinary case are still preserved in the police court of Nuremberg.

This new circumstance redoubled public curiosity respecting Hauser. Some deep and diabolical mystery hung over him. It was evident that those who sent him to Nuremberg had been disappointed in his not becoming at once absorbed in the ranks of the army, and were afraid lest the attention of the public which he had excited would lead to the discovery of his origin. To prevent this, his murder must have been planned and attempted. These machinations were, however, on this occasion frustrated, for the wound was not so serious as to prevent his complete recovery. He resumed his studies, and pursued them with so much success, that he was not to be known in company from any other young man who had been brought up under ordinary circumstances. His temper was good, and his manners gentle and amiable.

While with Professor Daumer, he became an object of great interest to Earl Stanhope, who wished to have the entire charge and expense of his future education. With this view, Caspar was removed by that nobleman to Anspach, and put under the care of an able schoolmaster. After a time, he was found competent to undertake an official situation, and he received the appointment of clerk in the registrar's office of the Court of Appeal. It was Lord Stanhope's plan to accustom him, whilst filling this situation, to the ordinary business of life; with the view of bringing him eventually to England, and of adopting him as his foster-son. But unhappily these benevolent intentions were frustrated, for the same mystery which shrouded his birth hung over his death. On the 17th of December 1833, Caspar Hauser, while returning from his official duties at midday, was accosted in the streets by a person who promised to impart to him the secret of his origin, if he would meet him in the park of Anspach Castle. Without informing his protectors of this circumstance, Hauser imprudently kept the appointment. The stranger was at his post; he took Caspar aside, and, without speaking a word, plunged a dagger into his breast, and instantly disappeared. Hauser had just time to reach the residence of his new tutor, into whose apartment he rushed, and had just breath enough to utter two or three indistinct words, when he immediately fainted. The police were instantly sent for; but before its officers could return, Caspar Hauser expired. Every expedient which the police could invent was adopted to discover the murderer, but without success. The secret, which it cost so much crime to preserve, has not yet been divulged.

This history is so strange and mysterious, that its authenticity would be open to many doubts, but for the unquestionable respectability of our informant, and the notoriety of the facts at the time.



SELECT POEMS ON LOVE FOR FLOWERS.

——————— Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.—COWPER.

WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels gather—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather-
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fixed as in a queenly diadem:
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own blue-bell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be:
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And though the worldling, scorning, may deride—
I love ye all!

—Nicoll.

LET US GO TO THE WOODS.

Let us go to the woods—'tis a bright sunny day:
They are mowing the grass, and at work with the hay.
Come over the meadow and scent the fresh air,
For the pure mountain breezes are everywhere.

We'll follow this winding path up to the hills,
And spring with a lightsome foot over the rills.
Up, up—it grows sweeter the higher we get,
With the flowers of the season that linger here yet.
Nay, pause not to gaze at the landscape now;
It is finer when seen from the high hill's brow.
We will gather all curious flowers as we go;
The sweet and the scentless, and those that bend low;
The pale and the gaudy, the tiny, the tall,
From the vine, from the shrub, we will gather them all.

Now here's the Clematis, all graceful and fair;
You may set it like pearls in the folds of your hair.
And if for your bosom you'd have a bouquet,
Here's the Meadow-pink sweet, and the Touch-me-not gay.
Here's the full-blown Azalea, perfuming the air,
Here's the Cardinal-flower, that a princess might wear.
And the wild mountain Phlox, pink and purple and blue,
And Star-flowers both of white and of golden hue.
And here's a bright blossom, a gay one indeed,
Our mountain-maids name it the Butterfly-weed;
So gorgeous its colours, one scarcely can tell
If the flower or the insect in beauty excel.

Here's the low dwarf Acacia, that droops as it grows,
And its leaves, as you gather them, tremble and close.
And near us, I know by her breath on the gale,
Is the tall yellow Primrose, so pretty and pale.

Here's the Pigeon-pea, fit for a fairy's bowers,
And the purple Thrift, straightest and primmest of flowers.
Here is Privet, no prettier shrub have we met;
And the Midsummer-daisy is hiding here yet.

But stay—we are now on the high hill's brow!
How bright lie the fields in the sunlight below!
Do you see those white chimneys that peep o'er the grove?
'Tis your own little cottage, the home that you love:
Let us go by the fields where the Chinquapins are,
And through the long lane where the Chestnuts hang fair,
They are scarcely yet ripe, but their tender green
Looks lovely the dark clustering foliage between:
And we'll stop at the nest that we found in the wood,
And see if the blackbird hath flown with her brood:
And we'll list to the mocking-bird, wondering thereat,
Till he pauses, as if to ask, "Who can do that?"
We will listen and gaze, for the lowliest thing
Some lesson of worth to the mind can bring.

If we read Nature's book with a serious eye,
Not a leaf but some precious thought on it doth lie:
And 'tis good to go forth among scenes like these,
Amid music and sunshine, and flowers and trees,
If 'twere only to waken the deep love that springs
At the sight of all lovely and innocent things.

—*Anonymous.*

DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

—Herrick, 1648.

THE SWEET-BRIER.

Our sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the sweet-brier yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate

Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odours of the spicy East.
You love *your* flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest?
—BRAINARD.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

COME buy, come buy my mystic flowers,
All ranged with due consideration,
And culled in fancy's fairy bowers,
To suit each age and every station.

For those who late in life would tarry,
I've Snowdrops, winter's children cold;
And those who seek for wealth to marry,
May buy the flaunting Marigold.

I've Ragwort, Ragged Robbins too,
Cheap flowers for those of low condition;
For Bachelors I've Buttons blue;
And Crown Imperials for ambition.

For sportsmen keen, who range the lea,
I've Pheasant's Eye and sprigs of Heather;
For courtiers with the supple knee,
I've Parasites and Prince's Feather.

For thin tall fops I keep the Rush,
For peasants still am Nightshade weeding;
For rakes, I've Devil-in-the-Bush,
For sighing Strephons, Love-lies-Bleeding.

But fairest blooms affection's hand
For constancy and worth disposes,
And gladly weaves at your command
A wreath of Amaranths and Roses.
—MRS CORBOLD.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower! I love in forest bare
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
  First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
  Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
  Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
  And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
  And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
  When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
  Thy early smile has stayed my walk,
But, 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
  I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth, forget
  The friends in darker fortunes tried;
I copied them—but I regret
  That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
  Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
  That made the woods of April bright.

—BRYANT.

THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
  Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from Nature's sleep,
  Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
  And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
  Could raise the daisy's purple bud!

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
  Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
  That, set in silver, gleams within!

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
  O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
  In every step the stamp of God.

—DR GOOD.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralise:
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere;
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities, I, day by day,
Would wear away;
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

—SOUTHEY.

THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the wuds,
Like a twinkling wee star amang the cluds;
And the langer it leevit, the greener it grew,
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew.
Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves shed.

When the morning sun rose frae his eastern ha',
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode high,
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin' by,
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floating awa', like a clud ower the sea,
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rockely green.

And when the night clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out, and the moon in the wane,
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dews of the night the green earth pressed,
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when autumn came, and the summer had passed,
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling blast,
This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air;
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the ground,
But the rose and white lilies were drooping around;
And this bonnie blue flower hung doon its wee head,
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on its bed,
And the pale stars looked forth—but the wee flower was dead.

—ANDERSON.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

IN Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
  And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
  On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of joy and love—
  Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
  From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the grave,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot;
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

—PERCIVAL.

THE PRIMROSE.

THE milk-white blossoms of the thorn
Are waving o'er the pool,
Moved by the wind that breathes along
So sweetly and so cool.
The hawthorn clusters bloom above,
The primrose hides below,
And on the lonely passer-by
A modest glance doth throw!

The humble primrose' bonnie face
I meet it everywhere;
Where other flowers disdain to bloom,
It comes and nestles there.
Like God's own light, on every place
In glory it doth fall:
And where its dwelling-place is made,
It straightway hallows all!

Where'er the green-winged linnet sings,
The primrose bloometh lone;
And love it wins—deep love—from all
Who gaze its sweetness on.
On field-paths narrow, and in woods,
We meet thee near and far,
Till thou becomest prized and loved,
As things familiar are!

The stars are sweet at eventide,
But cold, and far away;
The clouds are saft in summer time,
But all unstable they:
The rose is rich—but pride of place
Is far too high for me—
God's simple common things I love—
My primrose, such as thee!

I love the fireside of my home,
Because all sympathies,
The feelings fond of every day,
Around its circle rise.
And while admiring all the flowers
That summer suns can give,
Within my heart the primrose sweet,
In lowly love doth live!

—NICOLL.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now, what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore:
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!

By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred:
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven;
By human pride or cunning driven,
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

—Burns.

PRECEPTS OF FLOWERS.

Flowers of the field, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to portray,
Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
Passing at eve away;
Teach this, and, oh! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow;
Go, and to busy mankind breathe
What most he fears to know;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no words of cheer?
Oh yes! ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of the long sleep and broken chain;

And say, that He who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;

While silent showers are falling slow,
And, 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;

But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
  Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
  In freedom and in joy.

—ELLIOTT.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

FAIR flower, that lapt in lowly glade
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
  Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
  Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that 'lily of the field,'
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
  The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
  Of God's paternal care?

But not the less, sweet springtide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
  His skill and handiwork,
Our western valley's humbler child;
Where in green nook of woodland wild,
  Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine;
  Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
  Her wealthiest king arrayed.

Of thy twin leaves th' embowered screen
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;
  Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arched and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
  Displays a milk-white bell;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
  As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,
  And berries scarlet red;

The triple cell, the twofold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow:

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand,
Who at creation gave command,
And willed thee thus to be,
And keeps thee still in being through
Age after age revolving, who
But the Great God is He?

Omnipotent to work his will;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assigned;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep; to make the sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment kind!

"There is no God," the senseless say:—
"Oh God, why cast'st thou us away?"
Of feeble faith and frail
The mourner breathes his anxious thought—
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes! He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine;
Nor deems she that his guardian care
Will he in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

—*Field Naturalist's Magazine.*

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

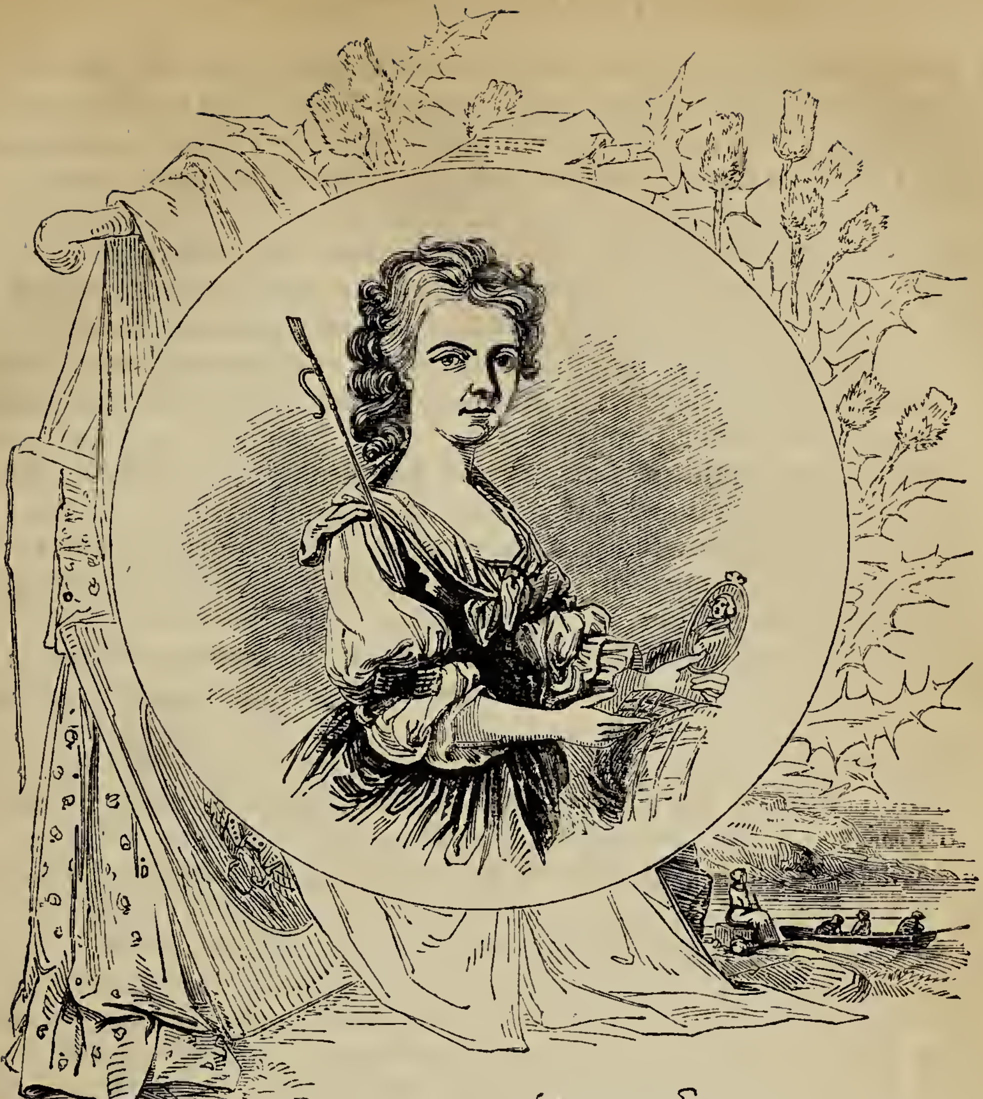
Alas! they all are in their graves: the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague
 on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade,
 and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
 will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
 are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he
 bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—BRYANT.



FLORA MACDONALD.

AMONGST those whose self-denying heroism, in the midst of perils and personal privations, have shed a glory over *female devotedness*, Flora Macdonald has deservedly obtained a high meed of applause. This lady was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, one of the remoter of the Western Islands of Scotland. She was born about the year 1720, and received the usual limited education of the daughter of a Highland gentleman of that age. It conferred little school learning, and scarcely any accomplishments, but included good moral principles, and the feelings and manners of a lady. When Flora was a girl, her father died, leaving his estate to a son. The widowed mother, being still young and handsome, was soon afterwards wooed by Mr Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye; but she long resisted all his solicitations. At length he resorted to an expedient which was not then uncommon in the Highlands, and was at a later period more common in Ireland—he forcibly carried away the lady from her house, and married her. It is said that they proved a sufficiently happy couple; though this of course does not justify the act by which the marriage was brought about.

Flora, therefore, spent her youthful years in the house of her stepfather at Armadale. She grew to womanhood without ever having seen a town, or mingled in any bustling scene. The simple life which she led in the rugged and remote Isle of Skye was enlivened only by visits among neighbours, who were thought near if they were not above ten miles distant. The greatest event of her youth was her spending about a year in the house of Macdonald of Largoe, in Argyleshire—a lonely Highland mansion like her stepfather's, but one in which there was probably more knowledge of the world, and more of the style of life which prevailed in Lowland society. This was not long before the breaking out of the rebellion of 1745.

When Prince Charles Stuart came in that year to Scotland, to endeavour to regain the throne from which his family had been expelled, he was joined by a great portion of the clan Macdonald, including nearly the whole of the Clanranald branch, to which Flora's father had belonged. Another large portion, who looked to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat as their superior, was prevailed upon by that gentleman to remain at peace; for he, though a friend of the Stuarts, was prudent enough to see that the enterprise had no chance of success. Flora's stepfather, as one of Sir Alexander's friends, was among those who refrained from joining the prince's standard; and it was probably from his example that Flora's brother, young Macdonald of Milton, also kept quiet. Thus, it will be observed, Flora's immediate living relatives were not involved in this unhappy civil war; but the branch of the clan to which she belonged was fully engaged, and she and her friends all wished well to the Stuart cause.

Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland on the 19th of August 1745. The place chosen for his disembarkation from the small vessel which had conveyed him from France, was Glenfinnin, a lonely vale at the head of Loch Shiel, in the western part of Inverness-shire, through which runs the small river Finnin.* Here having planted his standard, he was immediately attended by a band of Highlanders of different clans, with whom he forthwith proceeded towards the low country. His small irregular army, augmented by adherents from Lowland Jacobite families, passed, as is well known, through a series of extraordinary adventures. After taking possession of Edinburgh, it attacked and routed a fully equal army of regular troops at Prestonpans. It marched into England in the depth of winter, and boldly advanced to Derby, a hundred and twenty-seven miles from the metropolis. Then it retreated—turned upon and routed a second army at Falkirk, but at Culloden was finally broken to pieces by the Duke of Cumberland (April 16, 1746). Prince Charles, escaping from the field, withdrew into the western parts of Inverness-shire, with the design of endeavouring to get to France by sea; while parties of the king's troops proceeded to ravage the lands of all those who had been concerned in the enterprise.

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* The spot is now distinguished by a monumental pillar, erected by the late Mr Macdonald of Glenaladale, a young gentleman of the district, whose grandfather, with the most of his clan, had engaged in the unfortunate enterprise which it is designed to commemorate.

The government, sensible of the dangerous nature of the prince's claims, had set a price of thirty thousand pounds upon his head. This was a sum sufficient in those days to have purchased a large estate in the Highlands; and as the Highlanders were generally poor, it was thought that some one would, for its sake, betray the prince into his enemies' hands. Charles, aware of the danger in which he stood, very quickly assumed a mean disguise, in order to elude notice, and pursued his way almost alone. Disappointed in his first attempts to obtain a passage in a French vessel, he sailed in an open boat to the outer Hebrides, where, after some perilous adventures, he found a refuge in South Uist, under the care of the chieftain of Clanranald and his lady, who resided there at a place called Ormaclade. It has been mentioned that the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds had been engaged in the insurrection. They had, however, been led out by the chief's eldest son, who alone, therefore, became responsible to the law, while the chieftain himself and the estate were safe. This enabled Clanranald and his lady to extend their protection to Prince Charles in his now distressed state. They placed him in a lonely hut amidst the mountains of Coradale in South Uist, and supplied all his wants for about six weeks, during which he daily hoped for an opportunity of escaping to France. At length, his enemies having formed some suspicion of his retreat, the island was suddenly beset with parties by sea and land, with the view of taking him prisoner—in which case there can be little doubt that his life would have been instantly sacrificed, for orders to that effect had been issued. Clanranald, his lady, and the two or three friends who kept the prince company, were in the greatest alarm, more particularly when they heard that the commander of the party was a Captain Scott, who had already become notorious for his cruelties towards the poor Highlanders. The first object was to remove Charles from his hut, lest exact information about it should have been obtained; the second was to get him, if possible, carried away from the island. But the state of affairs was such, that it was impossible for him to move a mile in any direction without the greatest risk of being seized by some of his enemies.

At this period the Hebridean or Western Isles, in which the prince had taken refuge, were in a rude and almost primitive condition; from which, indeed, they can scarcely now be said to have emerged. Extending in a range, with detached masses, for upwards of a hundred and fifty miles along the west coast of Argyle, Inverness, Ross, and Cromarty shires, to one or other of which they belong, they are generally difficult of access, and present the wild features of rocks, mountains, heaths, and morasses in a state of nature, with occasional patches of cultivated land, and hamlets of an exceedingly rude construction. The inhabitants, who are of the original Celtic race, remain for the most part tenants of small farms and allotments, from which they draw a miserable subsistence, chiefly by the breeding of cattle for the Lowland markets. Although poor and illiterate, and with few residents amongst them belonging to the higher classes, they are distinguished for their orderly conduct, their patience under an almost perennial adversity, and, like all the Celtic people, for their attachment to their chief—a dignity now little better than nominal. In the main range of the Hebrides, Lewis is the largest island, and is situated to the north of the others. South from it lie in succession North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist, the whole so closely environed and nearly connected by islets, that they are spoken of collectively as the *Long Island*. Opposite South Uist, on the east, lies Skye, one of the largest and most important of the Hebrides. It extends along the coast of Ross-shire in an irregular manner, and is remarkable for the boldness of its shores, and the grandeur of some of its mountains. The indentations of the coast furnish a great variety of natural harbours, the refuge of vessels exposed to the tempests of the western ocean. The chief town in the island is Portree, and the principal mansion that of Dunvegan, the seat of the Macleods, who own the greater part of the isle. The southern district of Skye is called Sleat, or Slate. Skye is separated from the outer Hebrides by a strait or sound, from twenty to forty miles wide. Such, as will be immediately seen, was the principal scene of the wanderings and hairbreadth escapes of Charles Stuart. Fleeing from island to island, crossing straits in open boats, lurking in wilds and caves, attended by seldom more than one adherent, and assisted, when in the greatest extremity, by the heroic Flora Macdonald, did this unfortunate prince contrive to elude the grasp of his enemies.

In South Uist, in which he had taken refuge with a single follower named O'Neal, he was in continual danger from the parties on the watch for his apprehension, and for about ten days he wandered from place to place, crossing to Benbecula, and returning, sometimes making the narrowest escape, but with the faintest possible hope of finally eluding discovery. It was at this critical juncture that Flora Macdonald became accessory to his preservation. She was at the time paying a visit to her brother at his house of Milton, in South Uist. It also happened that her stepfather, Armadale, was acting as commander of a party of Skye militia amongst the troops in pursuit of the prince. Armadale, like many others, had joined that militia corps at the wish of his superior, the laird of Sleat; but, in reality, he retained a friendly feeling towards the Stuarts, and wished anything rather than to be concerned in capturing the royal fugitive. Such associations of feeling, with an opposite mode of acting, were not uncommon in those days. O'Neal, who had formerly been slightly acquainted with Flora, seems to have suggested the idea of employing her to assist in getting Charles carried off the island.

One night near the end of June, he came by appointment to meet the young lady in a cottage upon her brother's land in Benbecula: the prince remained outside. After a little conversation, O'Neal told her he had brought a friend to see her. She asked with emotion if it was the prince, and O'Neal answered in the affirmative, and instantly brought him in. She was asked by Charles himself if she could undertake to convey him to Skye, and it was pointed out to her that she might do this the more easily, as her stepfather would be able to give her a pass for her journey. The first idea of Flora was, not her own peril, but the danger into which she might bring Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret Macdonald, by carrying the fugitive to their neighbourhood. She therefore answered the prince with the greatest respect, but added, that she could not think of being the ruin of her friend Sir Alexander. To this it was replied, that that gentleman was from home; but, supposing it were otherwise, she could convey Prince Charles to her mother's house, which was conveniently situated on the seaside, and the Sleat family was not necessarily to have any concern in the transaction. O'Neal then demonstrated to her the honour and glory of saving the life of her lawful prince: it has been said that, to allay scruples of another kind, this light-hearted Irishman offered instantly to marry her. If such a proposal was really made, Flora did not choose to accept of it; but, without farther hesitation, she agreed to undertake the prince's rescue.

Pleased with the prospect which this frank and single-hearted offer presented, Charles and his friend O'Neal again betook themselves to the fastnesses of Coradale, while Miss Macdonald repaired to Ormaclade, to make preparations in concert with Lady Clanranald. The journey was not accomplished without encountering a difficulty arising from the strictly-guarded state of the passes. While on her way, crossing the sea-ford between Benbecula and South Uist, she and her servant were seized and detained by a militia party, which, on inquiry, she found to be that commanded by her stepfather. When Armadale came to the spot next morning, he was greatly surprised to find Flora in custody, and quickly ordered her liberation. Of what passed between him and his stepdaughter, we have no distinct account; but there seems no reason to doubt that he became a confidant in the scheme, and entered cordially into it. At her request he granted her a passport, to enable her to proceed on her return to her mother's house in Skye, accompanied by her man-servant, Neil Mackechan, and a young Irishwoman named Betty Burke. This last person was understood to be a servant out of place, whom she thought likely to answer her mother as a spinner: in reality, she contemplated making Prince Charles pass as Betty Burke. She now pursued her way to Ormaclade, where all the proper arrangements were made in the course of a few days.

On Friday the 27th, everything being ready, Lady Clanranald, Flora, and her servant Mackechan, went to a wretched hut near the seaside, where he had taken up his abode. The elegant youth who had lately shone at the head of an army—the descendant of a line of kings which stretched back into ages when there was no history—was found roasting the liver of a sheep for his dinner. The sight moved some of the party to tears; but he was always cheerful under such circumstances, and on this occasion only made the remark, that it might be well for other royal personages to go through the ordeal which he was now enduring. Lady Clanranald was soon after called home by intelligence of the arrival of a military party at her house, and Flora and her servant were left with the prince and O'Neal. Next morning O'Neal was compelled, much against his will, to take his leave: he had not long parted from the prince when he was made prisoner.

Next forenoon Charles assumed the printed linen gown, apron, and coif, which were to transform him from a prince into an Irish servant girl. He would have added a charged pistol under his clothes, but Flora's good sense overruled that project, as she concluded that, in the event of his being searched, it would be a strong proof against him. He was compelled to content himself with a stout walking-stick, with which he thought he should be able to defend himself against any single enemy. The boat, meanwhile, was ready for them at the shore. Arriving there wet and weary, they were alarmed by seeing several wherries pass with parties of soldiers, and were obliged to skulk till the approach of night. They then embarked for Skye—Charles, Flora, Mackechan, and the boatmen. A night voyage of thirty or forty miles across a sound in the Hebrides, with the risk of being seized by some of the numerous government vessels constantly prowling about, was what they had to encounter. It appears that the anxiety of Flora for the life of the prince was much greater than his own, and he was the only person on board who could do anything to keep up the spirits of the party. For that purpose he sang a number of lively songs, and related a few anecdotes. The night became rainy, and, distressed with the wet and her former fatigues, the young lady fell asleep in the bottom of the boat. To favour her slumbers, Charles continued to sing. When she awoke, she found him leaning over her, with his hands spread above her face, to protect her from any injury that might arise from a rower who was obliged at that moment to readjust the sail. In the same spirit he insisted upon reserving for her exclusive use a small quantity of wine which Lady Clanranald had given them. These circumstances are not related as reflecting any positive honour on the prince, but simply as facts which occurred on that remarkable night, and as at least showing that he was not deficient in a gentlemanlike tenderness towards the amiable woman who was risking so much in his behalf. It may here be mentioned that Mackechan, whose presence on the occasion was fully as good a protection to Flora's good fame as the name of O'Neal would have been, was a Macdonald of humble extraction, who had received a foreign education as a priest. He served the prince afterwards for some years, and became the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, who, more than eighty years afterwards, visited the scenes of all these events.

When day dawned, they found themselves out of sight of land, without any means of determining in what part of the Hebrides they were. They sailed, however, but a little way farther, when they perceived the lofty mountains and dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon approached Waternish, one of the western points of the island. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore, than they perceived a body of militia stationed at the place. These men had a boat, but no oars. The men in Miss Macdonald's boat no sooner perceived them, than they began to pull heartily in the contrary direction. The soldiers called upon them to land, upon peril of being shot at; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution by firing, but fortunately without hitting the boat or any of its crew. Charles called upon the boatmen "not to mind the villains;" and they assured him that, if they cared at all, it was only for him; to which he replied, with undaunted lightness of demeanour, "Oh, no fear of me!" He then intreated Miss Macdonald to lie down at the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid the bullets, as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. She declared, however, that she would not do as he desired, unless he also took the same measure for his safety, which, she told him, was of much more importance than hers. It was not till after some altercation that they agreed to ensconce themselves together in the bottom of the boat. The rowers soon pulled them out of all farther danger.

In the eagerness of Duke William's emissaries to take Charles in South Uist, or the adjoining islands in the range, where they had certain information he was, Skye, lying close on the mainland, in which the prince was now about to arrive, was left comparatively unwatched. The island was, however, chiefly possessed by two clans, the Sleat Macdonalds and Macleods, whose superiors had deserted the Stuart cause, and even raised men on the opposite side. Parties of their militia were posted throughout the island, one of which had nearly taken the boat with its important charge when it was off Waternish.

Proceeding on their voyage a few miles to the northward, the little party in the boat put into a creek, or cleft, to rest and refresh the fatigued rowers; but the alarm which their appearance occasioned in a neighbouring village quickly obliged them to put off again. At length they landed safely at a place within the parish of Kilmuir, about twelve miles from Waternish, and very near Sir Alexander Macdonald's seat of Mugstat.

Sir Alexander was at this time at Fort Augustus, in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland; but his wife, Lady Margaret Macdonald—one of the beautiful daughters of Alexander and Susanna, Earl and Countess of Eglintoune—a lady in the bloom of life, of elegant manners, and one who was accustomed to figure in the fashionable scenes of the metropolis—now resided at Mugstat. A Jacobite at heart, Lady Margaret had corresponded with the prince when he was skulking in South Uist, and she had been made aware by a Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost that it was likely he would soon make his appearance in Skye. When the boat containing the fugitive had landed, Flora, attended by Mackechan, proceeded to the house, leaving Charles, in his female dress, sitting on her trunk upon the beach. On arriving at the house, she desired a servant to inform Lady Margaret that she had called on her way home from Uist. She was immediately introduced to the family apartment, where she found, besides Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, a Lieutenant Macleod, the commander of a band of militia stationed near by, three or four of whom were also in the house. There were also present Mr Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, an elderly gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted as chamberlain or factor to Sir Alexander, and who was, she knew, a sound Jacobite. Flora entered easily into conversation with the officer, who asked her a number of questions, as where she had come from, where she was going, and so forth, all of which she answered without manifesting the least trace of that confusion which might have been expected from a young lady under such circumstances. The same man had been in the custom of examining every boat which landed from the Long Island; that, for instance, in which Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost arrived, had been so examined; and we can only account for his allowing that of Miss Flora to pass, by the circumstance of his meeting her under the imposing courtesies of the drawing-room of a lady of rank. Miss Macdonald, with the same self-possession, dined in Lieutenant Macleod's company. Seizing a proper opportunity, she apprised Kingsburgh of the circumstances of the prince, and he immediately proceeded to another room, and sent for Lady Margaret, that he might break the intelligence to her in private. Notwithstanding the previous warning, she was much alarmed at the idea of the wanderer being so near her house, and immediately sent for a certain Donald Roy Macdonald, to consult as to what should be done. Donald had been wounded in the prince's army at Culloden, and was as obnoxious to the government as he could be. He came and joined the lady and her friends in the garden, when it was arranged that Kingsburgh should take the prince along with him to his own house, some miles distant, and thence pass him through the island to Portree, where Donald Roy should take him up, and provide for his further safety.

The old gentleman accordingly joined Charles on the shore, and conducted him, as had been arranged, on the way to Kingsburgh. Meanwhile, Flora sat in company with Lady Margaret and the young government officer till she thought the two travellers would be a good way advanced, and then rose to take her leave. Lady Margaret affected great concern at her short stay, and intreated that she would prolong it at least till next day; reminding her that, when last at Mugstat, she had promised a much longer visit. Flora, on the other hand, pleaded the necessity of getting immediately home to attend her mother, who was unwell, and entirely alone in these troublesome times. After a proper reciprocation of intreaties and refusals, Lady Margaret, with great apparent reluctance, permitted her young friend to depart.

Miss Macdonald and Mackechan were accompanied in their journey by Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, and by that lady's male and female servants, all the five riding on horseback. They quickly came up with Kingsburgh and the prince, who had walked thus far on the public road, but were soon after to turn off upon an unfrequented path across the wild country. Flora, anxious that her fellow-traveller's servants, who were uninitiated in the secret, should not see the route which Kingsburgh and the prince were about to take, called upon the party to ride faster; and they passed the two pedestrians at a trot. Mrs Macdonald's girl, however, could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed, that she "had never seen such a tall impudent-looking woman in her life! See!" she continued, addressing Flora, "what long strides the jade takes! I daresay she's an Irishwoman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers in order to rejoin Kingsburgh and the prince.

These individuals, in walking along the road, were at first considerably annoyed by the number of country people whom they met returning from church, and who all expressed wonder at the uncommon height and awkwardness of the apparent female. The opportunity of talking to their landlord's factotum being too precious to be despised, these people fastened themselves on Kingsburgh, who, under the particular circumstances, felt a good deal annoyed by them, but at last bethought himself of saying, "Oh, sirs, cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on Sabbath, and have patience till another day." They took the hint, and moved off. The whole party—Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss Macdonald—arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House about eleven o'clock at night.

Mrs Macdonald, or, as she was usually called, Lady Kingsburgh, lost no time in preparing supper, at which Charles, still wearing the female disguise, placed Flora on his right hand, and his hostess on his left. Afterwards, the two ladies left the other two over a bowl of punch, and went to have a little conversation by themselves. When Flora had related her adventures, Lady Kingsburgh asked what had been done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Miss Macdonald said they had been sent back to South Uist. Lady Kingsburgh observed that they ought not to have been permitted to return immediately, lest, falling into the hands of the prince's enemies in that island, they might divulge the secret of his route. Her conjecture, which turned out to have been correct, though happily without being attended with evil consequences to the prince, determined Flora to change the prince's clothes next day.

The pretended Betty Burke was that night laid in the best bed which the house contained, and next morning all the ladies assisted at her toilet. A lock of her hair was cut off as a keepsake, and divided between Lady Kingsburgh and Flora. Late in the day, the prince set out for Portree, attended by Flora and Mackechan as before, Kingsburgh accompanying them with a suit of male Highland attire under his arm. At a convenient place in a wood, Charles exchanged his female dress for this suit; it being thought best that this should be done after he had left Kingsburgh House, so that the servants there might have nothing to say, either of their own accord or upon compulsion, but that they had seen a female servant come and go in company with Miss Flora. The party now separated, Kingsburgh returning home, while the prince and Mackechan set out for Portree (a walk of fourteen miles), and Flora proceeded thither by a different route.

At this village, the only one in Skye, Donald Roy had meanwhile made arrangements for carrying the prince to the neighbouring island of Raasay, which was judged a safe place for him, as its apparent and legal proprietor, Mr Macleod, had not been concerned in the insurrection; although his father, the actual proprietor, and all his followers, had been engaged in it, and he himself was strongly attached to the cause. In the evening, Donald and some friends whom he had called to his aid, received the adventurer at a mean public-house in the village, where he partook of a coarse meal, and slaked his thirst from a broken brown potsherd, which was usually employed in baling water out of a boat. Here Flora joined the party, but only to take a final farewell of the prince, as she was no longer able to be of any service to him. Having paid her a small sum of money which he had borrowed from her in their journey, he gave her his warm thanks for her heroic efforts to preserve his life, and tenderly saluted her, adding, in a cheerful manner, "For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St James's yet!" He then set sail for Raasay with his new friends, while Flora proceeded to her mother's house in Sleat. Respecting the further adventures of the prince, it is only necessary to say that they were of a nature not less extraordinary than those which have been related, and that they terminated, three months after, in his happily escaping to France.

Our heroine Flora had gone through all these adventures with a quiet energy peculiar to her, but with little conception that she was doing anything beyond what the common voice of humanity called for, and what good people were doing every day. Reaching home, she said nothing to her mother, or any one else, of what she had been about, probably judging that the possession of such knowledge was in itself dangerous. Meanwhile the boatmen, returning to Uist, were there seized by the military, and obliged to give an account of their late voyage. This was what Lady Kingsburgh dreaded, and it seems to have been the only point in which the prudence of our heroine had failed. Having obtained an exact description of the dress of the tall female accompanying Miss Macdonald, a merciless emissary of the government, styled Captain Ferguson, lost no time in sailing for Skye, where he arrived about a week after the prince. Inquiring at Mugstat, he learned that Miss Macdonald had been there; but no tall female had been seen. He then followed on Flora's track to Kingsburgh, where he readily learned that the tall female had been entertained for a night. He asked Kingsburgh where Miss Macdonald and the person who was with her in woman's clothes had slept. The old gentleman answered that he knew where Miss Flora had lain, but as for the servants, he never asked any questions about them. The officer nevertheless discovered that the apparent servant had been placed in the best bed, which he held as tolerably good proof of the real character of that person, and he acted accordingly. Kingsburgh was sent prisoner to Fort Augustus, and treated with great severity: thence he was removed to Edinburgh castle, where he suffered a whole year's confinement. Macleod of Talisker, captain of a militia company, caused a message to be sent, desiring the presence of Flora Macdonald. She consulted with her friends, who recommended her not attending to it; but she herself determined to go. On her way she met her stepfather returning home, and had not gone much farther, when she was seized by an officer and a party of soldiers, and hurried on board Captain Ferguson's vessel. General Campbell, who was on board, ordered that she should be well treated; and finding her story had been blabbed by the boatmen, she confessed all to that officer.

She was soon after transferred from the ship commanded by Ferguson to one commanded by Commodore Smith, a humane person, capable of appreciating her noble conduct. By the permission of General Campbell she was now allowed to land at Armadale, and take leave of her mother: her stepfather was by this time in hiding, from fear lest his concern in the prince's escape should bring him into trouble. Flora, who had hitherto been without a change of clothes, here obtained all she required, and engaged as her attendant an honest good girl named Kate Macdowall, who could not speak a word of any language but Gaelic. She then returned on board the vessel, and was in time carried to the south. It chanced that she here had for one of her fellow-prisoners Captain O'Neal, who had engaged her to undertake the charge of the prince. When she first met him on board, she went playfully up, and slapping him gently on the cheek with the palm of her hand, said, "To that black face do I owe all my misfortune!" O'Neal told her that, instead of being her misfortune, it was her brightest honour, and that if she continued to act up to the character she had already shown, not pretending to repent of what she had done, or to be ashamed of it, it would yet redound greatly to her advantage.

The vessel in which she was (the Bridgewater) arrived at Leith in September, and remained there for about two months. She was not allowed to land; but ladies and others of her own way of thinking were freely permitted to visit her, and she began to find that her deliverance of Prince Charles had rendered her a famous person. Many presents of value were given to her; but those which most pleased her were a Bible and prayer-book, and the materials for sewing, as she had had neither books nor work hitherto. Even the naval officers in whose charge she was were much affected in her behalf. Commodore Smith presented her with a handsome suit of riding clothes, with plain mounting, and some fine linen for riding shifts, as also some linen for shifts to her attendant Kate, whose generosity in offering to accompany her when no one else would, had excited general admiration. Captain Knowler treated her with the deference due to her heroic character, and allowed her to call for anything in the vessel to treat her friends when they came on board, and even to invite some of them to dine with her. On one occasion, when Lady Mary Cochrane was on board, a breeze beginning to blow, the lady requested leave to stay all night, which was granted. This, she confessed, she chiefly was prompted to do by a wish to have it to say that she had slept in the same bed with Miss Flora Macdonald. At this time the prince was not yet known to have escaped, though such was actually the fact. One day a false rumour was brought to the vessel that he had been at length taken prisoner. This greatly distressed Flora, who said to one of her friends with tears in her eyes, "Alas, I fear that now all is in vain that I have done!" She could not be consoled till the falsity of the rumour was ascertained. Her behaviour during the whole time the vessel stayed in Leith Road was admired by all who saw her. The episcopal minister of Leith, who was among her visitors, wrote about her as follows:—"Some that went on board to pay their respects to her, used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion; but with all their importunity, they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands; for she talks English (or rather Scots) easily, and not at all through the Earse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well; and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than what she did when in Leith Road. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life, her fortitude and good sense, are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced."

The Bridgewater left Leith Road on the 7th of November, and carried her straightway to London, where she was kept in a not less honourable captivity in the house of a private family till the passing of the act of indemnity in July 1747, when she was discharged without being asked a single question. The ministers, we may well believe, had found that to carry further the prosecution of a woman whose guilt consisted only in the performance of one of the most generous of actions, would not conduce to their popularity.* Her story had by this time excited not less interest in the metropolis than it had done in Scotland. Being received after her liberation into the house of the dowager Lady Primrose of Dunnipace, she was there visited by crowds of the fashionable world, who paid her such homage as would have turned the heads of ninety-nine of a hundred women of any age, country, or condition. It is said that the street in which Lady Primrose lived was sometimes completely filled with the carriages of ladies and gentlemen visiting the person called the Pretender's Deliverer. On the mind of Flora these flatteries produced no effect but that of surprise: she had only, she said, performed an act of common humanity, and she had never thought of it in any other light till she found the world making so much ado about it. It has been stated that a subscription to the amount of £1500 was raised for her in London.

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* It has been stated that Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., did not scruple to avow his admiration of Flora's conduct. His consort having one day expressed some disapprobation of her interference in behalf of "the pretender," the prince, whose heart was better than his head, said, "Let me not hear you speak thus again, madam. If you had been in the same circumstances, I hope in God you would have acted as she did!"

Soon after returning to her own country, she was married (November 6, 1750) to Mr Alexander Macdonald, son of the worthy Kingsburgh, and who in time succeeded to that property. Thus Flora became the lady of the mansion in which the prince had been entertained; and there she bore a large family of sons and daughters. As memorials of her singular adventure, she preserved a half of the sheet in which the prince had slept in that house, intending that it should be her shroud; and also a portrait of Charles, which he had sent to her after his safe arrival in France. When Dr Samuel Johnson, accompanied by his friend Boswell, visited Skye in 1773, he was hospitably entertained at Kingsburgh, and had the pleasure (for so it was to him) of sleeping in the bed which had accommodated the last of the Stuarts: he remarked that he had had no ambitious thoughts in it. In his well-known book respecting this journey, he introduces the maiden name of his hostess, which he says is one "that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour." He adds, "she is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence"—a picture the more remarkable, when it is recollected that she was now fifty-three years of age.

Soon after this period, under the influence of the passion for emigration which was then raging in the Highlands, Kingsburgh and his amiable partner went to North Carolina, where they purchased and settled upon an estate. She carried with her the sheet in which the prince had slept, determined that it should serve the purpose which she contemplated, wherever it might please Providence to end her days. But this event was not to take place in America. Her husband had scarcely settled there when the war of independence broke out. On that occasion the Highlanders showed the same faithful attachment to the government (being now reconciled to it by mild treatment) which they had formerly manifested for the house of Stuart.

Mr Macdonald, being loyally disposed, was imprisoned by the discontented colonists as a dangerous person; but he was soon after liberated. He then became an officer in a loyal corps called the North Carolina Highlanders, and he and his lady passed through many strange adventures. Towards the conclusion of the contest, abandoning all hopes of a comfortable settlement in America, they determined to return to the land of their fathers. In crossing the Atlantic, Flora met with the last of her adventures. The vessel being attacked by a French ship of war, nothing could induce her to leave her husband on deck, and in the course of the bustle she was thrown down and had her arm broken. She only remarked, that she had now suffered a little for both the house of Stuart and the house of Hanover.

She spent the remainder of her life in Skye, and at her death, which took place March 5, 1790, when she had attained the age of seventy, was actually buried in the shroud which she had so strangely selected for that purpose in her youth, and carried with her through so many adventures and migrations. Her grave may be seen in the Kingsburgh mausoleum, in the parish churchyard of Kilmuir; but a stone which was laid by her youngest son upon her grave, being accidentally broken, has been carried off in pieces by wandering tourists. Flora Macdonald retained to the last that vivacity and vigour of character which has procured her so much historical distinction. Her husband, who survived her a few years, died on the half-pay list as a British officer; and no fewer than five of her sons served their king in a military capacity. Charles, the eldest son, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers. He was a most accomplished man. The late Lord Macdonald, on seeing him lowered into the grave, said, "There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name." Alexander, the second son, was also an officer: he was lost at sea. The third son, Ranald, was a captain of marines, of high professional character, and remarkable for the elegance of his appearance. James, the fourth son, served in Tarlton's British Legion, and was a brave and experienced officer. The last surviving son was Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald, who long resided at Exeter, and was the father of a numerous family. The engraving prefixed to this sketch is taken from a portrait of Flora, which was originally in his possession, and which he approved of as a likeness. There were, moreover, two daughters, one of whom, Mrs Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the Isle of Skye, died within the last few years.

Such is an authentic history of the heroic and amiable Flora Macdonald. Like all incidents equally romantic, the aid she extended to the prince, which unquestionably saved him from captivity and a violent death, has given rise to various poetical effusions. One of the most pleasing of these pieces, from the pen of James Hogg, narrating, however, an incident as well as sentiments purely imaginary, and entitled "Flora Macdonald's Lament," may here be appended:—

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
  And down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
  The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung
  Away on the wave like a bird of the main ;
And aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
  Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young!
  Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connal,
  He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,
  Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim:
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
  The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But oh! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
  Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more ;
  There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me!

CLEANLINESS—BATHING—VENTILATION.

AMONG the leading conditions essential to health, are *cleanliness*, and a *constant supply of pure air;* and as it is important that all should be made acquainted with the dangers arising from a neglect of these conditions, we respectfully submit the following explanations and advices on the subject. In treating of cleanliness, it will be necessary to commence with a short account of

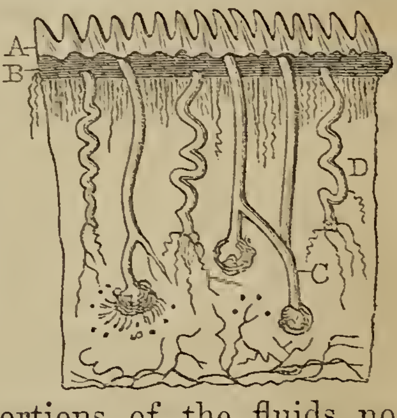
THE SKIN.

The external covering of the body, as is well known, is a soft, pliant membrane, called the *skin*, which protects the more delicate substances beneath it from injury; but it is less generally understood that this covering is not confined to the outer surface only. It continues over the lips and up the nostrils; lines the mouth and tongue; and still continuing onward, covers and lines all the parts of the throat; lines the windpipe, and extends through its innumerable branches in the lungs—lining all the passages and cells, and presenting to the air which enters the lungs an extent of surface equal to the whole external skin of the body, or, as some think, much greater. The skin also continues down the food-pipe, lining it and the stomach, and the whole intestinal canal and the ducts which open into it. In this manner, it may be said that the skin has neither beginning nor end, but is a universal and continuous coating of the body inside and out.

Throughout its whole extent, the skin consists of three layers, one over the other. The outermost, or cuticle, is an exceedingly thin substance, which may be observed to peel off when the hand is accidentally frayed, or when it is raised by a blister; the next is a layer which contains the colouring matter, giving, as the case may be, a shade from the slightest tan to the sooty black of the negro; and the third or lowest is the true skin, a thick layer, which, when taken off animals, is tanned into leather. As a whole, the skin is much more thin and delicate at one part than another, that upon the soles of the feet and palms of the hands being, by constant use, the thickest and most durable, and that within the mouth, lungs, &c. being excessively fine, and easily injured. As respects these inner parts, the skin is usually spoken of as the mucous membrane—the membrane which is moist with a mucous fluid.

Besides answering merely as a covering to the body, the skin performs various useful functions in our general economy well worth knowing. On examination with a microscope, it is found that the lower or true skin consists of a vast combination of glands, ducts, blood-vessels, and nerves, the whole of which, communicating with the interior on the one hand and the surface on the other, are concerned in keeping the general skin in order and the body in health. Of the nerves, which are universally distributed over the surface, it is here only necessary to say that they are the instruments of the sense of touch, and convey to the mind the consciousness of pleasant or unpleasant sensations. As an organ of sensation, therefore, the skin acts an important part, and on this account alone the keeping of it in a healthy condition is deserving of careful consideration. Our interest at present, however, is confined to the functions of exhalation and absorption. An unthinking person would suppose that the surface of the body, from its general smoothness, was so close in texture that neither air nor liquid could pass readily through it. Such would be a mistake. The whole membrane may be likened to a sieve. Throughout its entire extent, externally and internally, there are a multitude of small holes or outlets, so closely set together, that we could not anywhere puncture ourselves with the point of a needle without touching one of them. These holes, called *pores*, communicate with the ducts beneath, and these ducts terminate in glands or receptacles in the muscles.

In the annexed cut we offer the representation of a section of a piece of skin, greatly magnified. The surface is covered with small conical eminences, marked A, called *papillæ*; in these are the extremities of the nerves of sensation, and also the outlets or pores. B marks the layer containing the colouring matter and the true skin; the ducts, marked C, supply nourishment to the skin; and those of a spiral form, marked D, convey the perspiration to the surface. Intermingled with the whole are numerous blood-vessels and nerves.



By the apparatus now described, portions of the fluids no longer required in the system are conveyed to the surface of the body, when they escape into the atmosphere usually in the form of vapour, but sometimes as perspiration. In the extreme heat of summer, or when engaged in hard work, this liquid exhalation is very apparent. Not being observable in ordinary circumstances, it is styled the *insensible perspiration*. In this office of an exhaler, the skin acts as an auxiliary to the lungs, which throw off more copiously the waste liquid of the system in the form of vapour and deteriorated air. The amount of these two kinds of exhalation—the cutaneous or skin exhalation, and pulmonary or lungs exhalation—has engaged the inquiries of various writers on human physiology; two Frenchmen, Lavoisier and Seguin, having had the honour of presenting the most accurate survey of the subject. Dr Andrew Combe, in his valuable treatise on the Physiology of Health, alludes as follows to the result of Seguin's investigation. He found that "the largest quantity of insensible perspiration from the lungs and skin together amounted to thirty-two grains per minute, three ounces and a quarter per hour, or five pounds per day. Of this, the cutaneous constituted three-fourths, or sixty ounces in twenty-four hours. The smallest quantity observed amounted to eleven grains per minute, or one pound eleven and a half ounces in twenty-four hours, of which the skin furnished about twenty ounces. The medium or average amount was eighteen grains a minute, of which eleven were from the skin, making the cutaneous perspiration in twenty-four hours about thirty-three ounces." As seventeen ounces of water at an ordinary temperature are equal to about a pint, it appears that a man in good health and in general circumstances exhales through the skin nearly two pints of liquid daily. That such a large quantity should escape unnoticed, seems indeed strange; but, as Dr Combe goes on to observe, "When the extent of surface which the skin presents, calculated at 2500 square inches, is considered, these results do not seem extravagant. But even," says he, "admitting that there may be some unperceived fallacy in the experiments, and that the quantity is not so great as is here stated, still, after making every allowance, enough remains to demonstrate that exhalation is a very important function of the skin. And although the precise amount may be disputed, it is quite certain that the cutaneous exhalation is more abundant than the united excretions of both bowels and kidneys; and that, according as the weather becomes warmer or colder, the skin and kidneys alternate in the proportions of work which they severally perform, most passing off by the skin in warm weather, and by the kidneys in cold. The quantity exhaled increases after meals, during sleep, in dry warm weather, and by friction, or whatever stimulates the skin; and diminishes when digestion is impaired, and in a moist atmosphere."

Some years ago, Dr Smith made investigations as to the extent of loss by perspiration during hard labour in a heated atmosphere. Eight workmen, in a large gas-work in London, where they require to work diligently, and be exposed to a high temperature at the same time, were weighed before going to work, and immediately afterwards. In an experiment in November, they continued to work for an hour and a quarter, and the greatest loss sustained by any one man was two pounds fifteen ounces. In another experiment in the same month, one man lost four pounds three ounces in three quarters of an hour; and in an experiment of the same kind in June, one man lost as much as five pounds two ounces in an hour and ten minutes. It must be borne in mind, however, that this extraordinary difference was not caused by any direct loss of bodily substance, but by a diminution of general weight, resulting from the decomposition of the food recently taken, as well as from the exhalation of other waste fluids then lurking in the system. The experiment is here narrated for the purpose of impressing on the mind the magnitude of the operations which the skin, as an exhaling membrane, has sometimes to perform.

As nature does nothing in vain, we may ask what has been her design in causing such an exhalation of vapour and liquid from the body? The design has been the purifying of the system. The lungs are a cleansing apparatus; they inhale air in a pure condition, and having absorbed its valuable property, oxygen, they expel it in a vitiated state. This vitiated air, known by the name of carbonic acid gas, when drawn back into the lungs without any mixture of atmospheric air, soon causes suffocation and death; and even when mixed to any extent with pure air, it cannot be drawn into the lungs without injury to health. So, also, are the pores of the skin a cleansing apparatus, and, as mentioned, they are auxiliary to the lungs. The two apparatuses work towards the same important end, of throwing off decomposed and useless matter, and are in such close sympathy with each other, that when one is deranged, the other suffers, and health is consequently impaired. Thus, in all the irritations and affections of the external skin, the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal and lungs sympathises directly and powerfully; and, on the other hand, any derangement or affection of the mucous membrane at once acts on the skin and its pores.

Besides their exhaling functions, the pores and other minute organs in the skin absorb air and moisture from the atmosphere, though less actively than the lungs, and are therefore inlets as well as outlets to the system. When the pores are in a state of great openness, or relaxation from heat, the power of absorption is materially increased. Hence, contagious diseases are more readily caught by touch when the body is warm and moist, than when dry and cold. A pure and bracing atmosphere is well known to be more conducive to health than one which is heavy and relaxing.

When the skin is in a proper condition, and the atmosphere pure, the vital functions, suffering no impediment from external circumstances, proceed with the requisite energy, and the feelings enjoy that degree of buoyancy which is the best criterion of a good state of health. Of the evils arising from a vitiated atmosphere, particularly in dwellings, we shall afterwards speak. Meanwhile, we confine ourselves to the injuries likely to ensue from a derangement of the perspiratory organs in the skin. The derangement most to be avoided is the stopping of the pores, and consequent suppression of the insensible perspiration. Sudden exposure to cold, after being heated, ordinarily produces this effect. When it occurs, the duty of expelling the excess of matter which would have escaped by the pores is thrown upon the lungs, the bowels, or the kidneys, causing undue irritation and disorder. Very commonly the lungs are the readiest to suffer. They become clogged with phlegm, which produces an irritation, and this irritation causes a cough, and with the cough expectoration (spitting). In instances of this kind, the sufferer is said to have *a cold;* but, correctly speaking, his pores have been shut by some cold exposure.

When in a perfectly healthy condition, the skin is soft, warm, and covered with a gentle moisture; the circulation of the blood is also in a state of due activity, giving it a fresh and ruddy colour. The degree of redness, as, for instance, in the cheeks, is usually in proportion to the exposure to the outer atmosphere; such exposure, when not too severe, causing active circulation of the blood not only throughout the body, but to the most minute vessels on the surface. Hence the pale and unhealthy hue of persons confined to the house and close sedentary employment, and the ruddy colour of those who spend much of their lives in the open air. When the exposure is too severe, or more than can be conveniently counterbalanced by the animal heat, a chill, as already stated, is the consequence, and the skin assumes a pale appearance, the forerunner, it may be, of bodily indisposition: the insensible perspiration has been suppressed, and the lungs have got into a state of serious irritation. Warmth and other remedies restore the healthy functions of the pores; but when the cold is neglected, inflammation of the bronchiæ, or air-tubes communicating with the lungs, or some other pulmonary affections, ensue, the lamentable issue of which may be—death.

The danger of suppressing the perspiration is increased by another circumstance. Along with the liquid exhalation passes off the superabundant heat of the body. If, therefore, we check the insensible perspiration, this superabundant quantity of heat is unable to make its escape by the surface, and returns upon the vital organs within. Fevers, rheumatism, and other dangerous maladies, are the consequence of this form of derangement, the end of which also is too often—death. In the greater number of cases, the skin may be said to be in a condition neither precisely healthy nor unhealthy, but between the two. The pores, partially clogged, are unable to expel the insensible perspiration with sufficient energy, and the kidneys and lungs are correspondingly charged with an excess of duty—not perhaps to a degree sensibly inconvenient, yet in some measure detrimental to general health, as well as to the activity of the mental functions dependent on it.

DRESS, WASHING, BATHING, &C.

It must be obvious, from what has been said, that cleanliness is indispensable in securing not only a healthy condition, but also much comfort both of body and mind. Cleanliness is attained by an attention to various circumstances and practices; for the most part people are clean only by halves. Dress, washing, bathing, household arrangements, all require consideration.

Dress.—Purification of the skin may be greatly promoted by the wearing of clean garments. That garment which is placed next the skin, the shirt, be it of linen, cotton, or woollen, ought to be changed less or more frequently according to circumstances—such as the degree of labour, the nature of the employment, the warmth of the climate, and so on. The reason for the change is evident. The shirt is the immediate receiver of a large proportion of the matter thrown out by the pores, and much of what it receives it retains. Besides, therefore, becoming unseemly from its appearance, it becomes foul, and the foulness reacting on the skin, irritates and clogs it. Custom is the great regulator in affairs of this kind; but is not always correct. Some change their linen daily, others every two or three days, the greater number weekly. What is very inconsistent, those who change their garments the least frequently are the manual labouring classes, who should change them more frequently than any one else. As it is principally for the benefit of this numerous body that we pen these pages, we must speak as explicitly as possible.

Addressing men (and women too) who labour daily at a mechanical employment, we would offer the following advices:—

1. Do not sleep in the shirt which you wear during the day. Have a night shirt and a day one. Cotton makes the best, as it is certainly the cheapest, night shirt. A clean day shirt should, if possible, be put on twice a week, and a clean night shirt once a week. Do not be contented with the old-fashioned practice of putting on a clean shirt only on Sundays. The washing of a shirt is a very small matter; and it must be a wretchedly-paid employment that cannot afford a trifle for this useful and agreeable purpose.

2. If you labour at an employment in which fumes and exhalations of a deleterious kind are apt to be absorbed by the clothes you wear, make a rule of changing your whole garments every evening when done with work; and let your work-clothes be washed pretty frequently, and well exposed to sun and air. This advice is particularly offered to house-painters, plumbers, and all who work in oils, pigments, and metals. By inattention to this practice, the health of house-painters is extremely liable to injury. They may be said to be gradually killed by the absorption of poison through the skin, as well as by the lungs. One ordinary symptom of the disease which they contract is known by the name of *painters' colic.* Indeed, every individual employed at chemical-works, dye-works, gas-works, and the like, should be extremely attentive to the cleanliness of their clothes and persons. After ten hours' exposure in such places, both the skin and garments are to a certain extent saturated with noxious fumes, and though for several years these may produce no other

sensible effect than the inconvenience of an offensive odour, yet they are most assuredly undermining the health of the parties exposed. Washing the body thoroughly after the hours of labour, will enable the skin to throw off the greater part of the effluvia it may have absorbed; and shaking and exposing the garments to the air will materially assist in dispelling the offensive odours. It should be known, too, that dark-coloured cloth imbibes effluvia much more readily, and retains it longer, than cloth of a light or white hue.

3. The best kind of outer garments for workmen of any class are such as will easily wash; indeed all their daily work-clothes should be of materials that can be readily washed and dried. The neatest and most economical kind of cloth for jackets and trousers is strong white fustian. A tidy workman desirous of feeling comfortable and of looking respectable, may very easily have two suits, one to use while another is being washed and dried. How much a good wife may do to insure this health-giving cleanliness, need not be insisted on.

In France and Germany, workmen of every class wear a blue linen or cotton blouse over their clothes while at work, which keeps everything clean, and looks neat. The wearing of such blouses would certainly be an improvement on the use of dirty and never-washed coats or jackets. They would also be advisable on the score of economy, as protecting from tear and wear the more expensive coat and waistcoat, which in warm weather or in in-door employments might be dispensed with altogether. Blouses are also easily cleaned, and when well-shaped and neatly stitched, are anything but inelegant. By being fastened round the waist by a belt of the same material, they will not be incommodious.

Washing.—The hands, face, neck, and arms, should be washed at least *twice* daily, so as to remove every vestige of impurity from the skin. These ablutions should be in the morning on rising and in the evening after labour. If the labour be of a dirty kind, as, for instance, that of painters, plumbers, blacksmiths, engineers, &c. the washing should be not only morning and evening, but at breakfast and dinner—before, not after, these meals. At the same time, the hair should be brushed, which, by the way, ought to be protected in all dusty employments by a light linen or paper cap. There cannot be the least doubt that, by such ablutions alone—nothing else being used than soap and water—the health of workmen would be very essentially promoted. Almost every gentleman washes his hands five or six times a-day; how much more desirable is it for artisans engaged in dusty or dirty professions to clean and refresh themselves as frequently!

Sponging.—This is the next step towards personal cleanliness. In cases where bathing by entire immersion of the body cannot be conveniently obtained, it may answer every desirable end to sponge the body all over with water every morning on getting out of bed. In doing so, begin by wetting the head and shoulders, and then proceed to the rest of the body. To save a slop on the floor, the person may stand in a broad shallow tub or pan, or even on a square of oilcloth, which is cheap, and can be easily removed. After sponging, rub and dry the body with a rough towel, and then immediately dress.

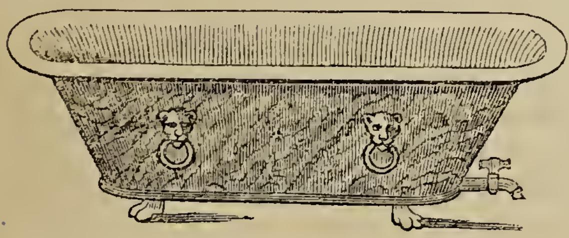
This process is so simple, so inexpensive, and will occupy so little time, that no one need neglect it on any common pretence. When a sponge cannot be conveniently obtained, a wet towel will answer the purpose. The small amount of trouble incurred by this kind of ablution will in general be amply repaid by an increase of health and comfort.

Opinions differ as to the temperature of the water to be employed in sponging the body: some advocate cold, others tepid, or partially warm water. The regulation of this may be generally left to the feelings. If the skin feel comfortable and warm after sponging with cold water and drying with the rough towel, cold water may be used with safety; if the skin, however, feel chilly, the water ought to be warmed, or the skin may be rubbed with the dry towel without any previous sponging. A main object in the operation is to keep up a healthy action in the skin, and this may in many instances be effected by dry friction, either with a brush, hair-glove, or rough towel.

The Shower-Bath.—The use of the cold shower-bath or the douche is more required as the means of giving a shock to the system, for the purpose of recovering the constitution from some kind of morbid affection, than merely for preserving health. As it should not be applied without the recommendation of a medical attendant, we do not require to give any directions as to this mode of bathing.

Bathing.—Here we arrive at the great and almost universally-recognised engine of personal purification. Entire immersion of the body in a bath of tepid or warm water is unquestionably the most effectual means of cleansing the skin from its natural or artificial impurities. For purification, however, the bath must be of soft and fresh water; sea water, cold or tepid, may refresh and invigorate, but it cleanses much less effectually than fresh water. The temperature of the tepid bath is from 85 to 90 degrees of heat, and that of the warm bath from 90 to 100 degrees. As an extreme heat may prove injurious to many constitutions, the safest temperature for most persons is about 90 degrees, which is an agreeable warmth below the heat of the blood, and suitable for ordinary bathing. With respect to the best time for bathing, a person in good health may take a bath at any time, except immediately after meals. The length of time spent in the bath may vary from fifteen to twenty minutes; a longer time, particularly if the bath be hot, is too relaxing, and far from safe or beneficial. The tepid or warm bath should not be taken oftener than twice a week; though once a week will suffice. On coming out of the bath, the body should be well rubbed all over with a cloth.

According to the Jewish dispensation, certain observances to insure personal cleanliness were the subject of religious injunction; and for a similar reason Mahommedans in eastern countries have been enjoined to perform ablutions at stated times and seasons. In these Oriental countries, and also in Russia, the use of the warm bath is universal among the richer classes, and the public establishments for bathing are in some places on a scale of great splendour. Inattention to cleanliness of apparel seems to render these ablutions indispensable for personal comfort.



Although, from the greater habitual cleanliness of the people of Great Britain, as well as from the colder climate, they do not require to be subjected to the same kind of bathings and scrubbings which are deemed necessary among the Oriental nations, it is allowed by all medical writers that the use of the bath is of great value in preserving health, and in giving a buoyancy to the feelings. Every man who can afford the means, and possesses the conveniency, should have a private bath fitted up in his dwelling-house, in connexion with pipes of warm and cold water. Where fixed baths cannot be attained, a moveable bath of the form given in the annexed cut may be employed.

Public Baths.—The mass of the people having neither the means to purchase nor the convenience for using private baths, must of course resort to public ones; and for their accommodation, therefore, every town ought to possess one or more establishments fitted up with all proper conveniences for bathing.* In this respect, notwithstanding our wealth, our boasted civilisation and mechanical skill, we fall infinitely short of the Greeks and Romans, who had not only their domestic, but their public baths, in which the poorest citizen might lave. These we consider luxuries; to them they were necessaries, which they carried into their most distant provinces; and thus it is that in Britain the ruin of the Roman bath is as frequent as the ruin of the Roman temple. A better state of things, however, seems to be approaching; and for some years past, the institution of baths has much engaged the public attention. In organising such establishments, the following points require consideration:—

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* Eminent physicians have endeavoured to draw the attention of the British government to the importance of public baths, and of countenancing their use by every aid of example and encouragement. While we wonder at their prevalence among all the eastern and northern nations, may we not lament that they are so little used in our own country? We might, perhaps, find reason to allow that erysipelas, surfeit, rheumatism, colds, and a hundred other evils, particularly all sorts of cutaneous and nervous disorders, might be alleviated, if not prevented, by a proper attention to bathing. The inhabitants of countries in which the bath is constantly used, anxiously seek it, in full confidence of getting rid of all such complaints; and they are rarely disappointed. I may add my testimony to theirs, having not only upon the occasion which gave rise to these remarks, but in cases of obstructed perspiration much more alarming, during my travels, experienced their good effect. I hardly know any act of benevolence more essential to the comfort of the community, than that

1. An abundant supply of soft fresh water. The quantity desirable for a single bath is from forty to fifty gallons. Whether for single or public plunge-baths, the number of bathers per day may be multiplied by forty, and the quantity of water to be consumed will thus be ascertained.

2. The water should flow into a large tank, from the tank to the boiler, and the boiler to the baths, the waste escaping by a conduit. If the tank is placed in a lower situation than the boiler, a steam power will be required to pump it. In most situations it is desirable to be as economical of space as possible, and for this purpose it is generally contrived to have the reservoirs underground; the plunge-bath, shower, and douche baths, heating apparatus, and waiting-room on the ground floor; and the private baths in the upper storey.

of establishing, by public benefaction, the use of baths for the poor in all our cities and manufacturing towns. The lives of many might be saved by them. In England they are considered only as articles of luxury; yet throughout the vast empire of Russia, through all Finland, Lapland, Sweden, and Norway, there is no cottage so poor, no hut so destitute, but it possesses its vapour bath, in which all its inhabitants, every Saturday at least, and every day in cases of sickness, experience comfort and salubrity. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in spite of all the prejudices which prevailed in England against inoculation, introduced it from Turkey. If another person of equal influence would endeavour to establish throughout Great Britain the use of warm and vapour baths, the inconveniences of our climate would be done away. Perhaps at some future period they may become general; and statues may perpetuate the memory of the patriot, the statesman, or the sovereign, to whom society will be indebted for their institution. When we are told that the illustrious Bacon lamented in vain the disuse of baths among the Europeans, we have little reason to indulge the expectation. At the same time, an additional testimony to their salutary effects, in affording longevity and vigorous health to a people otherwise liable to mortal diseases from a rigorous climate and an unwholesome diet, may contribute to their establishment. Among the ancients, baths were public edifices, under the immediate inspection of the government. They were considered as institutions which owed their origin to absolute necessity, as well as to decency and cleanliness. Under her emperors, Rome had nearly a thousand such buildings, which, besides their utility, were regarded as masterpieces of architectural skill and sumptuous decoration. In Russia, they have only vapour baths, and these are, for the most part, in wretched wooden hovels. If wood is wanting, they are formed of mud, or scooped in the banks of rivers and lakes; but in the palaces of the nobles, however they may vary in convenience or splendour of materials, the plan of construction is always the same.—*Travels in Russia, by Edward Samuel Clarke, LL.D.*

3. The establishment should possess washing-rooms, single private bath-rooms, a large plunge bath-room, and a waiting-room; also a separate apartment for the washing and properly drying of the towels and hand-cloths.

4. In the washing-room or rooms there should be basins, at which all persons proposing to use the plunge-bath ought in the first place to wash their hands, face, arms, and neck. If a regulation of this kind is not enforced, the plunge-bath will very shortly be unendurable.

5. The plunge-bath may be made of a circular or oblong form. That generally recommended is oblong, measuring 40 feet in length by 30 feet in breadth; the depth, by means of a sloping bottom, to be from 4 to 6 feet. Within the bath there may be a step to assist in descending and ascending. At one end, near the surface of the water, there should be several inlets, to be kept constantly running, and at the opposite extremity outlets for escape. By the careful adjustment of these orifices, the water may be kept in a state of considerable purity, notwithstanding its continual use. Besides this, the whole volume of water should be discharged twice a-week, and the bottom of the bath well scrubbed. The number of persons admitted at one time will require to be regulated according to circumstances. Over the bath there should be the means of ventilation.

6. Where possible, the whole suite of baths should be lighted from above; and each room should be furnished with hot water pipes, so as to raise its atmosphere to any desired temperature. We have spoken of a boiler, but this is only one means of heating that may be adopted. Steam-pipes, or a circulation of hot water, may be employed to keep the swimming-bath at the proper temperature; and the hot-water tank may also be heated by steam. These, as well as other matters of detail, ought to be intrusted to the architect and plumber.

7. Another important requisite is, that the situation be as central as possible for the great body of those for whose use it is intended. A short walk one would suppose to be rather agreeable than otherwise to the working-classes; but experience has found that, unless a bathing establishment be in their immediate vicinity, and be continually before their eyes, they are apt to seize every trifling accident—as a little unusual fatigue, a wet night, or the like—as an excuse for abandoning the ablution.

Where steam-engines of large power are employed in connexion with cotton factories or other works, there is usually a certain quantity of waste steam or waste hot water at disposal, which could at an insignificant cost be directed into baths for the use of the workmen of the establishment; and we hope this will be done wherever it is practicable. The improved health and cheerfulness of the parties benefited will be more than compensatory for the necessary outlay.

VENTILATION.

The lungs, as already stated, inhale and use up pure air, and expel only that which is vitiated. It is calculated that every human being consumes on an average two and a half hogsheads of pure air per hour. That may be called the allowance required by nature for the due action of the lungs, the purification of the blood, and the preservation of health. Dwellings, work-rooms, and other enclosed places, would require to afford that quantity of fresh air for each inmate; and not only so, but something more to supply the consumption of air by fires and artificial lights. In a room having a number of lights, at least as much as four hogsheads per hour for each individual should be admitted.

By neglecting to afford such supplies by means of channels for ventilating, almost every dwelling-house, work-room, school, church, theatre, &c. becomes filled with an impure air, to breathe which is most injurious to health. In many dwellings of the humbler classes, the confinement of air is considerably aggravated by the number of individuals who sleep in one apartment, the want of certain precautions as to cleanliness, and also in some cases the want of daylight. The well known result of these accumulated evils is an immense amount of fever and other diseases, terminating in death.

This subject has for a number of years engaged the consideration of parliament and men of science, and numerous reports have been published, showing, by the most conclusive evidence, that the want of ventilation is daily producing diseases most fatal to the general population. A perusal of the following passages from these sanitary reports cannot but prove useful to those who are inclined to think lightly of ventilation.

"Of defective ventilation, until very lately, little had been observed or understood, even by professional men or men of science; and that it is only when the public health is made a matter of public care by a responsible public agency, that what is understood can be expected to be generally and effectually applied for the public protection. Vitiated air not being seen, and air which is pure in winter being cold, the cold is felt, and the air is excluded by the workmen. The great desideratum hitherto has been, to obtain a circulation of air which was *warm* as well as fresh. This desideratum has been obtained, after much trial, in the House of Commons; but there is reason to believe that, by various means, at an expense within the reach of large places of work, a ventilation equally good might be secured with mutual advantage."

One of the parties examined observes—"I have collected the evidence of several master tailors in London on the effects of work in crowded or badly-ventilated rooms. Some are inclined to ascribe more of the ill health to the habits of the journeymen in drinking at public-houses, and to the state of their private dwellings, but in the main results the loss of daily power—that is, the loss of at least one-third the industrial capabilities enjoyed by men working under advantageous circumstances: the nervous exhaustion attendant on work in crowds, and the consequent temptation to resort continually to stimulants, which in their turn increase the exhaustion, are fully proved, and indeed generally admitted. I have caused the mortuary registers to be examined, but find that they do not distinguish the masters from the journeymen, and that there are no ready means of distinguishing those of the deceased who have been employed in the larger shops. It is also stated that many who come to work in town, and become diseased, return and die in the villages. But in the registered causes of death, of 233 persons entered during the year 1839, in the eastern and western Unions of the metropolis, under the general head 'tailor,' no less than 123 are registered as having died of disease of the respiratory organs, of whom 92 died of consumption; 16 of diseases of the nervous system, of whom 8 died of apoplexy; 16 of epidemic or contagious diseases, of whom 11 died of typhus: 23 are registered as having died of diseases of 'uncertain seat,' of whom 13 fell victims of dropsy; 8 died of diseases of the digestive organs, and 6 of 'heart disease;' and of the whole number of 233, only 29 of old age; and of these, if they could be traced, we may pronounce confidently that the greater proportion of them would be found to be not journeymen—of whom not two or three per cent. attain old age—but masters. On comparing the mortuary registers in the metropolis with the registers in the north-western and south-western parts of England, where we may expect a larger proportion of men working separately, I find that whilst 53 per cent. of the men die of diseases of the respiratory organs in the metropolis, only 39 per cent. die of these diseases in the remote districts; that whilst five per cent. die of typhus in London, only one per cent. fall victims to it in the country; that whilst in London only 12 in the hundred attain old age, 25 in the hundred are registered as having attained it in the remote districts. I have been informed that some tailors' workshops at Glasgow have been carefully ventilated, and that the immediate results are as satisfactory as were anticipated, but the change has been too recent to permit any estimate of the effects on the general habits of the workmen.

The preceding case may serve as a general instance of the practical difference of the effects in the saving of suffering as well as of expense, by active benevolence exerted with foresight in measures of prevention, as compared with benevolence exerted in measures of alleviation of disease after it has occurred.

The subscriptions to the benevolent institution for the relief of the aged and infirm tailors by individual masters in the metropolis, appear to be large and liberal, and amount to upwards of £11,000; yet it is to be observed, that if they or the men had been aware of the effects of vitiated atmospheres on the constitution and general strength, and of the means of ventilation, the practicable gain of money from the gain of labour by that sanitary measure could not have been less in one large shop, employing 200 men, than £100,000. Independently of subscriptions of the whole trade, it would, during their working period of life, have been sufficient, with the enjoyment of greater health and comfort by every workman during the time of work, to have purchased him an annuity of £1 per week for comfortable and respectable self-support during a period of superannuation, commencing soon after *fifty* years of age.

If we thus find the crowding of unventilated places of work injurious—in which persons rarely pass more than twelve out of the twenty-four hours, being free during the remaining time to breathe what air they please—how much worse should we expect the consequences to be of the same fault in workhouses, hospitals, schools, and prisons, in which individuals often pass both day and night in the same apartments, or if in different apartments, still in the same crowd. Accordingly, since the attention of medical men has been sufficiently directed to the subject, the explanation has become complete of many deplorable cases of general ill health and mortality in such places, attributed at first to deficiency or bad quality of food, or to any cause but the true one—want of ventilation.* A striking illustration of this was afforded in the case of a large school for children during the years 1836 and 1837, as recorded in the second volume of the Poor Law Reports. Such general failure of health and such mortality had occurred among the children as to attract public notice, and the animadversions of many medical men and others who visited the schools; but by most the evil was attributed chiefly to faulty nourishment; and it was only after the more complete examination made by direction of the board, and of which the report is published, as above stated, that the diet was found to be unusually good, but the ventilation very imperfect. Suitable changes were then made; and now, in the same space where 700 children were, by illness, awakening extensive sympathy, 1100 now enjoy excellent health. The defective state of information on the subject of ventilation is frequently shown in reports, which assume that apartments containing given cubic feet of space are all that is requisite for life and health, whereas if a spacious drawing-room be completely closed against the admission of air, an inhabitant confined to it would in time be stifled, whilst by active ventilation or change of air, men working in connexion with diving-machines live in the space of a helmet, which merely confines the head.

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* "In the space of four years, ending in 1784, in a badly-ventilated house, the Lying-in Hospital in Dublin, there died 2944 children out of 7650; but after freer ventilation, the deaths in the same period of time, and in a like number of children, amounted only to 279."—Gen. Rep. p. 107.

In the majority of instances of the defective ventilation of schools, the pallid countenance and delicate health of the school-boy, commonly laid to the account of over-application to his book, are due simply to the defective construction of the school-room. In the dame schools, and the schools for the labouring classes, the defective ventilation is the most frequent and mischievous."

From this, as well as all other testimony on the subject, it is clear that society is daily suffering to an indescribable extent by *atmospheric impurity*. Great loss of life, occasional or lingering bad health, poverty from inability to labour, mental depression, crime, and intemperance, are the well-observed results of this discreditable state of things.

To assuage as far as possible this enormous evil, very extensive improvements would be required in the construction of towns and dwellings generally, and perhaps these may in time be effected, including more plentiful supplies of water. Meanwhile, the evil may be materially lessened by employers and public bodies adopting means for ventilating work-rooms, churches, and other edifices. This may be done in two ways: The first consists of leading tubes from the unventilated apartments to a large fire or furnace, the natural demand for air by the fire drawing off the vitiated atmosphere, while fresh air is left to enter by numerous small openings or crevices; such being, in fact, the plan pursued for ventilating the houses of parliament. The second process of ventilation may consist in propelling fresh air into buildings (or into ships) by a small and cheaply-constructed apparatus, lately invented by the benevolent Dr Neil Arnott; the vitiated air in this case being expelled by the intrusion of what is fresh. A power equal to that of a man or boy can work the apparatus.*

In workshops, schools, and public rooms, open fire-grates are preferable to stoves, as they require a continual current of air towards them—thus drawing off all impure air, as well as noxious vapours and dusty particles. Where an open fire is used, a very equable ventilation may be kept up by a few apertures in the walls, slanting from the outside upward to the ceiling. The only thing to be attended to in all cases of artificial ventilation, is for parties not to sit in the currents so created, the results of which inadvertence are too frequently colds, rheumatism, and the like.

With respect to the ventilation of private houses, we offer the following admonitory hints:—

1. If at all possible, never have more than one bed in a room; and let the window of that room be thrown open whenever the weather will permit.

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* Those desirous of applying this ingenious apparatus should communicate with Dr Arnott. His address is Bedford Square, London.

2. Let each bed be as open and airy as possible; that is, have plenty of room for the air to play over it and about it. Closing up the front of the bed, so as to leave only a small open space, as is the case in many cottages in the country, is a plan greatly to be condemned.

3. The bed should be as open and airy during the day as the night, for during the night it absorbs impurities which should have liberty to escape after the persons rise from it.

4. On rising in the morning, open wide the curtains or doors of the bed, throw down the bed-clothes, or, what is better, hang them on screens during the day, and open the window and door, so that the air may blow freely through the house, and carry off all impurities in the atmosphere. Such precautions are especially necessary in the case of newly-built houses, where moisture and other injurious exhalations are apt to arise from the walls, the painting, and wood-work. Indeed, no recent erection ought to be inhabited till all the apartments have been well-seasoned by fires and thorough atmospheric exposure.

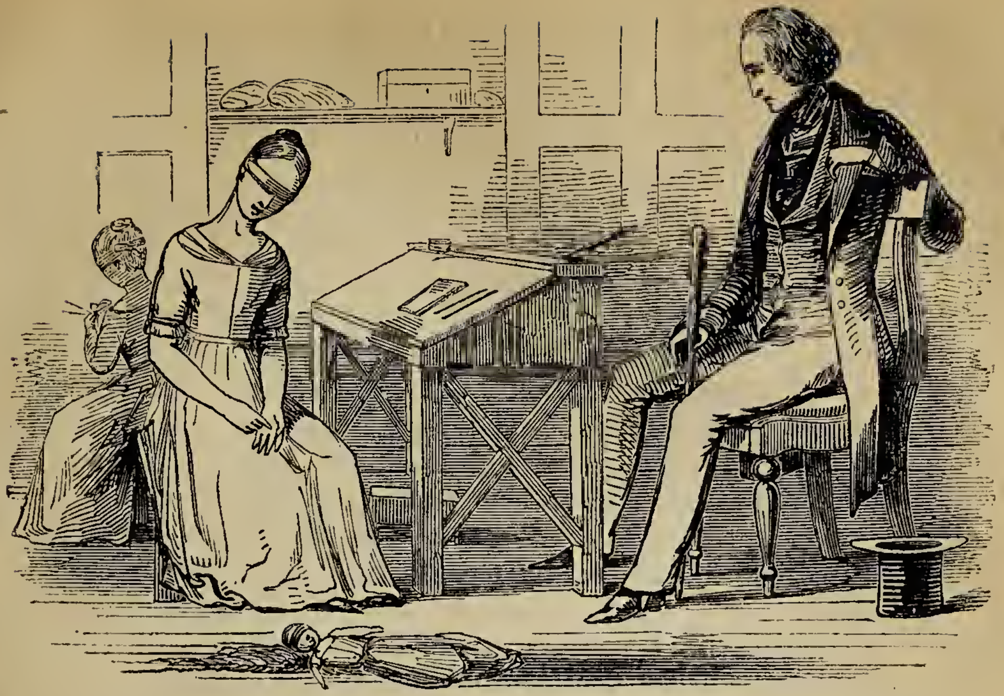
5. A good housewife will also take care to allow nothing to remain within doors which may cause a bad smell. All by-corners and closets should be regularly swept out, washed, and ventilated.

6. If the house consist of only one apartment, and be inhabited by several individuals, it should be limed or whitewashed once a-year, and every part of the floor and entrance passages washed weekly. All such cleansings should be in the morning, in order that the house may be quite dry before night.

7. Allow no impurities of any kind to accumulate about the door or outside of the dwelling: the odours rising from stagnant gutters and open drains are a fertile source of fever.

It may be asked, how is it to be known when a house is overheated or ill-ventilated. If, on going from an apartment to the external air, you feel a sudden chill, depend upon it the difference between the internal and external temperature is too great, and the former ought to be lowered by gradually admitting more of the external air. If, again, on coming from the open air, you are sensible of a stifling musty odour in any apartment, at once throw open the door or windows, and see for the future that a continual current be admitted, to prevent such a want of ventilation. Many people, instead of admitting the fresh air, endeavour to dissipate bad odours by artificial scents, but this is a mere temporary and injurious expedient. The evil still remains, and in a few hours it is found that such a practice has been only to substitute one offensive smell for another.

By attention to these simple but necessarily brief directions, as regards cleanliness and ventilation, much disease and suffering, loss of time through ill health, moral deterioration, and other obvious evils, might be avoided, and a vast amount of comfort and enjoyment secured.



ANECDOTES OF THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

ALL knowledge is received through the medium of the senses, usually reckoned five in number—seeing, hearing, taste, smell, and touch or feeling; such, in fact, being the agents by which the mind is excited to receive or communicate ideas. A deprivation of one or more of the senses, as is well known, ordinarily leads to increased activity of the others, in consequence of the greater reliance placed upon them; nevertheless, it seems evident that any such deprivation must, less or more, cause a deficiency in the intellectual conceptions. A person who has been blind from earliest infancy can, by no process of feeling, hearing, or smelling, be made to have even moderately correct ideas of light or colours; neither does it appear to us that any one who has been always deaf can attain to anything like a proper understanding of sound. Deprivation of hearing from birth may be considered a double calamity, for it is naturally attended with deprivation of speech; and hence the deaf-mute, whatever be his acquirements, always excites our warmest compassion.

Which of the senses could be most conveniently spared, has probably been with most persons a subject of occasional consideration, and it is only when the merits of each are compared that we have a thorough notion of their value. Had we never possessed eyes, then should we never have beheld the glories of the sun, moon, and stars; the beauteous earth we tread, fields, flowers, colours, the magnificent ocean, or the face of those we love. Had we been deaf from birth, then should we never have heard sounds, music, language, nor have been able to hold communication by speech; of the tones of affection we should never have been conscious. Had we been deficient in taste, we should have been exposed to injury in eating that which should be rejected as food; and along with a deprivation of the kindred sense of smell, we should have been constantly in a state of difficulty and danger. It would be needless to speculate on the deprivation of feeling, for we cannot conceive that life should exist for any length of time with such a deficiency. Great as we must deplore the misfortune of those who labour under an irremediable privation of any of the senses, we must in as great a degree admire that Providential care which provides a measure of compensatory happiness. Although stricken with blindness and shut out from being a spectator of nature's marvellous handiwork, how usually superior is the enjoyment of harmonious sounds, how exquisite the love of music! The deaf, too, have their enjoyments, and are at least blest with a pleasing unconsciousness of the loss which they sustain. Lamentable, indeed, is the fate of those who have been deprived of the two more important senses—seeing and hearing; yet that even blind deaf-mutes, with no other senses to rely upon than smell, taste, and feeling, may enjoy a qualified happiness, and be susceptible of moral cultivation, has been shown in several well-accredited instances. One of the most remarkable cases of the kind is that of James Mitchell, the story of whose blameless and interesting life we propose in the first place to lay before our readers.

JAMES MITCHELL.

James Mitchell was born in the year 1795 at Ardclach, a parish in the north of Scotland, of which his father was clergyman. He was the youngest except one of seven children, and neither his parents nor his brothers or sisters had any deficiency in the senses. Soon after birth, his mother discovered that he was blind, from his manifesting no desire to turn his eyes to the light. On inspection, it was observed that it was blindness caused by cataract; both the lenses were opaque, a cloudy pearl-like substance resting over the retina or seeing part of each eye. This was a sufficiently distressing discovery, but how much greater was the anguish of the poor mother when she soon after found that her infant was deaf as well as blind! Excluded from all ordinary means of direction, the child was guided only by feeling and natural impulse—an object so helpless as to require constant and careful attention. Fortunately, his constitution was otherwise sound: he learned to walk like other children, by being put to the ground and left to scramble to his feet, holding by any objects near him.

While between one and two years of age, he began to evince considerable acuteness in touch, taste, and smell, being able by these to distinguish strangers from the members of his own family, and any little article which was appropriated to himself from what belonged to others. As he advanced in years, various circumstances concurred to prove that neither the auditory nerves nor retina were entirely insensible to impressions of sound and light, and that though he derived little information from these organs, he received from them a considerable degree of gratification. A key having accidentally come into his hand, he put it to his mouth; it struck on his teeth. This was to him a most important discovery. He found that the blow communicated a vibration through his head, and this, the nearest approach to sound, was hailed with delight; henceforth the striking of a key on his teeth became a daily gratification. As great was the pleasure he derived from any bright or dazzling object being held to his eyes. One of his chief amusements was to concentrate the sun's rays by means of pieces of glass, transparent pebbles, or similar substances, which he held between his eye and the light, and turned about in various directions. There were other modes by which he was often in the habit of gratifying his desire of light. He would go to any outhouse or room within his reach, shut the windows and doors, and remain there for a considerable time, with his eyes fixed on some small hole or chink which admitted the sun's rays, eagerly catching them. He would also, during the winter nights, frequently retire to a corner of a dark room, and kindle a light for his amusement. Such indeed seemed to be the degree of pleasure which he received from feasting his eyes with light, that he would often occupy himself in this manner for several hours without interruption. In this, as well as in the gratification of the other senses, his countenance and gestures displayed a most interesting avidity and curiosity. His father often remarked him employing many hours in selecting from the bed of the river, which flows within a few yards of the house, stones of a round shape, nearly of the same weight, and having a certain degree of smoothness. These he placed in a circular form on the bank, and then seated himself in the middle of the circle.

At the age of thirteen his father took him to London, where the operation of piercing the membrane of each tympanum of the ear was performed by Sir Astley Cooper, but without improving his hearing in the least. An operation was also performed on the left eye by Mr Saunders, but with little or no success. As there appeared still some hopes of restoring vision, his father a second time carried him to London in the year 1810, when fifteen years of age, and placed him under the charge of Mr Wardrop, an eminent surgeon. Mr Wardrop's account of the boy is so interesting that we shall give it in his own words. "This poor boy," says he, "had the usual appearance of strength and good health, and his countenance was extremely pleasing, and indicated a considerable degree of intelligence. On examining the state of his eyes, the pupil of each was observed to be obscured by a cataract. In the right eye the cataract was of a white colour and pearly lustre, and appeared to pervade the whole of the crystalline lens. The pupil, however, readily dilated or contracted according to the different degrees of light to which it was exposed. The cataract in the left eye was not equally opaque, about one-third of it being dim and clouded, arising as it appeared from very thin dusky webs crossing it in various directions, the rest being of an opaque white colour. The pupil of this eye did not, however, seem so susceptible of impressions from varieties in the intensity of light as that of the other, nor did he employ this eye so often as the other to gratify his fondness for light. I could discover no defect in the organisation of his ears. It was difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain with precision the degree of sight which he enjoyed, but from the preternatural acuteness which his senses of touch and smell had acquired, in consequence of having been habitually employed to collect that information for which the sight is peculiarly adapted, it may be with confidence presumed that he derived little if any assistance from his eyes or organs of vision. Besides, the appearances of the disease in the eyes were such as to render it extremely probable that they enabled him merely to distinguish some colours and differences in the intensity of light. The organs of hearing seemed equally unfit for receiving the impressions of ordinary sounds as his eyes were those of objects of sight. Many circumstances at the same time proved that he was not insensible to sound. It has been already observed that he often amused himself by striking hard substances against his teeth, from which he appeared to derive as much gratification as he did from receiving the impression of light on his eyes. When a ring of keys was given to him he seized them with great avidity, and tried each separately by suspending it loosely between two of his fingers, so as to allow it to vibrate freely; and after jingling them amongst his teeth in this manner, he generally selected one from the others, the sound of which seemed to please him most. A gentleman observing this circumstance, brought to him a musical snuff-box, and placed it between his teeth. This seemed not only to excite his wonder, but to afford him exquisite delight; and his father and sister, who were present, remarked that they had never seen him so much interested on any former occasion. Whilst the instrument continued to play, he kept it closely between his teeth; and even when the notes were ended, he continued to hold the box to his mouth, and to examine it minutely with his fingers, his lips, and the point of his tongue, expressing by his gestures and by his countenance extreme curiosity. Besides the musical snuff-box, I procured for him a common musical key. When it was first applied to his teeth, he exhibited expressions of fear mixed with surprise. However, he soon perceived that it was attended with no harm, so that he not only allowed it to be renewed, but he soon acquired the habit of striking it on his own hand so as to make it sound, and then touching his teeth with it. One day his father observed him place it upon the external ear. He has also, on some occasions, been observed to take notice of, and to appear uneasy with very loud sounds. Thus, therefore, the teeth, besides being organs of mastication, and also serving as organs of touch in examining the food in the mouth, so that the hard and indigestible part may be rejected, in this boy seemed to be the best channel of communicating sound to the auditory nerve. His organs of touch, smell, and taste, had all acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and appeared to have supplied in an astonishing manner the deficiencies in the senses of seeing and hearing. By those of touch and smell, in particular, he was in the habit of examining everything within his reach. Large objects, such as the furniture of a room, he felt over with his fingers; whilst those which were more minute, and which excited more of his interest, he applied to his teeth, or touched with the point of his tongue. In exercising the sense of touch, it was interesting to notice the delicate and precise manner in which he applied the extremities of his fingers, and with what ease and flexibility he would insinuate the point of his tongue into all the inequalities of the body under examination. But there were many substances which he not only touched, but smelled during his examination. To the sense of smell he seemed chiefly indebted for his knowledge of different persons; he appeared to know his relations and intimate friends by smelling them very slightly, and he at once detected strangers. It was difficult, however, to ascertain at what distance he could distinguish people by this sense; but from what I was able to observe, he appeared to be able to do so at a considerable distance from the object. This was particularly striking when a person entered the room, as he seemed to be aware of this before he could derive information from any other sense than that of smell, except it may be that the vibrations of the air indicated the approach of some person. In selecting his food, he was always guided by his sense of smell, for he never took anything into his mouth without previously smelling it carefully. His taste was extremely delicate, and he showed a great predilection for some kinds of food, whilst there were others of which he never partook. He had on no occasion tasted butter, cheese, or any of the pulpy fruits, but he was fond of milk, plain dressed animal food, apples, peas, and other simple nutriment. He never took food from any one but his parents or sister.

But the imperfections which have been noticed in his organs of sight and of hearing were by no means accompanied with such defects in the powers of his mind as might be suspected. He seemed to possess the faculties of the understanding in a considerable degree; and when we reflect that his channels of communication with the external world must have afforded very slow means of acquiring information, it is rather surprising how much knowledge he had obtained. Impressions transmitted through the medium of *one* sense might call into being some of the most important operations of intellect. Facts have been given to prove that this boy possessed both recollection and judgment. We are ignorant of the qualities of bodies which influenced his determinations and his affections. On all occasions, however, it was clear that he made his experiments on the objects which he examined with all the accuracy and caution that his circumscribed means of gaining intelligence could admit. The senses he enjoyed, being thus disciplined, acquired a preternatural degree of acuteness, and must have furnished him with information respecting the qualities of many bodies which we either overlook, or are in the habit of obtaining through other channels. Perhaps the most striking feature of the boy's mind was his avidity and curiosity to become acquainted with the different objects around him. When a person came into the room where he was, the moment he knew of his presence he fearlessly went up to him and touched him all over, and smelled him with eagerness. He showed the same inquisitiveness in becoming acquainted with everything within the sphere of his observation, and was daily in the habit of exploring the objects around his father's abode. He had become familiar with all the most minute parts of the house and furniture, the outhouses, and several of the adjacent fields, and the various farming utensils. He showed great partiality to some animals, particularly to horses, and nothing seemed to give him more delight than to be put on one of their backs. When his father went out to ride, he was always one of the first to watch his return; and it was astonishing how he became warned of this from remarking a variety of little incidents. His father putting on his boots, and such like occurrences, were all accurately observed by the boy, and led him to conclude how his father was to be employed. In the remote situation where he resided, male visitors were most frequent; and therefore the first thing he generally did was to examine whether or not the stranger wore boots. If he did, he immediately quitted him, went to the lobby, found out and accurately examined his whip, then proceeded to the stable, and handled his horse with great care and the utmost attention. It occasionally happened that visitors arrived in a carriage. He never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, examined the whole of it with much anxiety, and amused himself with the elasticity of the springs. The locks of doors attracted much of his attention; and he seemed to derive great pleasure from turning the keys. He was very docile and obedient to his father and sister, who accompanied him to London, and reposed in them every confidence for his safety, and for the means of his subsistence. It has been already noticed that he never took food from any one but the members of his own family. I several times offered him an apple, of which I knew he was extremely fond; but he always refused it with signs of mistrust, though the same apple, afterwards given him by his sister, was accepted greedily. It was difficult to ascertain the manner in which his mind was guided in the judgment he formed of strangers, as there were some people whom he never permitted to approach him, whilst others at once excited his interest and attention. The opinions which he formed of individuals, and the means he employed to study their character, were extremely interesting. In doing this, he appeared to be chiefly influenced by the impressions communicated to him by his sense of smell. When a stranger approached him, he eagerly began to touch some part of his body, commonly taking hold of the arm, which he held near his nose; and after two or three strong inspirations through the nostrils, he appeared to form a decided opinion regarding him. If this was favourable, he showed a disposition to become more intimate, examined more minutely his dress, and expressed by his countenance more or less satisfaction; but if it happened to be unfavourable, he suddenly went off to a distance with expressions of carelessness or disgust. When he was first brought to my house to have his eyes examined, he both touched and smelled several parts of my body; and the following day, whenever he found me near him, he grasped my arm, then smelled it, and immediately recognised me, which he signified to his father by touching his eyelids with the fingers of both hands, and imitating the examination of his eyes, which I had formerly made. I was very much struck with his behaviour during this examination. He held his head, and allowed his eyes to be touched with an apparent interest and anxiety, as if he had been aware of the object of my occupation. On expressing to his father my surprise at the apparent consciousness of the boy of what was to be done, he said that he had frequently, during the voyage from Scotland, signified his expectation and his desire that some operation should be performed on his eyes; thus showing an accurate recollection of his former visit, and a conception of the objects of it. During the first examination, and on several future ones, when I purposely handled the eye roughly, I was surprised to find him submit to everything that was done with fortitude and complete resignation, as if he was persuaded that he had an organ imperfectly developed, and an imperfection to be remedied by the assistance of his fellow-creatures.

Many little incidents in his life have displayed a good deal of reasoning and observation. On one occasion a pair of shoes were given to him, which he found too small, and his mother put them aside into a closet. Some time afterwards, young Mitchell found means to get the key of the closet, opened the door, and taking out the shoes, put them on a young man, his attendant, whom they fitted exactly. On another occasion, finding his sister's shoes very wet after a walk, he appeared uneasy till she changed them. He frequently attempted to imitate his father's farm-servants in their work, and was particularly fond of assisting them in cleaning the stables. At one time, when his brothers were employed making basket-work, he attempted to imitate them; but he did not seem to have patience to overcome the difficulties he had to surmount. In many of his actions he displayed a retentive memory, and in no one was this more remarkable than in his second voyage to London. Indeed, as the objects of his attention must have been very limited, it is not to be wondered at that those few should be well remembered. He seemed to select and show a preference to particular forms, smells, and other qualities of bodies. He has often been observed to break substances with his teeth, or by other means, so as to give them a form which seemed to please him. He also preferred to touch those substances which were smooth, and which had a rounded form; and he has been known to employ many hours in selecting smooth water-worn pebbles from the channel of the river. He also seemed to be much pleased with some shells, and equally disgusted with others; and this latter feeling he expressed by squeezing his nostrils, and turning his head from whence the smell came. He showed an equal nicety in the selection of his food.

He sometimes showed a good deal of drollery and cunning, particularly in his amusements with his constant companion and friend, his sister. He took great pleasure in locking people up in a room or closet; and would sometimes conceal things about his person or otherwise, which he knew not to be his own property, and when he was detected doing so, he would laugh heartily. That he was endowed with affection and kindness to his own family cannot be doubted. The meeting with his mother after his return from this London visit showed this very strongly. On one occasion, finding his mother unwell, he was observed to weep; and on another, when the boy who attended him happened to have a sore foot, he went up to a garret room, and brought down a stool for his foot to rest upon, which he recollected to have so used himself on a similar occasion long before. He seemed fond too of young children, and was often in the habit of taking them up in his arms. His disposition and temper were generally placid, and when kind means were employed, he was obedient and docile. But if he was teased or interrupted in any of his amusements, he became irascible, and sometimes got into violent paroxysms of rage. At no other time did he ever make use of his voice, with which he produced most harsh and loud screams. It is not one of the least curious parts of his history that he seemed to have a love of finery. He early showed a great partiality to new clothes; and when the tailor used to come to make clothes at his father's house (a practice common in that part of the country), it seemed to afford him great pleasure to sit down beside him whilst he was at work; and he never left him until his own suit was finished. He expressed much disappointment and anger when any of his brothers got new clothes and none were given to him. Immediately before he came to London, each of his brothers got a new hat, while his father considered his own good enough for the sea voyage. Such, however, was his disappointment and rage, that he secretly went to one of the outhouses, and tore the old hat to pieces. Indeed his fondness for new clothes afforded a means of rewarding him when he merited approbation; and his parents knew no severer mode of punishment than by obliging him to wear old ones.

With respect to the means which were employed to communicate to him information, and which he made use of to communicate his desires and feelings to others, these were very ingenious and simple. His sister, under whose management he chiefly was, had contrived signs addressing his organs of touch, by which she could control him and regulate his conduct. On the other hand, he by his gestures could express his wishes and desires. His sister employed various modes of holding his arm, and patting him on the head and shoulders, to express consent, and different degrees of approbation. She signified time by shutting his eyelids and putting down his head, which done once meant one night. He expressed his wish to go to bed by reclining his head, distinguished me by touching his eyes, and many workmen by imitating their different employments. When he wished for food he pointed to his mouth, or to the place where provisions were usually kept."

Mr Wardrop then details the particulars of the operation of *couching* the left eye, having abandoned the idea of extraction of the lens, which operation was rendered extremely difficult, in consequence of the struggles of his patient, who although evidently willing to submit to whatever was intended to be done, yet had not resolution when the operation was actually commenced. By confining him in a machine, however, the cataract was broken up, and so far displaced that he obtained a certain degree of vision. "On the fifth day," continues Mr Wardrop, "he got out of bed, and was brought into a room having an equal and moderate light. Before even touching or seeming to smell me, he recognised me, which he expressed by the fear of something to be done to his eyes. He went about his room readily, and the appearance of his countenance was much altered, having acquired that look which indicated the enjoyment of vision. He appeared well acquainted with the furniture of the room, having lived in it several days previous to the operation; and though, from placing things before him, he evidently distinguished and attempted to touch them, judging of their dimensions with tolerable accuracy, yet he seemed to trust little to the information given by the eye, and always turned away his head while he carefully examined by his sense of touch the whole surfaces of bodies presented to him. Next day he could distinguish a shilling placed on the table, and put his hand on it, as also a piece of white paper the size of a sixpence. When taken out on the street, he was much interested with the busy scene around. A post supporting a scaffold at the distance of two or three yards chiefly attracted his notice, and he timorously approached it, groping and stretching out his hand cautiously until he touched it. On being taken to a tailor's shop, he expressed a great desire for a suit of new clothes, and it was signified to him that his wishes would be complied with; and being allowed to make a choice, he selected from among the variety of colours a light yellow for his breeches, and a green for his coat and waistcoat. Accordingly these were made, and as I solicited his father not to allow them to be put on until I was present, it was signified to him that he should have permission to wear them in two days. The mode by which he received this communication was by closing his eyelids and bending down his head twice, thereby expressing that he must first have two sleeps. One day after the clothes were finished, I called and requested that he should be dressed in them. This was intimated to him by touching his coat and giving him a ring of keys, one of which opened the door of the room where the clothes were kept. He gladly grasped the keys, and in an instant pitched on the one he wanted, opened the door, and brought a bundle containing his new suit into the room where we were sitting. With a joyful smile he loosened the bundle, and took out of the coat-pocket a pair of new white stockings, a pair of yellow gloves, and a pair of new shoes. The succeeding scene was perhaps one of the most extraordinary displays of sensual gratification which can well be conceived. He began by first trying on his new shoes, after throwing away the old ones with great scorn, and then with a smiling countenance went to his father and sister, holding up to each of them and to me his feet in succession, that we might admire his treasure. He next put on the yellow gloves, and in like manner showing them to his father and sister, they expressed their admiration by patting him on the head and shoulders. He afterwards sat down opposite to a window, stretched out on each knee an expanded hand, and seemed to contemplate the beauty of his gloves with a degree of gratification scarcely to be imagined. At one time I attempted to deceive him, by putting a yellow glove very little soiled in place of one of his new ones. But this he instantly detected as a trick, and smiled, throwing away the old glove, and demanding his new one. This occupation lasted a considerable time, after which he and his sister retired to another room, where he was dressed completely in his new suit. The expression of his countenance on returning into the room in his gaudy uniform excited universal laughter, and every means was taken to flatter his vanity and increase his delight. One day I gave him a pair of green glasses to wear, in order to lessen the influence of light on his eye. He looked through them at a number of objects in succession; and so great was his surprise, and so excessive his pleasure, that he burst into a loud fit of laughter. In general he seemed much pleased with objects which were of a white, and still more particularly those of a red colour. I observed him one day take from his pocket a piece of red sealing-wax, which he appeared to have preserved for the beauty of its colour. A white waistcoat and white stockings pleased him exceedingly, and he always gave a marked preference to yellow gloves."

After leaving London, his father writes—"James seemed much amused with the shipping in the river, and until we passed Yarmouth Roads. During the rest of the passage we were so far out at sea that there was little to attract his notice, except the objects around him on the deck. He appeared to feel no anxiety till we reached this coast, and observed land and a boat coming alongside of the vessel to carry some of the passengers on shore. He seemed then to express both anxiety and joy; and we had no sooner got into the river which led to the landing-place, than he observed from the side of the boat the sandy bottom, and was desirous to get out. When we got to land he appeared happy, and felt impatient to proceed homewards. On our arrival that evening, after a journey of seventeen miles, he expressed great pleasure on meeting with his mother and the rest of the family. He made signs that his eye had been operated upon, that he also saw with it, and at the same time signified that he was fixed in a particular posture, alluding to the machine in which he had been secured during the operation. He has now learned to feed himself and to put on his own clothes. No particular object has yet attracted his attention in the way of amusement."

This short gleam of hope and sunshine soon closed upon poor Mitchell. Couching for cataract is seldom permanently successful. The cloudy pearl-like matter being for the most part only broken up, not altogether removed, again settles into a mass, and blindness once more ensues. Such was the case with the object of our memoir: his eye again became opaque, and he relapsed into a state of, as it was thought, irremediable blindness. The brief and partial view which he thus got of the world around him was all that he was destined to see of the face of nature, and all the recollections which he could treasure up of the green earth, the sun, and sky, to cheer his future life of loneliness.

In the following year he is described as incapable of distinguishing even a large object at the distance of only a yard or two; and though he recovered a little more vision a few months afterwards, he seems to have relapsed again into as great a state of darkness as before. In 1811 his father died. The day after, his sister took him into the room, and made him touch the corpse. The touch of the dead body surprised and alarmed him, though expressions of grief were not apparent. This was the first dead human body he had ever had an opportunity of examining: before this he had felt the dead bodies of animals, and one day was seen amusing himself by attempting to make a dead fowl stand on its legs. On the day of the funeral a number of friends assembled to pay the last tribute to the honoured remains. The poor boy, unconscious of the full extent of his loss, glided about among the crowd, his curiosity excited by the unusual assemblage. Two of the observers state that when the coffin was first brought out containing his father's corpse, he clung to it, and seemed for the moment deeply affected. It is certain that he afterwards repeatedly visited the grave, and patted the turf with his hands.

The death of his mother a few years later, after the family had removed to the neighbouring town of Nairn, was a new source of grief; and the suggestion naturally rose in his mind that he should lose his sister also, and for some time he showed an extraordinary unwillingness to quit her even for an instant. His feelings of distress on this and other occasions were somewhat assuaged by a recourse to a new species of amusement. When he last visited London, he happened to be in the house of a friend of his father, who was in the habit of smoking; and a pipe being given to him, he smoked it and seemed much delighted. After his return home, a gentleman came on a visit to Ardclach, who was also in the habit of smoking, and having tobacco wished for a pipe. Miss Mitchell gave the boy a halfpenny, and permitted him to smell the tobacco. He understood her signs, went out to a shop in the neighbourhood where pipes were to be had, and returned with one in his hand. From this time the smoking of tobacco became a favourite indulgence, from which it was not considered necessary to divert him.

Numerous particulars are related of the subsequent life of Mitchell, but these it is unnecessary to repeat, and we confine ourselves to what follows, as interest in his conduct and habits in a great degree ceases from the time he obtained a view of the external world—a view which, however short, must have given him a distinct idea of light and colours, and also the appearance of animate and inanimate objects. His sister, in describing his condition after this period, mentions that "he continued to take an unabated interest in the employment of the various workmen in town; and in the progress of their work, particularly mason work, examining minutely what has been done in his absence, and fearlessly ascending the highest part of their scaffolding, in which he has hitherto been most providentially preserved from any serious accident. While the addition lately made to a house was roofing, I remarked him ascending the slaters' ladder and getting on the roof. Laying himself down, and fixing his heel in a rough part of the surface, he moved himself along, one foot after the other, until the fear of his slipping rendered me unable to remain longer to look at him. I believe such is his common practice whenever anything of the kind is carrying on. He is so perfectly inoffensive, that all classes contribute towards his safety and even to his amusement, allowing him to enter their houses and handle whatever he has a mind to, as he never attempts carrying anything away with him or injuring it while in his possession. Indeed, except in one instance, I never knew him exposed to any unpleasant treatment in these unceremonious visits. It was in the case of a family who came to reside in this neighbourhood about three years ago, and who were quite unacquainted with his situation. When he went out as usual to the house (where with the former occupants he had been accustomed to range at pleasure), and began feeling the umbrellas and other articles in the lobby, with the intent, as they supposed, of carrying them off, they first remonstrated with him, and getting no reply, they then proceeded to turn him forcibly out of doors, which they effected after receiving as many kicks and blows as he could bestow in the struggle. He was afterwards seen by two gentlemen who knew him, bellowing with rage. They wished to get hold of him and soothe him, but found it impossible from the furious rate at which he was going; and although regretting his apparent irritation, they were not a little amused upon approaching the house to see a domestic peeping fearfully out at a half-opened door, and the other members of the family, which consisted mostly of females, at the various windows, whence they could obtain a view of the person who had been the cause of so much fear and trouble to them."

In 1826 Sir Thomas Dick Lauder thus relates an interesting visit which he received from Mitchell at Relugas, a distance of seventeen miles from Nairn:—"It was one day about noon, in the month of May, that I saw him pass the window of the dining-room where I was sitting, and immediately recognising him, I hastened to the house door, and met him in the porch, in the act of entering. I took him by the hand, clapped him gently on the back, and led him to the room I had just left, and taking him towards Mrs Cumin, who was the only person with me at the time, he shook hands with her. I then conducted him to a sofa, where he sat down; and being apparently a good deal tired, he leaned back in expectation of finding support, but the sofa being one of those constructed without a back, he was surprised, and instantly made himself master of its form by feeling it all over. I then took his hand and put it to his mouth, with the intention of making him understand that he should have something to eat. He immediately put his hand into his waistcoat-pocket, where he had some copper, as if with the intention of taking it out. * * My impression was that he meant to express that he could pay for food if it was given him. Miss Mitchell seems to think that it was an indication of satisfaction merely. I confess, however, that his action appeared to me to be so immediately consequent on mine, that I cannot yet doubt that it resulted from it. He may have misinterpreted my signal, and imagined that it referred to a pipe and tobacco;

and this may perhaps reconcile our difference of opinion. I lost no time in ordering luncheon, and in the meanwhile I gave my interesting visitor a cigar. He took it in his hand, smelt it, and then put it into his waistcoat-pocket with a smile of infinite satisfaction. I took another cigar from the case, and having lighted it, I put it into his hand. He carried it also directly towards his nose, but in its way thither the red glare of the burning end of it caught his eye (which is perfectly aware of light although not of form), and arrested his hand. He looked at it for a moment, turned it round, and having extinguished it between his finger and his thumb, he put it also into his pocket with the air of being much amused. I was then convinced that he had never before met with a cigar, and that he knew it only as tobacco. I therefore prepared another, lighted it, smoked two or three whiffs so as to make him sensible of the odour, and then taking his hand, I put the cigar into it, and guided it to his mouth. He now at once comprehended matters, and began whiffing away with great delight; but the fumes of the tobacco ascending from the burning end of the cigar stimulated his eye, and gave him pain, yet he was not to be defeated by this circumstance, for, retaining the cigar between his fore-finger and thumb, he stretched up his middle finger, and keeping his eyelid close with it, he went on smoking until I judged it proper to remove the end of the cigar from his mouth when it was nearly finished. By this time Lady Lauder came in, and I begged that the children might be brought. I took each of them to him in succession, and he patted their heads, but the ceremony, though tolerated, seemed to give him little pleasure. A tray now appeared, and I led him to a seat at the table. I put a napkin on his knee, and comprehending what he was to be employed in, he drew his chair very close to the table, as if to prevent accident to the carpet, and spread the napkin so as to protect his clothes. I helped him to some broth, and guided his spoon for two or three times, after which I left him to himself, when he leaned over the table and continued to eat the broth without spilling any of it, groping for the bread, and eating slice after slice of it with seeming appetite. The truth was, he had been wandering for some days, had been at Ardclach, had had a long walk that morning, and was very hungry. I then cut some cold meat for him, and he helped himself to it very adroitly with his fork, drinking beer from time to time as he wanted it, without losing a drop of it. After he had finished he sat for a few minutes, and then he arose as if he wished to go. I then gave him a glass of wine, and each of us having shaken him by the hand, he moved towards the door, where I got him his hat, and taking him by the arm, I led him down the approach to the lodge. Having made him aware of the obstruction which the gate presented, I opened it for him, led him into the road, and giving his arm a swing in the direction I wished him to take, I shook hands with him again, and he moved away at a good round pace, as I had indicated. Some years ago Mitchell paid a visit to Relugas, but I was from home at the time, and as he was known to no one else, his awkward gait occasioned his being mistaken for a drunk or insane person, and the doors being shut against him, he went away. He never repeated his visit until the late occasion, but I am not without hope that the kind treatment he last met with may induce him to come here the next time he takes a ramble. His countenance is so intelligent, and its expression in every respect so good, that he interested every individual of the family, and delighted us all."

A gentleman who visited Mitchell in 1832, has thus described to us his interview. "When I called he was abroad, but in a short time he made his appearance, and was led into the room by his sister. His face was weatherbeaten, but he had the appearance of robust health. He was of middle stature, and at this time thirty-seven years of age. His countenance was mild and pleasant; with nothing of a vacant look, his features had that precise and distinct outline, especially his mouth, that indicates a reflecting mind. His head was well-formed, round, and what would be termed large. He was plainly dressed, but with that appearance of neatness and cleanliness which showed he had sufficient self-respect as to take the proper care of his clothes; indeed, as I afterwards learned, he is particularly nice regarding his dress. On examination, I found his eyes and his state of vision such as I had been led to expect; that is, he can distinguish bright sunshine from darkness, and perhaps white or brilliant objects from black ones, but this is the whole extent of his powers; he cannot distinguish the lines of form of bodies, or the lineaments or expressions of the human countenance. The left eye, which had been operated upon, is opaque and muddy over the whole pupil; with it I conjectured he saw little or none: in the other eye the opacity of the lens is somewhat circumscribed, especially on the inferior margin, and it is on this edge of the pupil that I could perceive an opening by which a few rays of light might enter. His sister thought that his vision had somewhat improved of late. When an object is presented to him, if it be bright and glittering, he holds it towards the inferior edge of this eye; but immediately after he puts it to the test of the organs of touch, taste, and smell, which evidently shows his still very limited extent of vision.

After having satisfied my curiosity regarding this highly interesting being, I rose to take leave. He seemed to be sensible of the movement, and also rose. His sister intimated that a shake of the hand would be acceptable, and I impressed upon him a most cordial adieu. I could not help thinking how different might have been my interview with this same person had it pleased God to have endowed him with the use of all his senses; how I might have been instructed by his intelligence, amused with his cheerful active fancy, and warmed with that tide of benevolent feeling and affection, of all of which so many unequivocal traces were visible, even as it was. But no doubt his measure of happiness is full, however limited it may appear to us; and when the beautiful aspect and soft sounds of another world burst upon him, they will not be the less relished that he walked in darkness and in solitude in this."

To his inestimable guide and companion the following eulogium by the late Sir James Mackintosh is appropriately due:—"His sister is a young woman, of most pleasing appearance and manners, distinguished by a very uncommon degree of modesty, caution, and precision in her accounts of him, and probably one of the most intelligent as well as kindest companions that ever guided a being doomed to such unusual if not unexampled privations. Her aversion to exaggeration, and her singular superiority to the pleasure of inspiring wonder, make it important to the purposes of philosophy as well as humanity that she should continue to attend her brother. Separation from her would indeed be an irreparable calamity to this unfortunate youth. By her own unaided ingenuity she has conquered the obstacles which seemed for ever to preclude all intercourse between him and other minds; and what is still more important, by the firm and gentle exertion of her well-earned ascendant over him, she spares him much of the pain which he must otherwise have suffered from the occasional violences of a temper irritated by a fruitless struggle to give utterance to his thoughts and wishes."

We now take leave of this unfortunate being, who, as far as we know, still lives, and turn to the case of a blind deaf-mute, who has excited a lively interest in this country and in America.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

Laura Bridgman was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 21st of December 1829. For a few months after birth she was a sprightly infant with blue eyes, but being of a weakly constitution, and afflicted with severe fits, her parents had little hope of rearing her. When eighteen months old, her health improved, and she advanced considerably in intelligence; but soon she relapsed; disease raged violently during five weeks; and her eyes becoming inflamed, they suppurated, and their contents were discharged. At the same time she lost the sense of hearing. She was now, at two years of age, blind and deaf. But this was not all her misfortunes. The fever having continued to rage, after a few months her sense of smell was almost destroyed, and her taste was much blunted. She was also so greatly reduced in strength, that it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was not until she was four years of age that her health was entirely restored;

and yet in what a condition was she placed—deaf, dumb, blind, and possessing only a slight consciousness of smell and taste! Every avenue of communication with the external world might be said to be gone, except feeling. The deprivations having taken place when she was an infant of two years of age, she consequently retained no recollection of having either seen or heard; and as her eyes were destroyed, any hope of restoring vision was out of the question.

"What a situation was hers!" observes Dr Howe, in the account of poor Laura's case. "The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her; no mother's smile called forth her answering smile, no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds; brothers and sisters were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth and in the power of locomotion, and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat. But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house: she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

At this time I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure, a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament, a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the 4th of October 1837, they brought her to the institution.*

For a while she was much bewildered, and after waiting about two weeks until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others. There was one of two ways to be adopted; either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use; that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter.

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* The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston, over which Dr Howe presides.

The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c. and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon of course distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation—patting on the head. The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

After a while, instead of labels the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper; they were arranged side by side so as to spell *book*, *key*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c.; and she did so. Hitherto the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her; her intellect began to work. She perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression. It was no longer a dog or parrot; it was an immortal spirit eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used. The result thus far is quickly related and easily conceived, but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

When it was said above that a sign was made, it was intended to say that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion. The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her—for instance, a pencil or a watch—she would select the component letters and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that 'she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf-mutes; and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly, she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object—for instance, a pencil—first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers. The child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart, she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.'

The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health. At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract:—'It has been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions. She counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned in the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue; if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

During the year, she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers. But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another, grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose than a meeting between them; for if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!'

During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one. The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who with much joy put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances. Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as, with an expression of exceeding joy, she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this the beads were all unheeded; the playthings offered her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms and clung to her with eager joy.

The subsequent parting between them showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child. Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused and felt around to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other, and thus she stood for a moment; then she dropped her mother's hand, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron, while her mother departed with emotions as deep as those of her child.

Her social feelings and her affections are very strong, and when she is sitting at work or at her studies by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold. When left alone she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet; for if she become sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs. In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness."

Since this account was given to the world, other reports have been issued, from which we learn that Laura continues a contented and improving inmate of the asylum for the blind at Boston. She now writes a legible hand, and can express all simple ideas in words, uniting nouns with adjectives and verbs in a manner perfectly intelligible. She writes with a pencil in a grooved line. At first she was puzzled to comprehend the meaning of the process to which she was subjected; but when the idea dawned upon her mind, that by means of it she could convey intelligence to her mother, her delight was unbounded. She applied herself with great diligence, and in a few months actually wrote a legible letter to her mother, in which she conveyed information of her being well, and of her coming home in ten weeks. It was indeed only the skeleton of a letter, but still it expressed in legible characters a vague outline of the ideas which were passing in her mind.

We are told that she has latterly improved very much in personal appearance as well as in intellect; her countenance beams with intelligence; she is always active at study, work, or play; she never repines; and most of her time is gay and frolicsome. She is now very expert with her needle, she knits easily, and can make twine bags and various fancy articles very prettily. She is very docile, has a quick sense of propriety, dresses herself with great neatness, and is always correct in her deportment. In short, it would be difficult to find a child in the possession of all her senses, and the enjoyment of the advantages that wealth and parental love can bestow, who is more contented and cheerful, or to whom existence seems a greater blessing, than it does to this bereaved creature, for whom the sun has no light, the air no sound, and the flowers no colour or smell.

Mr Charles Dickens, who visited the asylum in the course of his journey in the states a few years ago, mentions, in his "American Notes," that he had an interview with Laura, whose condition greatly interested him. We take the liberty of extracting a few passages from the account of his visit.

"The thought occurred to me," he observes, "as I sat down before a girl blind, deaf, and dumb, destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste; before a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection, enclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened. Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad open brow; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity; the work she had knitted lay beside her; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement, there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being. Like other inmates of that house, she had a green ribbon bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up, and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes. She was seated in a little enclosure, made by school-desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favourite mistress with the poor pupil. If she could see the face of her fair instructress, she would not love her less, I am sure.

I turned over the leaves of her diary, and found it written in a fair legible square hand, and expressed in terms which were quite intelligible without any explanation. On my saying that I should like to see her write again, the teacher who sat beside her bade her, in their language, sign her name upon a slip of paper twice or thrice. In doing so, I observed that she kept her left hand always touching and following up her right, in which, of course, she held the pen. No line was indicated by any contrivance, but she wrote straight and freely.

She had, until now, been quite unconscious of the presence of visitors; but having her hand placed in that of the gentleman who accompanied me, she immediately expressed his name upon her teacher's palm. Indeed her sense of touch is now so exquisite, that having been acquainted with a person once, she can recognise him or her after almost any interval. This gentleman had been in her company, I believe, but very seldom, and certainly had not seen her for many months. My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her. But she retained my wife's with evident pleasure, kissed her, and examined her dress with a girl's curiosity and interest. She was merry and cheerful, and showed much innocent playfulness in her intercourse with her teacher. Her delight on recognising a favourite playfellow and companion—herself a blind girl—who silently, and with an equal enjoyment of the coming surprise, took a seat beside her, was beautiful to witness. It elicited from her at first, as other slight circumstances did twice or thrice during my visit, an uncouth noise which was rather painful to hear. But on her teacher touching her lips, she immediately desisted, and embraced her laughingly and affectionately."

We learn from the further account of Mr Dickens, that there was in this institution a boy named Oliver Caswell, who had been deaf and blind since he was a few months old, and was now at thirteen years of age in a state resembling that of Laura Bridgman. By the same kind attentions, he was learning to read by the touch, and to communicate his ideas by the fingers. With respect to Laura, adds our author in conclusion, Dr Howe "is occupied now in devising means of imparting to her higher knowledge, and of conveying to her some adequate idea of the Great Creator of that universe in which, dark, silent, and scentless though it be to her, she has such deep delight and glad enjoyment."

MISCELLANEOUS CASES.

Of the performances of persons who have been blind from early infancy—their remarkable tact in finding their way unassisted, their accurate memory of events and places, their skill and taste in music, their dexterity in many operations in science and art, and their acquirements in other respects, numerous anecdotes might be related. The following will be read with a degree of interest, as exemplifying the abilities of this unfortunate class of individuals:—

John Metcalf.—The case of this person has always been spoken of as bordering on the marvellous, though as he did not lose his sight till he was six years of age, and after he had been at school two years, the wonder is considerably lessened. John was the son of poor parents, and was born at Knaresborough in Yorkshire in 1717. After recovering from the disease which deprived him of sight, he continued to take part in boyish sports with his companions as formerly, roamed fearlessly over fields, walls, and ditches, learned to ride on horseback, to take a hand at whist, bowls, and other games. Swimming was another of his accomplishments, and he performed feats in this department which astonished everybody. On one occasion, when two men were drowned in the Nidd, he was employed to dive for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

Music, the usual resource of the blind, was not neglected by Metcalf. Before he reached the age of sixteen, he had acquired such proficiency on the violin, as to be engaged as a performer both at Knaresborough and at Harrowgate, where he was much liked and caressed. With his earnings as a musical performer, he bought a horse, and not only rode frequently in the hunting-field, but ran his horse for small plates at York and elsewhere. On one occasion he engaged, for a considerable stake, to ride his own horse three times round a circular course of a mile in length against another party. As it was believed that Metcalf would never be able to keep the course, large odds were taken against him; but by the ingenious plan of stationing persons with bells at different points, he not only kept the circle, but won the race.

At the age of twenty-one, John Metcalf was six feet one inch and a half in height, and extremely robust in person. He was so lively in spirits, and so quick in his motions, that few perceived his want at a casual glance; nor durst any one presume so far upon his defects as to ill-use or insult him. Not deterred by his privation, he paid his addresses to Miss Benson, the daughter of a respectable innkeeper at Harrowgate, to whom he was married. After assuming this serious engagement, he continued to perform during every season at Harrowgate, increasing his income by keeping a chaise or two for hire. Being indefatigable in his search for means of bettering the condition of his family, he also travelled, at intervals of professional leisure, to the coast for fish, which he brought to the markets of Leeds and Manchester. Such was his quickness and ingenuity, that no accident ever happened to himself or his horses on these journeys.

When the rebellion broke out in 1745, Metcalf's stirring spirit led him to join the English army as a musician, and he remained with them up till the victory of Culloden. He then returned home, but not until he had formed a plan of future employment from what he had learned—for we can scarcely say observed—in Scotland. He adopted the idea that a number of the cotton and worsted manufactures of the north would sell well in England, and accordingly he made one or two journeys back to Scotland for these stuffs, which he disposed of in Yorkshire. Among a thousand articles, he knew exactly what each cost him, from a peculiar mode of marking. Still this trafficking did not prove suitable for a permanent line of life, and in 1751 he commenced driving a stage-wagon, twice a-week in summer and once in winter, between York and Knaresborough. This employment apparently drew his attention to the subject of roads, and fixed him in the pursuit which finally gained him his chief celebrity, and proved a source of no slight advantage to his country. During his leisure hours he had studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself, and when certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, could reduce its contents to feet and inches, or could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet. In short, he had formed for himself accurate and practical modes of mensuration. At this time it chanced that a new piece of road, about three miles long, was wanted between Fearnsby and Minskip. Being well acquainted with the locality, he proposed to contract for it, and his offer was accepted. The materials for the road were to be taken from one quarry, and there, with his wonted activity, he erected temporary houses, hired horses, fixed racks and mangers, and set the work a-going with great spirit. He completed the road much sooner than was expected by the trustees, and in every way to their satisfaction.

Thus commenced the most remarkable portion of this man's life. Metcalf soon undertook other road contracts, and, strange to say, succeeded in laying down good lines where others were hopeless of success. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire, during a period of nearly forty years, he pursued the employment of road-making and bridge-building, being by far the most noted and esteemed follower of such occupations in those parts. The large bridge at Boroughbridge, and various others, might be named as proofs of his abilities and success. An anecdote is told which will exhibit the ingenious way in which he overcame difficulties which staggered other surveyors. Among the numerous roads for which he contracted was one on the Manchester line between Blackmoor and Standish-Foot. The original surveyor took the new line over deep marshes, which, in the opinion of the trustees and all concerned, seemed only passable by cutting or digging the earth till a solid bottom was found. This plan appeared to Metcalf tedious and expensive, and he attempted to prove to the trustees that such was the case; but they were fixed in their original views, and only permitted the blind road-maker to follow his own way, on condition that he should afterwards execute their plan if his own failed. Metcalf began to his task. The worst part of the line was on Standish Common, where a deep bog existed, which it seemed impossible to cut a road through. Metcalf set his men to work in cutting a line, and draining off the water, as far as that was possible. So little progress, however, was at first made, that everybody laughed at the poor blind man, who, it was thought, would have given up the task in despair had he had his eyes like other people. Nevertheless he proceeded unweariedly, until he had levelled the bog across, and he then ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were laid down close together on the cut line, and successive bundles laid over them again, after which they were covered and pressed down with stones and gravel. The issue was, that this portion of the road, when completed, was so remarkably firm and good, that it needed no repairs for twelve years, while other parts required frequent repairs. Even in winter it was perfectly dry.

It was Metcalf's custom, in making purchases of wood, hay, or stones, to span the articles with his arms, and then calculate the amount mentally. Having learned the height, he could tell with great accuracy what number of square yards were contained in a stack of grain, of any value between one and five hundred pounds. His memory was astonishing, and it was no doubt principally by this faculty that he was enabled to traverse so many towns, and ride along so many roads. While in York, on one occasion, a friend of his, the landlord of the George inn, asked him as a personal favour to guide a gentleman towards Harrowgate. This place lay in Metcalf's own way, and he agreed to the request upon condition that his blindness was kept a secret from the gentleman. The pair accordingly started, both on horseback, and Metcalf taking the lead. By a little dexterity, Metcalf contrived to pass some gates without leading to a suspicion of the truth, and finally the travellers entered a forest beyond Knaresborough, where there was as yet no turnpike. Evening came on, and by asking his companion if he saw lights in particular directions, Metcalf brought the journey to a safe close, though in those days a man with all his eyes about him might well have strayed from the path. On landing at the Granby inn, the two travellers took some warm liquor, after which Metcalf retired. Having noticed some difficulty on the part of his companion in lifting the glass, the gentleman remarked to the landlord that his guide had surely taken drink since his arrival. "I judge so," added he, "from the appearance of his eyes." "Eyes! bless you, sir, don't you know that he is blind?" "Blind!" cried the traveller; "surely that cannot be; he acted as my guide." "I can assure you, sir, he is as blind as a stone; but you shall judge for yourself." Metcalf was called in, and his late companion, yet trembling with agitation, exclaimed, "Had I known your condition, sir, I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds!" "And I," said Metcalf, "would not have lost my way for a thousand!"

The nicety of touch which Metcalf had acquired was very wonderful. He could play at cards with no other guide; and when persons were by on whom he could depend, he frequently played for serious stakes, and won through the advantage of his uncommon memory. Even when no friend was near him, it would have been very difficult for an opponent to have taken unfair advantage, such was his acuteness of ear and powers of observation. One occasion is mentioned where he won eighteen guineas from strangers at cards.

In the summer of 1788, Mr Metcalf lost his wife, who had brought him four children. He had before this realised a handsome sum by his road and bridge contracts, but he lost considerably in his old days by some cotton speculations into which he was led by his enterprising spirit. In 1792, he gave up his extensive engagements, and settled at Spotsforth, near Wetherby, in his native county. Here, having retained as much of his fortune as to secure a comfortable independence, he spent his latter days in happy ease in the bosom of his family. He died in the year 1802.

Of the attainment of skill in the arts by the blind, we have perhaps a still more remarkable case in that of the late Mr Strong of Carlisle. Although blind from birth, he acquired a thorough knowledge of diaper weaving, and was an adept in various mechanical arts; among other things, he constructed many articles of household furniture, and the model of a loom with a figure working it. The following anecdote is related of him while a boy of fifteen years of age. He concealed himself one afternoon in the cathedral during the time of service; after the congregation was gone and the doors shut, he got into the organ-loft, and examined every part of the instrument. This had engaged his attention till about midnight, when, having satisfied himself respecting the general construction, he proceeded to try the tones of the different stops and the proportion they bore to each other; this experiment was not to be conducted in so silent a manner. In short, the noise alarmed the neighbourhood, and some people went to see what was the matter, when Joseph was found playing the organ. The next day he was taken before the dean, who, after reprimanding him for the step he had taken in order to gratify his curiosity, gave him leave to play it whenever he pleased. In consequence of this, he set about making a chamber organ, which he completed without the assistance of anybody. He sold this instrument to a mechanic in the Isle of Man, where it is still to be seen. Soon after this he made another, on which he played both for amusement and devotion.

In Scotland some interesting cases of blind persons arriving at dexterity in the arts could be produced. We have seen many figures of fair proportions and of delicate finish come from the hand of a blind man—his only instruments being the blades of a common pocket-knife. The daily work of another whom we knew was the fashioning of ornamental spoons, paper-folders, and the like, by which he gained for himself a more than comfortable livelihood. We believe the Laurencekirk snuff-boxes were originally executed by a blind man, and certainly nothing could surpass them for accuracy of form and beauty of finish. What is more wonderful, there is (or was lately) residing in a country town in Scotland, a blind person who follows the profession of an optician. This respectable individual grinds and polishes lenses of all shapes with the most perfect accuracy, and fits them to the exact focal distances with an aptitude which could not be surpassed by any one possessing the most perfect vision. That a person altogether blind is thus able to supply a customer with exactly the kind of spectacles he requires, is surely a fine instance of the compensatory powers in the human faculties and energies. The ingenious individual to whom we refer possesses a touch so delicate that he can detect not only the most minute flaw on the surface of a lens, but can tell where the form departs in the least from the required convexity or concavity. We have likewise heard it mentioned that he can by feeling distinguish decided colours in cloth, such as black, red, green, or blue, from others of a fainter tint.

There are, we believe, few districts in England and Scotland which have not produced proficients on the violin who were blind; and in a like manner Ireland can show its illustrious catalogue of blind performers on the national harp. Among the most remarkable harp players of a past age, was the famous Hempson, who died in 1807 at the age of 112, having been born in 1695. Hempson lost his sight when three years old, and being taught the harp while still a youth, he devoted himself with extraordinary ardour to the playing of the old national airs. Travelling from place to place with his harp, and playing at the houses of the nobility and gentry, where he was very acceptable, he visited most parts of Ireland and Scotland; and in 1745 had the honour of playing before Prince Charles Stuart at Holyrood. Latterly, when no longer able to travel, he lived in the house of his daughter; and such was his attachment to his harp, that he kept it constantly beside him in bed. A gentleman who visited him in 1805, when he was 110 years of age, mentions that, gratified with a call from an old friend, he started up in bed, and tuning the ancient companion of his wanderings, played some of the fine old airs of Ireland with indescribable feeling and delicacy. Hempson left few successors, the national instrument having gone almost out of use in Ireland. There is still, however, one blind Irish harper—we might call him the last of the minstrels—Mr Patrick Byrne, who makes a livelihood by playing to parties, and for this purpose he travels, like Hempson, through different parts of England and Scotland, as well as his own country. Byrne is a well-informed, modest, and agreeable man, and is a delightful performer on his instrument. Such is his confidence in himself, that he walks everywhere without a guide: he successfully gropes his way through the streets of the largest cities to the houses he intends to visit.

Of all the exploits in the way of travelling by blind persons, we imagine none excels those of Mr James Holman, usually styled the blind traveller. Mr Holman was bred to the naval profession, in which he had hopes of gaining distinction, when at twenty-five years of age his prospects were irrecoverably blighted by an illness leading to loss of sight. After the distressing feelings which accompanied the first shock of his bodily privation had in some degree subsided, the active mind began to seek for occupation and amusement, and finally pitched on locomotion. Acquiring an insatiable thirst for moving about, and if not seeing, at least hearing from description on the spot what each place and scene was like, he began to travel into foreign countries. Thus, between 1819 and 1821 he travelled through France, Italy, Savoy, Switzerland, parts of Germany bordering on the Rhine, Holland, and Belgium, of all which countries he has published a lively description. In 1827 he undertook a far grander expedition—a voyage round the world, which occupied him till 1832. What he heard and felt during this hazardous enterprise, which took him through Africa, Asia, Australia, and America, has also been described in a published narrative extending to several volumes.

Nothing more strikingly exemplifies the pliancy of the human faculties than the pleasure which this unfortunate gentleman derives from his examinations of remote and obscure parts of the globe, in the midst of numerous dangers and difficulties. Speaking of an exploring expedition on the coast of Africa in which he was concerned, and which required him to march for several days inland to visit a tribe of natives, he observes—"I have ever throughout life, but perhaps more particularly since the loss of my sight, felt an intense interest in entering into association with human nature, and observing human character in its more primitive forms: this propensity I have previously had opportunities of enjoying in some of the countries most remote from European knowledge, amidst the wilds of Tartary and the deserts of Siberia; and I can refer to the indulgence of it many of my more pleasurable emotions. I believe the intensity of my enjoyment under the system I have adopted equals, if not surpasses, what other travellers experience who journey with them open. It is true I see nothing *visibly;* but, thank God, I possess most exquisitely the other senses, which it has pleased Providence to leave me endowed with; and I have reason to believe that my deficiency of sight is in a considerable degree compensated by a greater abundance of the powers of the imagination which enables me to form *ideal pictures* from the description of others, which, as far as my experience goes, I have reason to believe constitute fair and correct representations of the objects they were originally derived from." We may safely aver that after the success which has attended Mr Holman's efforts, no man need be afraid to travel over the world blindfold.

It may have been remarked by those who have given attention to the physical disabilities of the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, that blindness alone is much less a disqualification in point of mental aptitude than congenital deafness. The difference arises from the impossibility of conveying intelligence to the mind by spoken language. The blind can be made to comprehend many things by means of oral communication, which the deaf cannot readily acquire by any species of literature. Spoken language is the means pointed out by nature to communicate ideas, to express emotions and sentiments of every kind; literature, at best, is only an auxiliary, and fails to convey the refinements of expression, the delicacies of feeling, utterable by the tongue. On this account, it may be doubted if the most accomplished deaf and dumb scholar can be made to possess a nice perception of philosophical reasoning, or be able to write with force, eloquence, and precision. In ordinary circumstances, deaf-mutes, even after lengthened instruction, fail to write with grammatical accuracy; so much do they lose by never having heard spoken language, and their ignorance of the value of sounds. We have seen, in the foregoing notices, that blindness does not prevent the attainment of a certain proficiency in arts requiring a knowledge of the beautiful and the exact in form. The deaf-mute from birth, however, rarely attains this distinction. We hear of a hundred blind musicians and poets for one congenitally deaf painter, sculptor, or author.

Among the long roll of blind poets who have gained a deathless fame for their effusions, two distinguished names will readily occur to remembrance—those of Homer and Milton. Happily for themselves these renowned followers of the Muses had not been always blind, and having made good use of their eyes in youth, they had little difficulty in presenting finished pictures of natural scenery and other visible objects of creation which are to be found in their compositions. Blind Harry, an eminent Scottish poet of the era of Chaucer, was less fortunate, as he was blind from birth, yet has presented many vivid descriptions of natural scenery. Dr Blacklock, the early friend and patron of Burns, blind from infancy, left behind him poetical compositions remarkable for their taste and feeling. But of modern blind poets none has excelled Carolan, the celebrated Irish musician and lyrical writer. A piece which he composed in his native Irish on the death of his wife—an event he did not long survive—has been generally admired. From a translation we extract the following lines:

"Once every thought and every scene was gay,
  Friends, mirth, and music, all my hours employed—
Now doomed to mourn my last sad years away,
  My life a solitude, my heart a void!
Alas, the change!—to change again no more—
  For every comfort is with Mary fled;
And ceaseless anguish shall her loss deplore,
  Till age and sorrow join me with the dead.

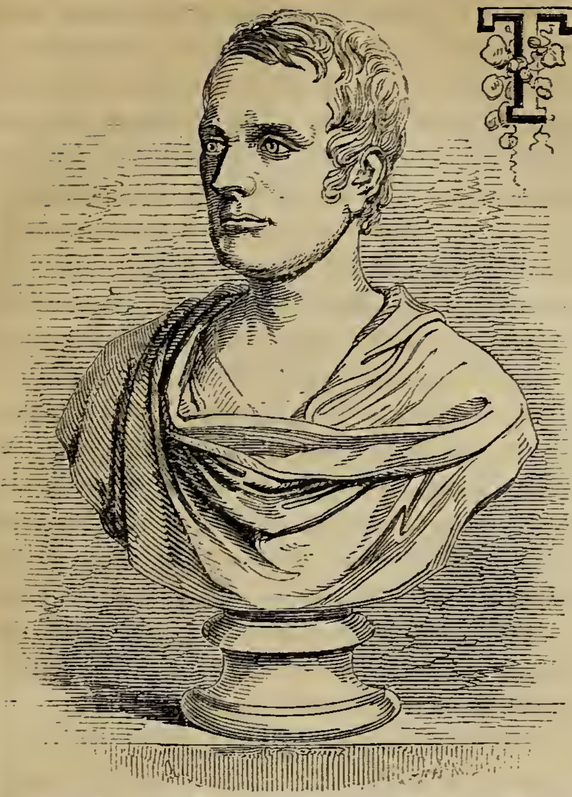
Adieu each gift of nature and of art,
  That erst adorned me in life's early prime!
The cloudless temper, and the social heart!
  The soul ethereal, and the flights sublime!
Thy loss, my Mary, chased them from my breast,
  Thy sweetness cheers, thy judgment aids no more;
The Muse deserts a heart with grief opprest,
  And lost is every joy that charmed before."

How far the deaf may be made to acquire an idea of sounds, has been a subject of much conjecture. In comparatively few cases is the auditory nerve entirely destroyed, and it is often only in a state of dormancy or secluded by superficial disease from the action of sounds. We have seen how the unfortunate boy Mitchell delighted in tingling a key or tuning-fork on his teeth. The greater number of those who are ordinarily considered deaf are keenly alive to sensations produced by music, when the instrument is brought in contact with their persons. We are told of a lady in Paris who tried an experiment upon a young woman who was both deaf and dumb. She fastened a silk thread about the girl's mouth, and rested the other end upon her pianoforte, upon which she played a pathetic air; her visitor soon appeared much affected, and at length burst into tears. When she recovered, she wrote down upon a piece of paper that she had experienced a delight which she could not express, and that it had forced her to weep. Another anecdote of the power of music over a pupil at the institution for deaf-mutes in Paris has been mentioned to us. The hand of a girl was placed on the harmonica—a musical instrument which is said to have a powerful influence over the nerves—whilst it was playing; she was then asked if she felt any sensation; she answered that she felt a new sensation enter the ends of her fingers, pass up her arms, and penetrate her heart.

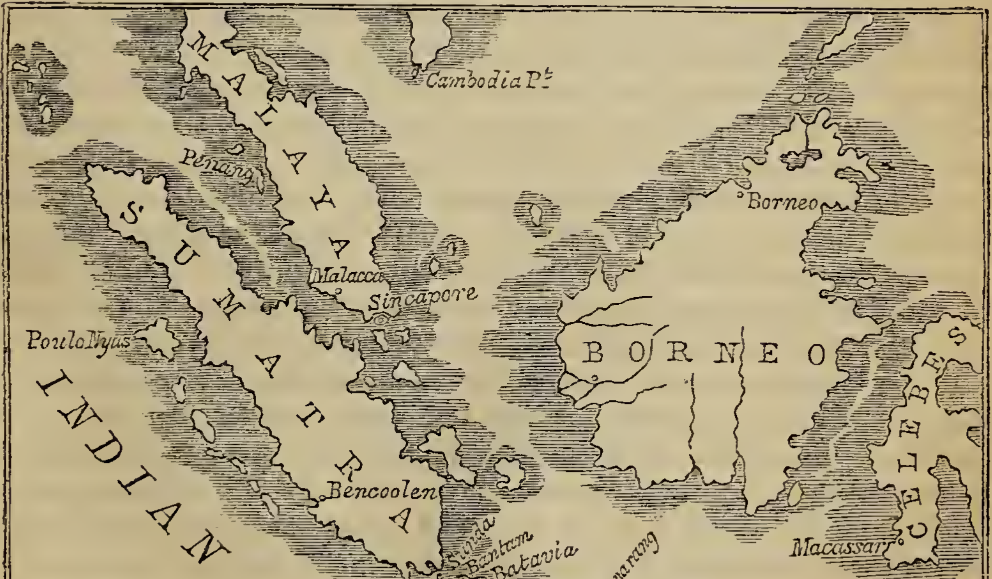
It is mentioned in a German journal, that, in 1750, a merchant of Cleves, named Jorrisen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord where some persons were playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested against the body of the instrument, he was agreeably surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice he again obtained the use of this valuable sense; for he soon learned by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. He soon afterwards made his beneficial discovery the subject of an inaugurate dissertation, published at Halle in 1754. The effect is the same if the person who speaks rests the stick against his throat or his breast, or when one rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

Various devices have been adopted to teach the blind to read, the most successful being that in which raised letters are employed; the touch of the fingers answering the purpose of sight. To perfect this species of printing for the blind, several kinds of letters, all more or less arbitrary in form, have been tried, in each case with some degree of success. In our opinion, however, no kind of letter is so suitable as the ordinary Roman capitals; because they have the advantage of being intelligible to the seeing without any special instruction, and can be at once adopted by persons who have lost their sight after having been taught to read. Under the fostering care of a benevolent gentleman (Mr Alston), a number of books in Roman capitals has been printed for the use of the asylum for the blind in Glasgow, as well as for general sale; and we believe they have been very generally acceptable. In this literature for the blind is the entire Bible, several works of piety, and some volumes of elementary science and general knowledge. On this plan of raised figures susceptible to the touch, maps and globes for teaching geography have been formed for the use of the blind, and are now introduced into all well-conducted asylums. It need scarcely be added, that by means of the literature and other apparatus we mention, the blind are now in most instances instructed in the more familiar branches of learning; and with the industrial exercises which they acquire, they enjoy a position in society and scale of intelligence very different from that which was occupied by their less fortunate predecessors.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES AND THE SPICE ISLANDS.



THE continent of Asia, as may be observed on looking at a map, terminates on the south in three peninsulæ projected into the Indian Ocean — one being Arabia, the second Hindostan or India, and the third Siam; this last being longer and narrower than the others, and ending in a projection called Malaya, near the extremity of which is the settlement of Malacca. Carrying our eye across the Indian Ocean, we observe that off the southern point of Malaya there are numerous islands of larger and smaller dimensions; the sea for hundreds of miles is studded with them, and group after group stretches across the ocean almost to the northern shores of Australia. As these islands lie in an easterly direction from India, they are


MALAYA
Cambodia Pt.
Penang
Borneo
SUMATRA
Malacca
Singapore
Poulo Nyas
BORNEO
CELEBES
INDIAN OCEAN
Bencoolen
Strait of Sunda
Bantam
Batavia
Samarang
Madura
JAVA
Sourabaya
Macassar

sometimes styled the *Eastern Archipelago*, and at other times the *Spice Islands*, because their chief produce, or at least articles of export, are pepper, cloves, nutmegs, ginger, and other spices. The principal of these fine islands are Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, Timor, and the Moluccas—the latter being more strictly called the Spice Islands by geographers; but all are equally entitled to be classed under this distinctive appellation. To the north of Borneo, in the Chinese Sea, lies an additional group of islands, the Philippines; but of these it is here unnecessary to speak.

Travellers who have visited the Spice Islands describe some of them as a kind of earthly paradise. Lying under the equinoctial line, their climate is excessively hot, but they are daily fanned by sea breezes, which temper their heated atmosphere; from their mountains flow streams of pure water; their valleys are green and picturesque; and the luxuriance of their vegetation is beyond anything that the natives of northern Europe can imagine. In their thick groves swarm parrots and other birds of the gayest plumage; monkeys of various species are seen skipping from rock to rock, or darting in and out among the bushes; and wild beasts and snakes live in their thickets and jungles. The native inhabitants, whose wants are easily supplied, spend the greater part of their time in the open air, cultivating their fields, or reclining under awnings, or beneath the more delicious shade of the nutmeg trees.

Inhabited chiefly by an aboriginal Malay race, some of the islands are still under the government of native chiefs or sultans; but most of them have been, in whole or part, appropriated by European powers. The Portuguese, being the first navigators who reached this part of the world by sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, acquired large possessions not only in India but in the Eastern Archipelago; but towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Dutch, animated by a vigorous spirit of commercial enterprise, dispossessed the Portuguese, and gained the ascendency in Java and other islands, finally reducing them to the condition of Dutch colonies—a change of masters which we shall immediately see brought no advantage to the unfortunate natives. The object of the Dutch in getting possession of these remote Asiatic islands was to procure spices, wherewith to supply the general market of Europe; and as this was long an exceedingly profitable trade, no pains were spared to keep the Spice Islands as a kind of preserve for the special benefit of Holland.

We have two reasons for introducing these islands and their history to our readers—the first is, to show how selfishness in trade, like selfishness in everything else, is weakness and loss, and how benevolence is power and gain; the second is, to point out, by way of example, how much may be done to remedy the greatest grievances, and produce national happiness, by the efforts of one enlightened and generously-disposed mind. In the performance of this task, we shall have occasion to notice biographically one of the few great statesmen whom England has within the last half century had the good fortune to produce—Thomas Stamford Raffles.

JAVA.

For convenience we begin with an account of Java, one of the largest and finest of the Spice Islands. Java is separated from Borneo on the north by a channel called the Java Sea, and on the north-west from Sumatra by the Straits of Sunda. The island is upwards of 650 miles long, and from 60 to 130 miles broad; its whole area being about equal to that of England. Its surface is beautifully diversified with hill and valley; its soil is of the richest possible nature, and yields in abundance coffee, sugar, rice, pepper, nutmegs, and ginger.

Java appears to have been peopled by a branch of the Malay race about the commencement of the Christian era. From that period to the fifteenth century, the Javanese increased in consequence and opulence, and acquired a civilisation scarcely inferior to that of the Hindoos or the Chinese; evidences of which exist in the traditions of the natives, in their literature, and in numerous architectural remains scattered over the island. Mahommedanism latterly found its way into Java, and became mingled with the doctrines and ceremonies of Buddhism and Hindooism, which had hitherto been the religions of the people. The Portuguese settled in the island in 1511; the English also established themselves in it in 1602; but ultimately the Dutch dispossessed both, and became the only European power. They continued to enjoy this sway undisturbed till the year 1811, a period of two hundred years.

Any one who visited the island in 1811, would have found it generally in a more barbarous condition than it was five hundred years before. It was divided into three sections:—1. The Dutch possessions, properly so called, meaning that part in which the Dutch power was absolute; 2. The kingdom of the Susuhúnan, or hereditary Javanese emperor; and, 3. The territories of the Sultan, another native prince. The last two sections, however, were not really independent—they were subordinate or tributary to the Dutch. At this period the entire population amounted to about five millions, consisting of Dutch, Javanese, foreigners, and slaves.

The Dutch inhabited principally the provinces of Jacatra and Bantam in the west, and the northern line of coast as far as the small island of Madura. Here they had built numerous towns and villages, the two largest being the city of Batavia, the population of which at one time exceeded 160,000, and the city of Surabaya, with a population of about 80,000. Firmly fixed in their possessions, and supported by a military and naval force, the Dutch seem to have had but one object in view, and that was to monopolise the whole trade, internal and external, of Java and that of the adjacent islands owning their authority. In Europe, no people had struggled so heroically for civil and religious liberty as the Dutch; in India, no people acted with greater selfishness and tyranny. Their whole policy was a violation of justice and decency. Determined to monopolise the whole East India trade, they were guilty of an immense amount of bloodshed in their efforts to eradicate every semblance of a colony in their neighbourhood belonging to any other nation, and likely therefore to deprive them of a share of the spice-trade. Not only so, but in order to derive a greater profit from the sale of the nutmegs and cloves which they exported from the Moluccas, they hired the natives to extirpate the plants in all the islands of the group except Banda and Amboyna, the two of whose permanent possession they were most secure. The same miserable and blighting spirit of monopoly presided over their government of Java. In a part of the Dutch section of the island, the province of Jacatra, in which the city of Batavia is situated, the Dutch authorities governed the population directly and immediately; in the rest of the section, namely, the province of Bantam and the line of territory along the northern coast to the Straits of Madura, they employed native Javanese chiefs as their subordinate governors, with various titles. In both, the system of government was nearly alike. In the Dutch portion, the people were compelled to sell the whole produce of their lands to government at a fixed price; in the other, the native regents of the various districts, besides paying a large tribute on their own account, were obliged to collect the whole produce of their districts, and hand it over as before to the authorities at a fixed price. Thus, over all the Dutch possessions in Java, the government had a monopoly of the produce, including the food of the population. Receiving the grain, the coffee, and the pepper from the growers at very low prices, they stored them up, and then sold them back again to the people themselves at an exceedingly high charge, reserving the surplus quantity for exportation. Thus, a person was obliged to sell to the government the pepper which he had produced at twopence a pound, and then to purchase back part of it for his own use at a shilling a pound. These arrangements were felt as a sore grievance by the poor cultivators of the soil, especially in those portions of the island which were nominally under a native regent; for there, in addition to the demands of the Dutch government, they had to submit to the exactions of a subordinate. The king of Bantam, for example, handed over every year to the Dutch government the produce of his province, amounting to nearly six millions of pounds of pepper, at twopence a pound; but instead of paying his subjects so much as twopence a pound for it, he paid them say only three-halfpence a pound, reserving the additional halfpenny to pay the cost of collection, and to constitute a revenue for himself. A system of finance more confused, wasteful, and unenlightened, cannot be conceived; and a similar spirit of tyranny and monopoly characterised all the other branches of government procedure.

The native Javanese were spread all over the island, part of them, as has been said, inhabiting the Dutch territory, and living under the Dutch government, the rest inhabiting the comparatively independent territories ruled over by the two native sovereigns, the susuhúnan or emperor, and the sultan. These two sovereigns were not, like the king of Bantam, or the regents of other districts in the Dutch possessions, mere revenue officers of the Dutch; on the contrary, they enjoyed a despotic dignity within their own kingdoms, and the only formal token of their connexion with the Dutch was their consenting annually to sell to them a certain quantity of their produce at a fixed price. This distinction, however, did not produce any great difference in habits or character between the Javanese of the interior and the Javanese of the Dutch provinces, so that the same description will suit both. The Javanese are described as a people generally shorter in stature than the Europeans, but robust and well made, with a round face, high forehead, small dark eyes like those of the Tartars, prominent cheekbones, scarcely any beard, and lank black hair. The general expression of the countenance is placid and thoughtful; the complexion is rather of a yellow than of a copper hue, the standard of beauty in this respect being a gold colour. The Javanese are sagacious and docile, generally listless in their appearance, but susceptible of all kinds of impressions, and capable of being roused to the wildest displays of passion. They possess a literature consisting principally of native songs and romances, and translations from the Sanscrit and Arabic. The language is exceedingly simple in its structure, and remarkably rich in synonymous words; and the Javanese written character is said to be one of the most beautiful known. The natives have also a rude kind of drama; and they delight in games of chance. The only kind of manufacture for which the people are celebrated is working in gold. They show, however, considerable skill in ship-building, and in agriculture they are eminently proficient, every Javanese regarding the soil as the grand source of prosperity and wealth, not only to the province as a whole, but to himself individually.

Of foreign settlers in the island, there were, and continue to be, about 200,000, consisting of Hindoos, Arabs, and Chinese. The Chinese, forming the larger proportion, are an active money-making class, carrying on various profitable branches of trade, and often contriving to enrich themselves by renting and subletting land at greatly increased rates. They, however, do not settle permanently; after a residence of a few years, they return to their own country with the small fortunes they have acquired.

The remaining class of the population of Java is that of slaves, of whom, in 1811, there were about 30,000, the importation of these unfortunate beings having been at the rate of a few thousands annually. These slaves were brought from various islands in the great East Indian Archipelago, the greater number, however, from the small island of Poulo Nyas, on the coast of Sumatra, and the large island of Celebes, adjacent to Borneo. The slaves consist partly of debtors and criminals, surrendered by the laws of their respective islands, but in a far greater degree of persons who have been kidnapped and carried away. The Nyas slaves are highly valued throughout the East; and as many as 1500 used to be exported from that small island every year, a large proportion of whom were carried to Batavia. In this short voyage, it was calculated that one-fourth generally died; and in such dread do the natives of Nyas hold slavery, that instances are known in which, when a party of kidnappers had surrounded a house, the father, rather than surrender, has killed himself and his children. The most ingenious and industrious of the slaves in Java, however, are those from the island of Celebes, known by the name of Bugghese or Macassars. These Macassars are a brave and civilised race, the wreck of a people once nearly as powerful in the Archipelago as the Javanese. They have a literature of their own, and one of the amusements of the Batavian ladies is to hear their Macassar slaves recite their native ballads and romances. One of the occupations in which the Chinese employ their Macassar slaves, is in the collection of those Chinese dainties, the edible birds' nests, which are more abundant in Java than anywhere else.

We have thus presented a general sketch of Java and its condition previous to the year 1811, much, however, being applicable to the island in the present day: a new turn took place in its affairs in the above year; but before describing the changes which were effected, it will be necessary to say a few words respecting the person by whom they were suggested and carried into execution.

Thomas Stamford Raffles was born at sea, off the coast of Jamaica, on the 5th of July 1781. His father was a captain in the West India trade. Returning with his mother to England, he was placed in a boarding-school at Hammersmith, where he remained till he was fourteen years of age; and this was all the formal education he ever received. At the age of fourteen, this comparatively friendless youth entered the East India House in the capacity of an extra clerk; and shortly afterwards, by his zeal and good behaviour, obtained a permanent situation in this great establishment, so celebrated for having reared and employed in its service a vast number of men eminent for their abilities. While employed in the India House, Mr Raffles zealously devoted himself to the acquisition of various kinds of knowledge, which he afterwards turned to good account: in particular, it was at this time that he first gave proofs of the facility with which he could learn different languages. In 1805 the court of directors resolved to found a new settlement at Penang, or Prince of Wales Island, off the coast of Malacca, conceiving that it would be an advantageous trading post; and at this time Mr Raffles's qualifications were so well known, that he was appointed assistant secretary to the establishment. During the voyage out, he acquired the Malay language so perfectly, as to be able to enter at once on the important duties of his office; and the chief secretary, Mr Pearson, falling ill, the entire labour of arranging the forms of the new government, as well as of compiling all public documents, devolved on him. Such an accumulation of work was too severe for his constitution; and in 1808 he was obliged to pay a visit to the Malacca mainland, for the purpose of recruiting his shattered health. It was during this visit to Malacca that Mr Raffles first enjoyed the opportunity of observing and joining with the varied population congregated from all parts of the Archipelago, and from the distant countries of Asia; from Java, Amboyna, Celebes, the Moluccas, Borneo, Papua, Cochin China, China Proper, &c. With many he conversed personally, with others through the medium of interpreters. To this early habit, which he always retained, of associating with the natives, and admitting them to intimate and social intercourse, may be attributed the extraordinary influence which he obtained over them, and the respect with which they always received his advice and opinions. It was at this period also that Mr Raffles formed an acquaintanceship with Mr Marsden and the enthusiastic and lamented Leyden; and in company with these two Orientalists, commenced his elaborate researches into the history, the laws, and the literature of the Hindoo and Malay races. We find him also displaying that zeal for the advancement of the natural sciences, especially zoology, for which he was all his life distinguished, and which has earned him a high rank among naturalists, as well as among statesmen and Oriental scholars.

Lord Minto, at the time governor-general of India, had conceived so favourable an opinion of Mr Raffles, that he became anxious to discover a field worthy of his abilities. On the occasion of a visit he made to Calcutta in 1809, his lordship spoke of the advantages to be derived from taking possession of the Moluccas, or smaller Spice Islands, whereupon Mr Raffles at once drew his attention to Java, as much preferable. The idea was instantly caught at by his lordship, and plans for its capture were forthwith devised.

The scheme hinted at by Mr Raffles marked the comprehensiveness of his character. It was to capture Java, and render it a British possession. Nor was such a project considered any violation of justice. In 1806 the French had overrun Holland, and in 1810 added it, as well as its chief foreign possessions, to the empire of France. Java, therefore, was now no longer a Dutch but a French colony. As England was at war with France, it was considered by Lord Minto and Mr Raffles that there could not be a more splendid achievement than to wrest so fine an island from Napoleon, and add it to the British crown. Indeed the conquest of Java seemed a matter of necessity; for its possession would give the French almost the sovereignty of the Malayan Archipelago, and enable them materially to affect the prosperity of our eastern trade, and the stability of our eastern possessions. In short, the invasion of Java was resolved upon. But the enterprise was one not to be attempted rashly; in the meantime, therefore, the design was kept a profound secret, and Mr Raffles was despatched to prepare the way for the expedition, taking up his residence at Malacca with the title of "agent to the governor-general, with the Malay states."

Having, after much careful investigation, learned which would form the safest and most practicable route to Java, Mr Raffles communicated all proper information to Lord Minto, who immediately proceeded with a powerful naval force on the expedition. The fleet, consisting of upwards of ninety sail, left Malacca on the 18th of June 1811, and after a voyage of six weeks, anchored off Batavia. In the course of a month, the British troops effected the conquest of the island; and on the 16th of September Lord Minto issued a proclamation announcing the general features of its future government as a British territory. In his letter to the government in England, Lord Minto announced the capture of Java in the following terms:—"An empire which for two centuries has contributed greatly to the power, prosperity, and grandeur of one of the principal and most respected states in Europe, has been thus wrested from the short occupation of the French government, added to the dominion of the British crown, and converted from a seat of hostile machination and commercial competition, into an augmentation of British power and prosperity."

In thus annexing Java to our East Indian possessions, Lord Minto took a bolder step than the court of directors of the East India Company was disposed altogether to sanction at first. When he had announced to them his intention to attack Java, the scheme met their decided approbation; but instead of agreeing with Lord Minto in his desire to convert Java into a British possession, all that they meditated was the expulsion of the Dutch from the island, and its restoration to the native Javanese. This they thought would be sufficient; and to one not acquainted with the condition of the various islands in the Archipelago, their intention may appear very reasonable and philanthropic. But Lord Minto saw that the mere expulsion of the Dutch from the island would be unavailing unless some strong and benevolent power were to come after them, and take charge of a country which they had so wretchedly misgoverned. To leave the Javanese to govern themselves, would be to throw back the island into hopeless war and confusion. Possessed of all those qualities which would constitute them good and obedient subjects, it was not to be expected that the Javanese, after submitting to Dutch rule for 200 years, could have preserved any notions of their own ancient government, much less that they could set up a new one. Accordingly, Lord Minto determined to annex the island to the British territory, and give it some experience of rational government. In so doing, he was incurring the responsibility of exceeding his instructions; but as Lady Raffles, in the biography of her husband, nobly says, "No man is fit for high station anywhere who is not prepared to risk even more than fame or fortune at the call of judgment and conscience."

Lord Minto immediately appointed Mr Raffles lieutenant-governor of Java and its dependencies; and after a stay of six weeks in the island, returned to Bengal, leaving the new governor to commence his arduous duties. The only event that could cast a shade of sorrow over the important occasion was the death of Dr Leyden, who had accompanied the expedition to Java, and who soon fell a victim to his thirst for knowledge.

"It would be endless," says Lady Raffles, "to notice the difficulties and obstacles which occurred in the establishment of a pure and upright administration in Java. Not only was the whole system previously pursued by the Dutch to be subverted, but an entire new one substituted, as pure and liberal as the old one was vicious and contracted; and this was to be accomplished and carried into effect by the very persons who had so long fattened on the vices of the former policy." Nor were the difficulties of Mr Raffles such only as resulted from the state of the island, the government of which he had undertaken. There was a disheartening circumstance, apart from the condition of the island itself, under which most men would have either refrained from doing anything, or at least acted listlessly and carelessly—the prospect of the British possession of Java being only of short continuance. Nevertheless, Mr Raffles determined that in the meanwhile nothing should prevent him from doing his duty, and he did it nobly.

Mr Raffles's first step was to cause to be prepared a complete body of statistics relating to all the affairs of the island; and obtaining this, he commenced his scheme of reform. His proposed alterations were of two kinds; first, a reform of the general spirit of the government; and, second, a reform of the actual institutions of the country, wherever it appeared necessary.

The general spirit of the Dutch government, as has been shown, was that of utter selfishness—it was the government of a band of robbers. Java was retained for the single purpose of yielding a revenue, without the slightest regard to the comfort or prosperity of the people. The guiding principle of the government introduced by Mr Raffles was diametrically opposite—it was *the general good of the whole population.* In conformity with the proclamation of Lord Minto before his departure from the island, he exhorted the people "to consider their new connexion with England as founded on the principles of mutual advantage, and to be conducted in a spirit of kindness and affection." He studied the feelings and the prejudices of all classes of society, entering into the most cordial and familiar intercourse with persons of intelligence and influence, whether they were Dutch or native Javanese, and in every possible way tried to produce a feeling that he had no other object in view as governor than the happiness and prosperity of the inhabitants. He permitted the poorest Javanese to have free access to his presence; and whatever measure he adopted, or regulation he found it necessary to pass, he took care to have it widely published, and even to have the reasons on which it was founded made known, thus addressing as much as possible the natural good sense of the natives. One resolution which he adopted at his first entrance into office delighted and gratified the Javanese as much as it surprised the Dutch. In travelling through the island, which it was necessary for him to do frequently, and to great distances, he would not carry arms, nor suffer himself to be attended by any escort, and he enjoined his staff to do the same. At first, such had been the false reports spread by the Dutch relative to the character and habits of the Javanese, that this resolution of the governor was considered foolhardy and Quixotic; but at length the wisdom of such a policy became evident. Not a single act of violence occurred in consequence of this display of confidence; on the contrary, the natives regarded it as a compliment, and anticipated the highest things from a governor who put such trust in their quietness and honesty. "Whilst driving along," says a visitor to Java at this time, "in an open carriage at the rate of nine miles an hour through the gorgeous forests of that delicious climate, we could scarcely believe that we were quite at the mercy of the Malays and other tribes, falsely proverbial for treachery and ferocity." Mr Raffles always entertained a high opinion of the character of the natives of Java, and believed that, if properly treated, there was not a more docile or more easily governed people on the face of the earth.

To detail all the changes which Mr Raffles introduced into the administration of Java during the five years of his residence in the island, would be a needless task. It will be sufficient to notice the three principal alterations—his reform of the revenue system, his establishment of a better system of police and public justice, and his abolition of the slave trade.

Our readers are already aware of the nature of the system of internal management which the Dutch pursued. Almost the whole territory was farmed out to native regents or officers, who, besides paying a small rent or recognition money to the Dutch authorities, handed over to them annually the whole produce of their respective districts at a fixed government price. By disposing of this produce, either by exporting it or by selling it back again to the Javanese themselves, the Dutch raised a revenue; and in this monopoly, therefore, consisted the sole advantage derived by them from the possession of Java. The Dutch themselves had begun to be ashamed of this system of colonial government, and had made some attempts to introduce a better; but none of these attempts succeeded, and it was reserved for Mr Raffles to confer on Java the boon of a well-devised government. The following is his own brief and distinct account of the reform which he effected. "The whole system of native management has been exploded, and the mass of the population are now no longer dependent on a regent or other chieftain, but look up direct to the European power which protects them. In the first place, the lands are let, generally speaking, to the heads of villages, as this description of people appear to me to be the resident superintending farmers of the estate. In so extensive a population, there will naturally require to be some deviations in different districts, but the plan of village rents will generally prevail. After the experience of one year, leases for three years will be granted; and at the conclusion of that period, the leases may either be made for seven or for ten years, or the land granted to the actual possessors in perpetuity. You will thus see that I have had the happiness to release several millions of my fellow-creatures from a state of bondage and arbitrary oppression. The revenue of government, instead of being wrung by the grasping hand of an unfeeling farmer from the savings of industry, will now come into the treasuries of government direct, and be proportioned to the actual capability of the country."

It is necessary to explain this system adopted by Mr Raffles a little more fully. In the first place, the regents or native officers who had been intermediate between the government and the mass of the native population, and who had shamefully ground down the latter in order to make large profits from their situations, were completely laid aside, receiving an allotment of lands, or a sum of money, as a suitable compensation for the loss of their lucrative office. The lands thus placed at the disposal of the government were let at a fair rent to a number of small proprietors, who were generally the heads of villages. To give an idea of who these heads of villages were, we may quote Mr Raffles's own description of a Javanese village. "The cottages of the Javanese are never insulated, but formed into villages whose population extends from 50 to 200 or 300 inhabitants; each has its garden; and this spot of ground surrounding his simple habitation the cottager regards as his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care. He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees which may at once yield him their fruit and their shade. The cottages, or the assemblage of huts that compose the village, become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered; and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grave, or a clump of evergreens. Every village forms a community in itself, each having its officers, its priest, and its temple." It was generally, then, to the native heads of such villages, distinguished by the various titles of Petingi, Bakal, or Surah, that the lands were let out by government according to the system introduced by Mr Raffles. In some cases, however, and particularly in those districts where the Chinese had planted themselves most thickly, it was necessary to depart from this regulation, and let the land to others. The land was let on short leases. It was indeed proposed to sell the lands entirely, so as to constitute the heads of villages into permanent landlords instead of government tenants; but Lord Minto seems to have disapproved of this plan of permanent sale, and therefore that of short leases alone was practised. The amount of rent was fixed as equitably as possible by a reference to the circumstances of each particular case, two-fifths of the average annual rice produce of the soil being about the usual rate. This rent being duly paid, the heads of villages or other government tenants were at liberty to dispose of the produce of their respective farms to the best advantage, and at any price they could obtain in the market, the government laying no claim to any exclusive right of purchase. In order, however, to encourage the growth of coffee, which Mr Raffles anticipated might become an important article of export in the course of a few years, government engaged to receive any surplus quantity of that commodity from the growers at a reasonable and fixed rate, when a higher price could not be obtained for it in the market; thus at least securing the coffee growers against loss. Under the old system, besides claiming a monopoly of the produce, the government had a right of vassalage or feudal service over the native regents, and, through them, over the mass of the people; that is, the government had a right to make the natives labour, without wages, on roads and other public works. This feudal exaction, one of the most intolerable that can be imagined, and one under which France groaned before the Revolution, Mr Raffles at once abolished. If the heads of villages paid their rent regularly, they were considered as having discharged all their obligations to government; and whatever labour government might require, it was to pay for at the ordinary market rate of wages.

A change like this could not fail at once to create a hearty spirit of contentment and industry. "All is altered now," we may imagine one of these heads of villages or government tenants saying; "I have no longer to sell all my rice, my coffee, and my pepper, to a greedy government for a wretched pittance, hardly enough to remunerate me for my toil. All that I have to do is to pay my rent to government; and then I have all my rice, my coffee, and my pepper to do as I please with. All that I raise above what pays my rent and other expenses is clear profit." In order to provide farther against the practice of any extortion by these government tenants upon their inferiors or sub-tenants (which, however, was not likely to happen, the greater part of the government tenants, namely, the heads of villages, having a natural bond connecting them in feeling and interest with their inferiors), a superintendence was exercised by government over the mode in which the lands were sub-let to the minor tenants. Thus, down to the lowest ranks of society the beneficial influence of the change of system extended; and every man began to feel that the fruits of his industry and energy would not, as formerly, be swallowed up by the insatiable maw of government, but would be really and truly his own.

It was necessary, however, not merely to allow the natives to be the sole and exclusive proprietors of the produce of their industry, but also to open up the channels of commerce, so that they might bring that produce to a profitable market. It would have been of no use for government to have given up its claim to a monopoly of the produce, and at the same time to have kept up those restrictions which would have prevented the growers from finding any other market for it, so that they would have been obliged to come to government and say, "Rather than have our rice rot on our hands, we will give you it at your own price," thus actually restoring the monopoly. Accordingly, as a part of the system of Mr Raffles, all the tolls and internal imposts of the island, which operated as checks to internal traffic, were abolished; all the ports of the island, without exception, were thrown open; almost all the export duties were abrogated; the import duties were reduced to the lowest possible point; and no description of goods was excluded from the island. Free trade, in short, in a sense almost as wide as it is possible to understand it, was realised; the only cost incurred in the transmission of goods from one part of the island to another, or from the island itself to other parts of the Malayan Archipelago, being the cost of carriage. This change must have been agreeable to all classes of the community, except perhaps to the Chinese, who had been the great farmers of taxes under the old system, and who were of course obliged now to betake themselves to some other course of industry.

Mr Raffles effected as important a change in the department of justice as he had in the department of revenue. Under the Dutch government, the natives had been subject to laws utterly averse from their natural feelings and superstitions, and with which also they were totally unacquainted. The Dutch laws were doubtless good, but, as applied without modification to the native Javanese, they gave rise to the most tyrannical and unjust decisions, especially as the juries consisted exclusively of Europeans. Mr Raffles reversed all this. "By means of the numberless inquiries he had instituted all over the island," says a writer who speaks from local knowledge, "and particularly by his own personal investigations, he discovered that the Javanese possessed, from time immemorial, amongst themselves, a system of police as well as of jurisprudence, which, if not precisely squaring in all points with our notions of such things, it was fair to infer were more or less suited to the peculiar circumstances of the island. Strangely enough, the Dutch were ignorant of the existence of many of these native institutions, though some of them were never entirely extinguished during the two centuries of their administration. Mr Raffles, however, at once saw how important it would be to enlist the prejudices and established habits of the natives in his cause, and, by giving the sanction of his authority to local usages which the natives were already in possession of, to attach, as it were, as many ready-made wheels to the machinery of his government." While, however, he introduced into his administration as many of the native Javanese forms as possible, he did not do so indiscriminately; but wherever he found any native custom or regulation which was inconsistent with his own notions of justice, he changed or modified it so as to make it suit. The deposed Javanese rajahs or regents he turned to good account, by availing himself of their services in the department of police; and the dignity which he thus assigned to them, together with the lands and money which they received in lieu of their regencies, was considered by most of them as more than a compensation for what they had lost. By a very simple expedient, Mr Raffles provided for the prompt administration of justice in the island. "One member of each of the courts of justice was appointed a judge of circuit, to be present in each of the residencies at least once in every three months, and as much oftener as was found necessary. The formalities of the Roman law employed by the Dutch were avoided. A native jury, consisting of an intelligent foreman and four others, decided upon the facts; the law was then taken down and expounded by the native law officers; and the sentence, with the opinion of the judge of circuit upon the application of the Dutch and colonial law in the cases, was forwarded for the modification of the lieutenant-governor." At the same time the utmost pains were taken to acquaint the natives with the details of the system. The regulations were translated into the Malayan and all the other languages spoken in Java, and published as widely as possible.

The third great reform accomplished by Mr Raffles was the abolition of the slave trade, and its attendant practice, piracy. Unfortunately, we have but very scanty information on this point: it would appear, indeed, that, in abolishing the iniquitous traffic in slaves, Mr Raffles did not meet with so much difficulty as might have been expected. The following notice on the subject occurs in Lady Raffles's life of her husband:—"Mr Raffles was anxious to diffuse the blessings of freedom throughout the whole of the varied populations under his charge; and as the British parliament had at this time passed an act which declared the slave trade to be felony, he established it as a colonial law; and it continues in force to this day, since it cannot be repealed without express authority from the mother country. The leading inhabitants possessing slaves concurred with him in his efforts to abolish this dreadful evil throughout the Dutch possessions; and the whole of the slaves in the island were registered according to the forms of the West India islands, with the view of giving them their liberty. The Bengal authorities, however, refused their sanction; because, as they alleged, it had not been determined whether the government of Java was to be permanently administered by the king of Great Britain or by the East India Company."

The highest testimony to the merits of the changes of which we have just given an account is the fact, that while all classes of society were contented with the administration of Mr Raffles, and the native Javanese adored his name, the revenue derived by the government itself was *eight times as large as it had been under the Dutch.* The highest revenue ever raised by the Dutch in Java was four millions of rupees, or half a million of pounds sterling in a year; whereas before Mr Raffles left Java, the revenue amounted to thirty millions of rupees, or nearly four millions of pounds sterling.

Unfortunately, this course of reform, which was renovating the island of Java, and raising it to prosperity greater than it had ever experienced before, was arrested by an event which the governor had from the first anticipated. Looking forward to the restoration of the island to the Dutch, Mr Raffles thus expressed himself in a letter to Lord Minto, dated July 2, 1814. "If I were to believe," says he, "that the Javanese were ever again to be ruled on the former principles of government, I should indeed quit Java with a heavy heart; but a brighter prospect is, I hope, before them. Holland is not only re-established, but, I hope, renovated: her prince has been educated in the best of all schools—adversity; and I will hope the people of Java will be as happy, if not happier, under the Dutch as under the English. Mr Muntinghe has often reminded me, that when conversing with your lordship on the judicial regulations, you observed it was not certain whether England would retain permanent possessions in Java; *but in the meantime let us do as much good as we can.* This we have done, and whatever change may take place, the recollection can never be unpleasing."

In the beginning of 1816, Mr Raffles, after five years' residence in Java, was relieved of the government, and Mr Tindal came out to succeed him. The intelligence of his departure caused demonstrations of lively regret by the natives as well as Europeans. On the morning of his embarkation, the roads of Batavia were filled with boats, crowded with people of various nations, all anxious to pay the last tribute of respect within their power to one whose services they so highly appreciated. On reaching the vessel, he found the decks filled with offerings of every description—fruit, flowers, poultry, whatever they thought would promote his comfort on the voyage. When the order was given to weigh anchor, there was a universal scene of distress; the people felt that they were losing for ever the great man who had so nobly regenerated their country, and been their common benefactor.

The new governor of Java had scarcely time to enter on his duties; for, on the fall of Napoleon, the congress of European powers, by a single stroke of the pen, restored Java to the Dutch.* Had the times been less exciting, it is probable that, before surrendering Java to its former owners, some precautions would have been adopted relative to the government and trade of the island. No such precautions were adopted. Java was unconditionally restored. In one day all the splendid reforms of Mr Raffles were laid in ruins. Delivered up to the Dutch authorities, they remorselessly went back to the old order of things—a rigorous and grasping monopoly in trade, and a tyranny which recognised no principle of humanity or justice. What were the feelings of the rapidly-improving Javanese in being thus delivered up to their old oppressors, may be more easily conjectured than described. They gave a sullen submission, and "the island," observes a writer in 1830, "has been nearly one scene of rebellion and bloodshed ever since it was given to the Dutch."

SUMATRA.

After a prosperous voyage, Mr Raffles reached London on the 16th of July 1816, and one of his first acts after arrival was to address the court of directors of the East India Company, claiming an inquiry into his conduct during the period of his administration in Java. He was particularly anxious that this inquiry should be made, because he had reason to know that the court did not entirely approve of all that he had done; and he had hoped that now that he was present in Leadenhall Street to defend his measures, he would be able to represent them to the court in a more favourable light. The particular cause of difference between him and the court of directors was as follows :—While in Java, he found it necessary to keep up a considerable military force, and also to discharge certain debts incurred by the old government; and for these purposes money was required. As, however, the island itself could not at first supply as much as was needed, he was obliged to make repeated drafts on the company's treasury in Bengal. As these drafts were made at a time when the Bengal treasury was low, and required to be replenished from London, the court of directors began to entertain a bad opinion of Java, and to contemplate its abandonment. These, among other circumstances, had led to the recall of Mr Raffles. Now, however, he hoped to vindicate his conduct to the satisfaction of the court, and to make it clear that Java, instead of being a burden to the company, would have been a valuable acquisition; and it was with this view that he petitioned the court of directors for a revision of his administration. The court, however, saw it expedient to pronounce no decision, farther than to express its conviction that the measures adopted by Mr Raffles had "sprung from motives perfectly correct and laudable."

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* It does not appear that the French had taken possession of the smaller Spice Islands, which remained nominally under the Dutch, and retained the Dutch flag, although for a number of years there was in reality no Dutch nation. On the restoration of Java, therefore, the possession of these islands, which had been unmolested by any European power, was peacefully resumed.

In order to meet the growing demand for information about Java, Mr Raffles rapidly prepared and published a history of the island, which was published in May 1817, and which is a monument of his abilities and the extent of his knowledge. In the same year Mr Raffles married a second time, his first wife having died a short time before he left Java. About the same time also he received from the prince-regent the honour of knighthood. It is a proof of the strong and affectionate interest he took in Java, that in this same year he paid a visit to the continent, for the express purpose of having an interview with the king of Holland respecting the future government of the island. The result of this interview is thus communicated by Sir Stamford himself in a letter to his friend Mr Marsden. "I met with very great attention in the Netherlands, and had the honour to dine with the king last Monday: they were very communicative regarding their eastern colonies; but I regret to say, that notwithstanding the king himself and his leading minister seem to mean well, they have too great a hankering after profit, and *immediate* profit, for any liberal system to thrive under them. The king, while he admitted all the advantages likely to arise from cultivation, and assured me that the system introduced under my administration should be continued, maintained that it was essential to confine the trade, and to make such regulations as would secure it and its profits exclusively to the mother country. I had an opportunity of expressing my sentiments to him very freely, and as he took them in good part, I am in hopes they may have some weight."

The title of Lieutenant-Governor of Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra, having been conferred on Sir Stamford by the court of directors, "as a peculiar mark of the favourable sentiments which the court entertained of his merits and services," he once more set sail for the East Indies, there to renew, although in a different spot, his career of active benevolence. He arrived at Bencoolen on the 22d of March 1818.

Sumatra belongs to the same group of islands as Java, from which it is separated at its south-eastern extremity by a narrow strait. Sumatra, however, is considerably the larger, being more than 900 miles long, and varying from 140 to 210 miles in breadth, having thus an area larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together. But though larger, Sumatra is not so important an island as Java. "From the hand of God," says Sir Stamford Raffles in a letter written after he had formed an acquaintance with the island, "Sumatra has received perhaps higher advantages and capabilities than Java; but no two countries form a more decided contrast in the use which has been made of them by man. While Sumatra remains in a great part covered with its primeval forests, and exhibiting but scattered traces of human industry, Java has become the granary and the garden of the East. In the former we find man inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom of the forests, while in the latter he is active and cheerful." One-half of the large island of Sumatra is flat and level; the other is mountainous; and the products of these two parts are of course different, although the principal products of the island may be said to be rice, tobacco, hemp, coffee, sago, camphor, various spices, and innumerable kinds of fruit. From no other country are such large quantities of pepper exported.

Sumatra, like Java, is peopled by a branch of the Malay race; the inhabitants, however, receive various names, according to the districts which they occupy, and present some differences of language, manners, and physiognomy. In some parts of the island the natives exhibit considerable evidences of civilisation; but upon the whole, the Sumatrans are far inferior people to the Javanese. The political condition of Sumatra is much the same as that of Java; that is, it is subject partly to the Dutch, partly to independent native princes. Instead, however, of there being only two independent native states, as in Java, in Sumatra there are five such, namely, the kingdoms of Acheen, Siack, Indragiri, Iambie, and Battas, situated in the northern half of the island. The rest of the island, that is, the southern half, constitutes the Dutch colony, and is governed for the most part by native regents of the different districts under the Dutch authorities.

In 1818, the only part of Sumatra which was not included in the Dutch colony, or in the native territories above mentioned, was Bencoolen, a small district in the south-west of the island, extending from the coast a number of miles into the interior, and belonging to Great Britain; and it was of this district that Sir Stamford Raffles was appointed governor. The British settlement of Bencoolen, or Fort Marlborough, was founded in

1685 by the orders of the East India Company, who conceived it would be an advantageous post in the pepper trade. It never, however, answered their expectations. Whether owing to its natural want of capabilities, or to the mismanagement of those who successively took charge of it, or to both of these causes, Bencoolen proved a very unprofitable settlement. The cost of maintaining the establishment amounted to little less than £100,000 a-year, while all the return it made was a few tons of pepper. In 1801, the establishment was reduced, and an attempt made to introduce a more economical system of management under the direction of the British resident, Mr Parr; but the change was so injudiciously effected, that a great part of the population was thrown out of employment, and the natives became so infuriated as to attack the government-house, and murder Mr Parr. Severe measures of retaliation were adopted by the British, and the consequence was, that the whole district was laid waste; the trees, gardens, and houses being destroyed, and the cattle almost exterminated. "This," writes Sir Stamford Raffles a few days after his arrival at Bencoolen, "is, without exception, the most wretched place I ever beheld. I cannot convey to you an adequate idea of the state of ruin and dilapidation which surrounds me. What with natural impediments, bad government, and the awful visitations of Providence which we have recently experienced in the shape of repeated earthquakes, we have scarcely a dwelling in which to lay our heads, or wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of nature. The roads are impassable; the highways in the town overrun with rank grass; the government-house a den of ravenous dogs and polecats. The natives say that Bencoolen is now a dead land. In truth, I could never have conceived anything half so bad." Not discouraged with this dismal prospect, the writer proceeds—"We will try and make the place better; and if I am well supported from home, the west coast may yet be turned to account. You must, however, be prepared for the abolition of slavery, the emancipation of the country people from the forced cultivation of pepper, the discontinuing of the gaming and cock-fighting farms, and a thousand other practices equally disgraceful and repugnant to the British character and government. A complete and thorough reform is indispensable, and reductions must be made throughout."

Paltry as was the appointment of Sir Stamford to the governorship of Bencoolen in comparison with that of Java, his situation was not by any means unimportant, for it imposed on him the superintendence of the adjoining seas. Along with Java, the Dutch had recovered the entire sovereignty of the Malayan Archipelago, of which during the alienation of Java they had been deprived. There was every probability, therefore, that they would renew their old illiberal policy in that quarter of the world, using the power which they possessed over the natives of the various islands to prevent them from maintaining an intercourse with the ships of other nations; and, in particular, it was expected that they would renew their attempts to injure the trade of the British in these remote seas. The only stations which the English retained in that quarter of the world were Penang, off the western coast of Malacca, and Bencoolen, in Sumatra. Of course, then, these two settlements derived a peculiar importance from such a consideration, being, as it were, watch-towers from which the English could observe the movements of the Dutch. Bencoolen especially was regarded as a valuable station in this point of view; and among the instructions furnished to Sir Stamford Raffles by the court of directors, before leaving England, was one to the following effect:—"It is highly desirable that the court of directors should receive early and constant information of the proceedings of the Dutch and other European nations, as well as of the Americans, in the Eastern Archipelago. The court therefore desire that you will direct your attention to the object of regularly obtaining such information, and that you will transmit the same to them by every convenient opportunity, accompanied by such observations as may occur to you, whether of a political or commercial nature."

Besides, therefore, his particular duties as governor of Bencoolen, Sir Stamford had to cast his eye over the whole Archipelago, from the Bay of Bengal as far east as New Guinea, and conceive himself charged with the superintendence of the British interests in these seas. Let us first attend to his proceedings in Bencoolen, and more generally in the island of Sumatra.

In some respects, the spirit in which Sir Stamford commenced his reforms at Bencoolen was the same as that which had presided over his administration in Java. "He devoted," says Lady Raffles, "his whole time on his first arrival to the examination of the records of the settlement, the state of the country and people in its immediate neighbourhood, and endeavoured to collect the European inhabitants and the native chiefs around him, that he might become personally acquainted with their habits and manners. The same system of excluding the natives from the society of Europeans had been pursued in this settlement as in most other parts of India. Sir Stamford at once broke down this barrier, and opened his house to the higher class of natives on all occasions. During the whole period of his residence in Sumatra, he had some of them present during the hours of social intercourse. The result of this it is needless to dwell upon. The chiefs and people considered him as their best friend and adviser, yielded to his opinion upon all occasions, and harmony and good-will prevailed throughout the settlement." Yet Sir Stamford found it necessary to pursue a policy in Sumatra in many respects totally different from that which he had pursued in Java. "I have found in the Sumatrans," he says, "a very different people from the inhabitants of Java: they are, perhaps, a thousand years behind them in civilisation, and consequently require a very different kind of government. In Java, I advocated the doctrine of the liberty of the subject and the individual rights of man—here I am an advocate for despotism. The strong arm of power is necessary to bring men together, and to concentrate them in societies, and there is a certain stage in which despotic authority seems the only means of promoting civilisation. Sumatra is in a great measure peopled by innumerable petty tribes, subject to no general government, having little or no intercourse with each other, and man still remains inactive, sullen, and partaking of the gloom which pervades the forests by which he is surrounded. No European power seems to think it worth its while to subdue the country by conquest, which would be the shortest and best way of civilising it; and therefore all that can be done is to raise the importance of the chiefs, and to assist in promoting the advance of feudal authority. This once established, and government being once firmly introduced, let the people be enlightened, and the energies which will then be called forth in regaining a portion of their liberties will be the best pledge of their future character as a nation." What a healthy, practical mind we see manifested in such sentiments as these. He found it necessary in Java to abolish all remains of feudal power, and accordingly he abolished them; in Sumatra, on the other hand, he found it necessary to strengthen the feudal tie, and accordingly he strengthened it. A less practical man would have persisted in applying to Sumatra the system which he had found to work well in Java, without any regard to the difference of the two countries.

One of Sir Stamford's first acts in Bencoolen was to abolish slavery. "There were at this time in Bencoolen," says Lady Raffles, "upwards of two hundred African slaves, most of them born in the settlement, who were the children of slaves originally purchased by the East India Company: they were considered indispensable for the duties of the place, and it was asserted that they were happier than free men. They were employed in loading and unloading the company's ships, and other hard work. No care having been taken of their morals, many of them were dissolute and depraved, and the children in a state of nature, vice, and wretchedness." These two hundred negroes Sir Stamford immediately set at liberty. Assembling them all before a meeting of the native chiefs, he explained the views of the British government with regard to the abolition generally, and granted to each negro, man and woman, a certificate declaring him or her to be for ever free, and at liberty to labour for wages like other free persons. The negro children were at the same time assembled at the government-house; and as a considerable degree of prejudice existed against them, Lady Raffles selected one of them, "a little bright-eyed girl eight years old, whom she put under the charge of a European nurse. She proved a most docile, affectionate little attendant; and Lady Raffles, on leaving Sumatra, had the pleasure of giving her a dower on her marriage."

Another class of unfortunate persons who attracted Sir Stamford's benevolent notice were the convicts—criminals who, since the year 1797, had been transported from Bengal to Bencoolen. These amounted to about five hundred in all at the period of Sir Stamford's arrival in Bencoolen. Sir Stamford thought that something might be done for this unfortunate class of men. "It is desirable," he said, in communicating his designs to the court of directors, "that some discrimination should be exercised in favour of those who show the disposition to redeem their character. I would suggest the propriety of the chief authority being vested with a discretionary power of freeing such men as conduct themselves well from the obligations of service, and permitting them to settle in the place, and resume the privileges of citizenship. It rarely happens that any of those transported have any desire to leave the country: they form connexions in the place, and find so many inducements to remain, that to be sent away is considered by most a severe punishment. I propose to divide them into three classes—the first class to be allowed to give evidence in court, and permitted to settle on lands secured to them and their children; but no one to be admitted to this class until he has been resident in Bencoolen three years: the second class to be employed in ordinary labour: the third class, or men of abandoned and profligate character, to be kept to the harder kinds of labour, and confined at night. In cases of particular good conduct, a prospect may be held out of emancipating deserving convicts from further obligation of services on condition of their supporting themselves, and not quitting the settlement." These measures were afterwards carried into effect, and with great success: a large body of persons, till now degraded, soon became useful labourers and happy members of society.

These changes Sir Stamford was able to effect directly by the exercise of his own authority as lieutenant-governor. Certain other important reforms which he effected at the same time, and which concerned the native Sumatrans more particularly, he was able to accomplish only by means of the native chiefs. Having gained their confidence by his kindness, he had no difficulty in obtaining their co-operation. All former treaties between the British president in Bencoolen and the native chiefs were annulled, and a new agreement entered into, whereby authority was given to the company to administer the affairs of the settlement according to justice and good policy. The cultivation of pepper, which had hitherto been compulsory on the natives, was now declared optional: they were to be at liberty to cultivate either pepper or any other kind of produce which they might prefer, and which their lands might be capable of growing; Sir Stamford having too strong a faith in the principle of demand and supply, to entertain any doubt that a proper quantity of pepper would continue to be cultivated even after liberty had been given to cultivate anything else. Sir Stamford also abolished all the gambling establishments in Bencoolen, from which hitherto the government had derived a considerable revenue. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Sumatrans, as of all the other Malays, is their love for gaming; and in Bencoolen the propensity had grown so strong, as to occupy half the time of the natives, deteriorate their character, and diminish the prosperity of the settlement. The abolition by Sir Stamford Raffles of all public gaming-houses, accompanied as it judiciously was by the abolition of the compulsory cultivation of pepper, produced an immediate and sensible effect: the time which the Sumatrans formerly consumed in gaming of various kinds, they now applied to better purpose, feeling that their industry was at their own disposal. Since the murder of Mr Parr, the native inhabitants had been subjected to various marks of disgrace, such as being prohibited from wearing the crees and other weapons in the town of Marlborough; but all these regulations were rescinded by Sir Stamford, as having nothing but an injurious effect. At the same time he dismissed the body-guard which used to attend the person of the British resident at Bencoolen, and greatly reduced the military force. The natives were highly gratified by these tokens of confidence, and did their best to show that the confidence was not misplaced.

After a short residence at Bencoolen, during which he was engaged in effecting the above-mentioned reforms, Sir Stamford set out on an excursion into the interior of the island, with a view to extend his acquaintance with the Sumatrans, their customs, religions, and character, as well as to gratify his enthusiasm as a naturalist. The route which he attempted was considered impracticable; but he succeeded in penetrating the island, crossing the mountains, and reaching Palembang on the opposite coast. He also penetrated northward, cultivating the acquaintance of the natives wherever he went, and acquiring an immense store of new and valuable information. The description he has given of these journeys imparts a striking idea of his adventurous spirit and love of scientific pursuit. Ascending mountains, crossing rivers, and penetrating forests, the party were often startled by the approach of elephants and other unwelcome visitors. On one occasion, in passing through a forest, they were much annoyed with leeches, which got into their boots and covered their legs with blood. The most important botanic discovery made throughout the journey was that of the *Rafflesia*, perhaps the largest and most magnificent flower in the world. It measured across, from the extremity of the petals, rather more than a yard; the nectarium was nine inches wide, and as deep, and was estimated to contain a gallon and a half of water; the weight of the whole was fifteen pounds. In alluding to this magnificent plant, Sir Stamford observes in a letter to a friend in England, "There is nothing more striking in the Malayan forests than the grandeur of the vegetation. The magnitude of the flowers, creepers, and trees, contrasts strangely with the stunted, and, I had almost said, pigmy vegetation of England. Compared with our fruit trees, your largest oak is a mere dwarf. Here we have creepers and vines entwining larger trees, and hanging suspended for more than a hundred feet, in girth not less than a man's body, and many much thicker; the trees seldom under 100, and generally 160 to 200 feet in height."

In most of his excursions, Sir Stamford was accompanied by Lady Raffles, who entered warmly into his pursuits, and delighted in exploring the romantic coasts of the Spice Islands. "It is impossible," observes this accomplished lady in one of her letters, "to conceive an idea of the pleasure of sailing through this beautiful and unparalleled Archipelago, in which every attraction of nature is combined. The smoothness of the sea, the lightness of the atmosphere, the constant succession of the most picturesque lake scenery; islands of every shape and size clustered together; mountains of the most fanciful forms crowned with verdure to their summit; rich and luxuriant vegetation extending to the very edge of the water; little native boats with only one person in them, continually darting out from the deep shade which concealed them, looking like so many cockle-shells wafted about by the wind. Altogether it is a scene of enchantment deserving a poet's pen to describe its beauties."

Returning from these excursions, Sir Stamford occupied his time in the improvement of Bencoolen, the consolidation of his government, and the pursuit of science; the latter object being aided by a regular establishment of naturalists and draughtsmen. Most unfortunately, here, as elsewhere, he was exposed to much annoyance from the Dutch, who lost no opportunity of thwarting his policy. "Prepared as I was," he writes, "for the jealousy and assumption of the Dutch commissioners in the East, I have found myself surprised by the unreserved avowal they have made of their principles, their steady determination to lower the British character in the eyes of the natives, and the measures they have already adopted towards the annihilation of our commerce, and of our intercourse with the native traders throughout the Malayan Archipelago. Not satisfied with shutting the eastern ports against our shipping, and prohibiting the natives from commercial intercourse with the English, they have despatched commissioners to every spot in the Archipelago where it is probable we might attempt to form settlements, or where the independence of the native chiefs affords anything like a free port to our shipping." In these circumstances, Sir Stamford was exceedingly anxious that some new settlement should be established in a more convenient situation than either Penang or Bencoolen, in which new settlement some accredited British authority might be at hand to afford protection to the British shipping and trade. He thought that the most advantageous situation for such an establishment would be the Straits of Sunda, if it were practicable to found one there. And it is interesting to find that, in fixing on such a situation, he is affectionately reverting to the island which of all others was dearest to his recollection—Java. "It is impossible," he says, "not to foresee that unless the Dutch adopt a very different policy from that which they are now pursuing, Java must eventually either become independent of European authority, or on some future occasion of hostilities again fall under the dominion of the English. The seeds of independence have been too generally sown, and the principles of the British administration too deeply rooted, to be eradicated by a despotic order. In such an event, calculating on the bare possibility of its occurrence in fifty or a hundred years hence, we shall feel the advantage of the measures I have now suggested."

Full of these ideas, Sir Stamford Raffles determined to proceed to Bengal, to have a personal conference with Lord Moira, now Marquis of Hastings, governor-general of India. When he arrived at Calcutta, such was the effect of almost his first interview with the marquis, and so high had his character risen since his retirement from the government of Java, that although the marquis had previously condemned his policy, he now became his sincere friend, and acknowledged his past services in very flattering terms. Although Sir Stamford did not succeed in gaining over the governor and the council to the full extent of his views, he roused them to the necessity of doing something to resist the Dutch in the Archipelago. "All he asked," he said, "was permission to anchor a line-of-battle ship, and hoist the English flag, at the mouth either of the Straits of Malacca or of Sunda, and the trade of England would be secured, the monopoly of the Dutch broken." The Straits of Sunda, we have seen, was the position he would have preferred; but as there were insurmountable objections to it, Sincapore was conclusively fixed upon as the site of the projected settlement.

Sir Stamford was intrusted with the difficult and delicate duty of founding the new settlement. Attempts were made at Penang to dissuade him from undertaking so arduous a task. Determined, however, to accomplish the duty intrusted to him, he proceeded in person down the Straits of Malacca, and in ten days after leaving Penang, that is, on the 29th of February 1819, the British flag was waving in the breeze at Sincapore.

SINCAPORE.

Sincapore, or, as it is sometimes written, Singapore, is an island measuring twenty-seven miles in length by eleven in breadth, situated off the extreme point of the peninsula of Siam or Malacca. Its climate is healthy, and its interior is generally laid out in plantations and gardens. The value of the island consists in its commanding the Straits of Malacca—the great channel of trade and communication between India, China, and the Spice Islands. A more splendid geographical position could not have been chosen for a mercantile city and depôt. The passage between it and China can be made by a trading vessel in six days; and the same time, in the favourable monsoon, will suffice for the passage between it and Batavia, Borneo, or Penang. The following is Sir Stamford's opinion of it, after a residence of nearly three months. "I am happy to inform you that everything is going on well here. It bids fair to be the next port to Calcutta. You may take my word for it, this is by far the most important station in the East; and as far as naval superiority and commercial interests are concerned, of much higher value than whole continents of territory."

After residing for a short time at Sincapore, and seeing the foundations of the colony fairly laid, Sir Stamford returned to Bencoolen, in Sumatra, to which we shall follow him. Eager in his desires for improvement, he had on his first arrival in Bencoolen, in 1818, planted a garden in a spot which was bare and desolate. On now reaching the same scene, all was magnificent vegetation, and he found his house embosomed in rich foliage. The casuarina trees had grown to the height of thirty or forty feet; and as the carriage approached the house, it drove through a shrubbery of nutmeg, clove, cocoa, and cassia trees. Of all these, the nutmeg is the most beautiful; it spreads its branches in a wide circle, bearing fruit in profusion, and the fruit itself is the loveliest in the world; the shell or outside covering is of a rich cream colour, resembling a peach; when this bursts, the dark nut appears encircled and chequered with mace of the brightest crimson, which, when contrasted with the deep emerald green of the leaves, forms a picture most grateful to the eye. But, what was of more consequence, society was improving and flourishing as well as vegetation, eleven months having been sufficient to make the change in it visible too. Sir Stamford, however, was not a man to rest satisfied with a few reforms at the outset: he was possessed with the true reforming and philanthropic spirit: he felt uneasy in the presence of whatever was wrong, and gave himself no rest till he had rectified it. Some of his farther schemes and intentions are detailed in a letter to Mr Wilberforce written at this period. Convinced, however, of the necessity of having a thorough knowledge of the dispositions of any people for whose good one proposes to legislate, he had appointed a committee to inquire into the state of society in Sumatra, into the root and origin of all those strange practices which he intended to abolish. One of his schemes for the civilisation of the Sumatrans was the foundation of national schools, and in this he had so far succeeded; another, and one of gigantic importance, was the foundation of a Malayan university, a native college—1st, for the education of the higher classes of natives of the whole Malayan Archipelago; 2d, for the instruction of the company's servants in the native languages; and 3d, for the general interests and advancement of Oriental literature. The site proper for such an institution appeared to be Sincapore; and accordingly Sir Stamford drew up an elaborate minute on the subject, which he sent to the Marquis of Hastings. We wish we could quote some passages from this noble document; but we can afford room only for the concluding sentences, which breathe a spirit of true statesmanlike philanthropy. "If commerce brings wealth to our shores, it is the spirit of literature and philanthropy which teaches us how to employ it for the noblest purposes. It is this that has made Britain go forth among the nations, strong in her native might, to dispense blessings to all around her. If the time shall come when her empire shall have passed away, these monuments of her virtue shall endure when her triumphs are but an empty name. Let it still be the boast of Britain to write her name in characters of light; let her not be remembered as the tempest whose course was desolation, but as the gale of spring reviving the slumbering seeds of mind, and calling them to life from the winter of ignorance and oppression. Let the sun of Britain arise on these islands, not to wither and scorch them in its fierceness, but like that of her own genial skies, whose mild and benignant influence is hailed and blessed by all who feel its beams."

In the end of 1819, Sir Stamford paid another visit to Calcutta. His views had by this time taken shape; and his object was to suggest the consolidation of the various British settlements in the Archipelago—Penang, Bencoolen, Sincapore, with any others which might yet be added—into one government, subordinate to the supreme government of India. The accomplishment of such a scheme, and the appointment of Sir Stamford Raffles to be governor under the Marquis of Hastings, would in all probability have been measures of infinite advantage; but the feeling of the home authorities was adverse to the proposal. Sir Stamford therefore returned to Sumatra. No sooner, however, was his philanthropy disappointed of one object than it fastened on another. The island of Poulo Nyas has been already mentioned in the course of this tract as a place supplying slaves to Java. The island is within sight of Sumatra, and contained in 1820 a population of 230,000 souls, on a surface of 1500 square miles. Without having had any communication with civilised nations, the inhabitants of Nyas had made considerable advances in the arts of civilised life. Sir Stamford's benevolent eye had singled out this island for one of his wise experiments, and his efforts succeeded in inducing the native chiefs unreservedly to become subjects of Great Britain. Immediately directing his energies to the suppression of the slave trade, he succeeded in convincing the chiefs of its iniquity and inexpediency, and thus in almost entirely abolishing it—a measure which, however, was labour spent in vain; for shortly afterwards, Sumatra coming entirely into the possession of the Dutch, the slave traffic with Poulo Nyas was resumed.

Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles began now to look forward to a return to England. The health of both required it: three of their children suddenly fell victims to the climate, and they were anxious to adopt every precaution to preserve their only remaining daughter. Besides, the establishment at Sincapore was now the great object of Sir Stamford's thoughts—his "political child," as he called it; and he thought it probable that he should be more able to promote its interest in London than at Calcutta. He determined, however, before leaving the East Indies, to spend a few months at Sincapore.

Arriving there on the 10th of October 1822, he found the information he had received of its growing prosperity more than realised. "All is life and activity," he writes to the Duchess of Somerset; "and it would be difficult to name a place on the face of the globe with brighter prospects or more present satisfaction. In little more than three years, it has risen from an insignificant fishing village to a large prosperous town, containing at least 10,000 inhabitants of all nations, actively engaged in commercial pursuits, which afford to each and all a handsome livelihood and abundant profit. Land is rapidly rising in value; and instead of the present number of inhabitants, we have reason to expect that we shall have at least ten times as many more before many years have passed. This may be considered the simple but almost magical result of *the perfect freedom of trade* which it has been my good fortune to establish." A few months later, he writes Mr Marsden to the same effect; and among other details, he gives the following estimate of the trade of Sincapore for 1822, as compared with that of the two old ports, Penang and Malacca:—

IMPORTS.

Sincapore.	Penang.	Malacca.
14,885,999 dollars.	6,437,042 dollars.	1,266,090 dollars.

EXPORTS.

Sincapore.	Penang.	Malacca.
13,872,010 dollars.	5,586,707 dollars.	7,918,163 dollars.

From this period, the trade of Sincapore has progressively increased, and the most sanguine expectations of its founder as a free port have been amply realised. In 1836 the population was about 30,000, a large proportion being Chinese traders; and in that year 539 ships, of the aggregate burden of 166,053 tons, entered the port.

During his visit in 1822, Sir Stamford did much to promote this prosperity, which, founded in justice and humanity, may be said to be placed on an imperishable basis. Writing from Sincapore in June 1823, he says—"My time is engaged in remodelling and laying out my new city, and in establishing institutions and laws for its future constitution—a pleasant duty enough in England, where you have books, hard heads, and lawyers to refer to; but here by no means easy, where all must depend on my own judgment and foresight. Nevertheless, I hope that though Sincapore may not be the first capital established in the nineteenth century, it will not disgrace the brightest period of it." The noble feeling which influenced him in all this is thus expressed by himself. "I should have but ill fulfilled the high trust reposed in me, if, after having congregated so large a portion of my fellow-creatures, I had left them without something like law and regulation for their security and comfort."

It is impossible within our narrow limits to describe even briefly the constitution which Sir Stamford gave to the important city which he had founded—a constitution which was the most perfect production of his mind, the condensation, as it were, of all his past experience. The constitution breathed a spirit of liberality throughout. It was expressly provided that Sincapore should now and for ever be a free port to all nations; that all races, all religions, all colours, should be equal in the eye of the law; and that such a thing as slavery should have no existence there. But Sir Stamford descended to the minutest details; the establishment, for instance, of standard weights and measures, and local as well as general matters of police. The benevolent will not peruse without feelings of delight the following extract from the "Laws and Regulations" laid down by Sir Stamford for the administration of Sincapore:—

"By the constitution of England, the absolute rights of the subject are defined as follows:—1st, The right of personal security, which consists in a person's legal uninterrupted enjoyment of his life, his limbs, his body, his health, and his reputation. 2d, The right of personal liberty, which consists in the power of locomotion, of changing situation, or removing one's person to whatever place one's own inclination may direct, without imprisonment or restraint, unless by due course of law. 3d, The right of property, which consists in the use, enjoyment, and disposal of all acquisitions, without any control or diminution, save only by the laws of the land.

There seems no reason for denying corresponding rights to all classes of people residing under the protection of the British flag at Sincapore, the laws of the land being such as are or may be enacted under the provisions of Regulation No. III. of 1823, dated the 20th of January last, with such others of a more general nature as may be directed by a higher authority, or which may necessarily accrue under the provisions of the legislature, and the political circumstances of the settlement, as a dependency on great Britain. Admitting these rights to exist, it follows that all acts by which they are invaded are wrongs; that is to say, crimes or injuries.

In the enactment of laws for securing these rights, legal obligation must never supersede or take the place of, or be inconsistent with, or more or less onerous than, moral obligation. The English practice of teaching prisoners to plead not guilty, that they may thus have a chance of escaping from punishment, is inconsistent with this, and consequently objectionable. It is indeed right and proper that the court should inform itself of all the circumstances of a crime from witnesses, as well as from the declaration of the prisoner himself. Denial is, in fact, an aggravation of a crime, according to every idea of common sense; it disarms punishment of one of its most beneficial objects, by casting a shade of doubt over its justice.

The sanctity of oaths should also be more upheld than in English courts. This may be done by never administering them except as a last resort. If they are not frequently administered, not only will their sanctity be more regarded, and in this way their breach be less proportionately frequent, but of necessity much more *absolutely* uncommon, and consequently much more certainly visited with due punishment. Truth, however, must be required, under pain of punishment, in all cases of evidence given before a court of justice.

The imprisonment of an unfortunate debtor at the pleasure of his creditor, by which the services of the individual are lost to all parties, seems objectionable in this settlement; and it is considered that the rights of property may be sufficiently protected by giving to the creditor a right to the value of the debtor's services for a limited period, in no case exceeding five years, and that the debtor should only be liable to imprisonment in case of fraud, and as far as may be necessary for the security of his person, in the event of his not being able to find bail during the process of the court, and for the performance of the decree after judgment may be passed.

It is well known that the Malay race are sensibly alive to shame, and that in many cases they would prefer death to ignominy. This is a high and honourable feeling, and ought to be cherished. Let great care be taken to avoid all punishments which are unnecessarily degrading. Both the Malays and Chinese are a reasoning people, and though each may reason in a way peculiar to itself, and different in some respects from our own way of reasoning, this germ of civilisation should not be checked. Let no man be punished without a reason assigned. Let the principles of British law be applied not only with mildness, and a patriarchal kindness and indulgent consideration for prejudices of each tribe, as far as substantial justice will allow, but also with reference to their reasoning powers, however weak, and that moral principle which, however often disregarded, still exists in the consciences of men.

Let native institutions, as far as regards religious observances, marriage, and inheritance, be respected when the same may not be inconsistent with justice and humanity, or injurious to the peace and morals of society.

Let all men be considered equal in the eye of the law. Let no man be banished the country without a trial by his peers, or by due course of law.

Let no man be deprived of his liberty without a cause, and no man be detained in confinement beyond forty-eight hours, without a right to demand a hearing and trial according to due course of law.

Let the public have a voice through the magistracy, by which their sentiments may at all times be freely expressed."

It was not without considerable opposition that Sir Stamford succeeded in establishing Sincapore on such a liberal basis. "I have been opposed throughout," he writes, "in establishing the *freedom* of the port, and anything like a liberal mode of management, and not only by the Penang government, but also in Bengal. The Bengal merchants, or rather one or two of them whom I could name, would have preferred the old system, by which they might have monopolised the early resources of the place, and thus checked its progress to importance."

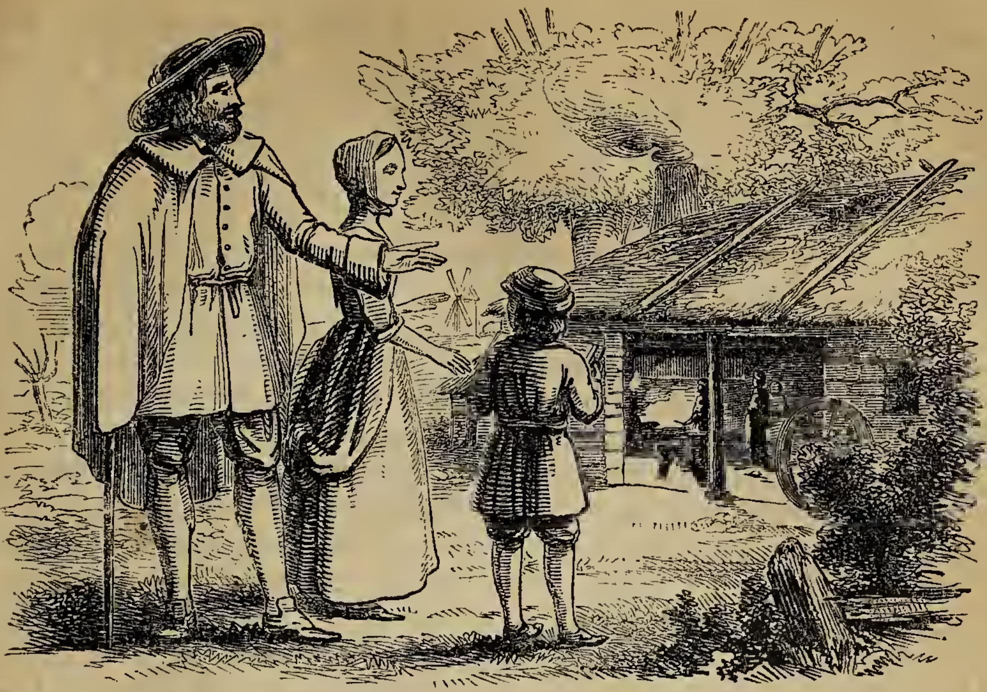
Returning to Bencoolen in the middle of the year 1823, Sir Stamford set sail for England on the 2d of February 1824. On the evening after leaving the harbour, and when the ship was about fifty miles from land, the crew were roused by the cry of fire. They had just time to lower the boats and escape—Sir Stamford half-dressed, Lady Raffles and the children taken out of bed with neither shoes nor stockings, and only a blanket round them—when the ship burst out into one mass of flame. After a hard night's rowing they reached Bencoolen, and were once more in the home they had left but a few hours before. Almost the only loser by this calamity was Sir Stamford; but to him the loss was beyond all repair. The whole of his drawings, all his collections in botany and zoology, all his written descriptions and papers, every document and memorandum he possessed, fell a prey to the flames. Yet such was his perseverance, that on the morning after his loss he set about doing all he could to lessen it, recommencing an elaborate map of Sumatra, and despatching men into the forests for specimens of plants and animals.

On the 8th of April Sir Stamford again set sail, and in a few months he landed at Plymouth. For nearly two years his time was occupied in furthering at home those objects to which he had devoted himself abroad. It was only indirectly, indeed, that he could exert any influence over the island of Sumatra; for in 1824 Bencoolen was given up to the Dutch in exchange for Malacca, so that the whole island of Sumatra, as well as Java and the smaller Spice Islands, was now in their possession. In the progress of Sincapore, however, he took especial interest; and to the last, his scheme of a great educational institution for all the Malays of the Archipelago was near his heart. His health, however, had suffered severely from his long and arduous services in the East, and being taken suddenly ill, he died on the 5th of July 1826, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

CONCLUSION.

Thus died at a comparatively early age one of the greatest modern statesmen, a man not more remarkable for his benevolence of disposition, than his comprehensive abilities and sound practical views. Hampered in all his magnificent designs by events over which he could exercise no control, prevented from adding a new and flourishing empire to Britain, we have yet seen how much he accomplished with the means at his disposal, what tyrannic barbarisms he quelled, what a measure of civilisation and human happiness he achieved. His successful institution of new and vigorous states of society in Java, Bencoolen, and Sincapore, with the whole apparatus of enlightened laws and municipal establishments, must ever be considered one of the grandest facts in British colonial history—grand from its very contrast with the narrow-minded policy usually pursued with relation to our distant possessions and settlements—and marks alike the profoundness of his judgment, and the dauntless integrity of his character.

While lamenting that so many of the arrangements of this great man were subsequently and remorselessly overthrown, their success for a period of five years was of considerable value, in showing how social disorders consequent on a long period of misrule may be safely and satisfactorily remedied. His uncompromising abolition of slavery in Java alone was an act of signal triumph, suggestive of what might elsewhere be effected, if undertaken with a right good will and in a right way. Unlike men pledged by their prophetic fears and declamations to prove that emancipation would be a forerunner of universal ruin, Sir Stamford Raffles approached the subject with an all-abounding faith in the power of *justice*, *kindness*, and *conciliation*; and the result—joy, peace, industry, in place of misery, discontent, and idleness—evinced the truthfulness of his calculations. With the like soundness of conception did he sweep away the barren monopolies of centuries, liberate commerce, and establish, by indisputable evidence, that freedom of trade is not only the most just and rational, but that it is also the most expedient for all parties—blessing not less the receivers than the givers. Whether, therefore, as the governor of a colony, a law-giver, a financier, and a man of taste and science, Sir Stamford Raffles may be said to have been rarely surpassed, and as rarely equalled. How incomparably more glorious his achievements than those which the proudest warrior can boast—how much more worthy will his name be held in remembrance than that of the destroyer of nations, surrounded by all the honours which kings and courts can bestow!



THE SISTER OF REMBRANDT.

A FLEMISH STORY.

EXTENDED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERTHOUD.

I.

THE FLOUR-MILL.

AT a short distance from Leyden, on the banks of the Rhine, between the towns of Leyendorp and Koukerk, there was, in 1616, a hamlet composed of eight or ten houses. Among them was one of a higher class than the others: four stone steps conducted to a door which was almost always open, on which were engraved rude sculptures. Small windows were placed at each side of the door: the first storey, a rare luxury on the banks of the Rhine, extended out for two or three feet above the door-sill, so that it offered to the visitor a shelter from the rain or heat. Above was inscribed, among the Gothic ornaments, these words —"Jacques Gerretz, Flour Merchant."

In the outer chamber of the house, seated before a counter of white wood, which was covered with scales and weights, might be seen a woman of about thirty-five years of age. When young, her features might not have been devoid of grace, but they now bore the withering traces of fatigue, sickness, and grief. Dark circles were marked on her faded cheeks; her eyes sparkled with a strange light; her shoulders were bent and cramped over her chest; a dry painful cough shook her at frequent intervals. In spite of her state of suffering, she neglected not the cares of her business. She weighed and measured justly the flour which persons bought from her, and had a pleasant word and smile ready for each customer. Nevertheless, when the shop was empty, this feverish activity was succeeded by profound exhaustion. Madame Gerretz sank on her seat, her hands lay listlessly in her lap, and she remained pensive and immoveable until a new customer appeared.

Evening arrived, and the customers all departed. Darkness and solitude increased the melancholy of the poor woman, and her thoughts took a direction so sad, that two large tears stole down her cheeks. She was conscious of her approaching death; and death is a mournful idea for the mother of four children. She arose quickly and fearfully, breathing as if for life; but the damp night air penetrating her lungs, produced a convulsive cough, which dyed her lips with blood. At this fatal sign she raised her eyes towards heaven.

"My children; my poor children!" she murmured.

At this moment the sound of childish voices was heard. Immediately Madame de Gerretz dried her lips, adjusted her hair, and passed her hands over her forehead, as if to efface the wrinkles which despair and sorrow had imprinted there.

"Good evening, dears," said she to a little boy and two little girls, brought from school by their elder sister; "good evening: have you all been good children?"

"Yes, yes," answered the youngest, a chubby little black-eyed girl, who received from her mother in exchange for this assurance a kiss on her rosy cheeks.

"That was well, my Thérèse; very well indeed. And thou, Françoise?"

The little creature stood silent, her eyes half bent to the ground, her lips partly opened with a discreet smile, and one of her hands concealed under her apron.

"Thou answerest not, Françoise; hast thou done wrong, my child?"

Suddenly and triumphantly Françoise took something from under her apron and exhibited a splendid prize.

"Look, mother; see what the master has given me as a reward, and because——"

Her mother gave her no time to finish, but overwhelmed her with kisses.

"And Paul?" asked the mother after this effusion of joy, while Françoise coquettishly adjusted her dress and collar, which were a little crumpled by her mother's close embrace; "and Paul—will he not give me a similar pleasure?"

The little boy turned aside with a sad and discontented air.

"Do not be angry, mother," said the eldest sister, "for Paul is very sorry, and will be wiser in future."

"What has he done to-day, Louise?"

Louise hesitated to reply.

"I have said that I will not learn Latin," cried the boy impetuously; "it wearies me, and I cannot understand it. I had rather sell flour like you, mother, than continue this wearisome learning. I was whipped yesterday, again to-day, and shall be again to-morrow," added he resolutely, crossing his arms, and standing firmly in front of his mother; "for I will learn Latin no longer."

"You will then make me die of grief, Paul. You see not how ill I am, and how you increase my sufferings."

The child threw himself on his mother's bosom, and wept abundantly. "Forgive me, mother; but you see I cannot learn Latin. When I look at the book, I think of other things in spite of all my efforts; and when my turn comes to be questioned by the master, I know not how to answer. Mother, if you wish to be satisfied with your little Paul, let him enter the studio of Jacques Van Zwanenburg, and you will see how good I will be. I will become a painter like him; I will sell my pictures well, and with this money I will buy you pretty dresses, mother, and Louise, and Thérèse, and Françoise also; and you will soon love me as well as you love my sisters."

"If I were sole mistress, Paul, I might do as you wish; but your father desires you to learn Latin. However, we will not talk of this to-day. Come, my children, that I may put you to bed."

So saying, she tried to rise; but her strength failed, and she was nigh falling. The little ones ran to her assistance. Louise, her eyes filled with tears, came close to her mother, and asked her timidly, "Mother, I think that I can undress my little brothers and sisters myself."

A flush of delight passed over the countenance of Madame Gerretz. "Try, my child," said she; and Louise set about the work as if she had been accustomed to it all her life. After having undressed her two little sisters, washed their rosy faces with fresh water, and combed their hair, she took them by the hand to receive their mother's kiss. Paul undressed himself without help, and proud he was of it too. Madame Gerretz, after kissing them all, gave them to Louise, who put them in bed, and returned of her own accord to place the supper ready.

Madame Gerretz thanked Heaven in the depth of her soul, and regretted life with less bitterness, for now her children would not be motherless: filial devotion had changed the girl of fifteen into a woman.

Louise fulfilled all these domestic duties so noiselessly and carefully, that her mother was not roused from the light slumber into which she had fallen, until the arrival of a man of about forty-five years of age. As soon as she heard him, the almost joyous activity of Louise ceased. The invalid started from her doze.

"Good evening, wife; how is't?" and without waiting for a reply, he continued—"how hot it is to-day! But that does not prevent hunger. Is supper ready, wife?"

Louise stood mute, listening to these words in deep sadness. Madame Gerretz folded her hands on her lap, as if arming herself with resignation.

"If supper is not ready, make haste about it," said the man, pacing heavily up the room, not heeding that the creaking of his iron-nailed shoes affected painfully the aching head of his sick wife. Supper was served; he ate long and greedily, only stopping to fill and empty a large antique glass, into which he poured the contents of an immense jug of strong beer. When he had finished, Madame Gerretz signed Louise to depart. The young girl obeyed.

"Jacques," said she with a strong effort, but with a tone of resolution, "Jacques, this is the place and the time for an explanation of which the child should not be a witness. The hour is not far distant when your family will have none but you to guide and instruct them. Look at me, Jacques; look at her who married you sixteen years since for love, when you were but a poor young man at the mill. Look at her who for sixteen years has suffered all sorts of grief for your sake, and from you. Look at her, Jacques; do you not see that she is dying?"

Jacques turned away his head, and took softly the hand of the sick woman.

"I am about to die, Jacques, and what will become of the little fortune I brought you in marriage, and which I have increased by my care? You have lost the habit of labour, Jacques: it is impossible for you to resume it. Active diligence has enriched us, though slowly; the want of it will quickly ruin us."

Jacques sighed deeply, but more with impatience than regret.

"It is vain to promise me to reform your manner of life, Jacques; you cannot do it, or will not; and how can you dissipate your children's fortune, and appear before God at the judgment-day with such a crime on your head? Our mill and flour must be sold, and the money placed safely and advantageously. The godfather of Louise is a sensible man, whose counsels will assist you in this matter. As to Paul, the idea of making him a lawyer must be given up. He has taste for drawing, and I have heard that an artist's profession is lucrative and honourable. You wished your son to follow the law, that one of the family might have a profession instead of a trade; well, instead of a lawyer, let him be a painter, and your fatherly pride will lose nothing. Do not thwart Paul's inclination; I know him well; to embitter him is to lose him. Will you promise me this? Let me bear this consolation to the tomb with me. Say the word, and my last accents will pardon and bless you." She extended her hand to her husband—he had sunk into sleep!

"Oh God of mercy!" cried she, raising her eyes to heaven, "Thou triest me sore; but thy will be done."

Meanwhile, Louise hovered round her mother's chamber. Inquiet as to the result, she waited for the end of the conversation in a kind of terror. Too far off to hear what her mother was saying, and not choosing to approach contrary to her will, she listened with a beating heart to the slow and trembling tones, interrupted at times by a hoarse cough. All at once the voice ceased; there was one groan, and nothing more! Louise hesitated: she came to the door to knock, but dared not; withheld at once by her mother's prohibition and the fear of her father, who was always rude and unkind towards her. After some minutes, which seemed ages, she approached again, thinking she heard voices. But no; it was only the wind in the chimney. Then she was afraid. Her cheeks turned pale; her knees tottered; she leant against the wall. This first terror overcome, Louise, unable to remain longer in doubt, knocked softly at the door. There was no answer. Twice, thrice she knocked; still no answer. Then her terror was overwhelming. "Mother, mother!" No sound. "Father, father!" She rushed into the apartment: her father slept; her mother—yes, she was sleeping also—a quiet immoveable repose. She seemed to stir; but no—it was the firelight gleaming on her face. Louise took her hand; it was quite cold. Her eyes and mouth were open. She was relieved from all her sorrows.

"Father, father, help!—look at my mother!"

He started up. "Call for assistance, Louise. She is dead! Wretch that I am! what have I done? And to be sleeping too!"

Louise raised her mother's head, looked at her stony eyes, and remained there alone until the physician came. As soon as he saw Madame Gerretz—"My child," said he, "your place is not here; your presence will hinder me in my cares for your mother."

Louise departed slowly and sorrowfully. The physician, an old friend of the family, covered the face of Madame Gerretz, knelt down, and recited a prayer on behalf of the afflicted family.

II.

THE ORPHANS.

Next morning an old woman of the neighbourhood, who had kept watch with the bereaved family in the chamber of death, arose from the large arm-chair where she had been sleeping, and went to open the window-curtains. The room was filled with daylight, and the red glare of the lamp grew pale and faded away. At this sight the sobs and passionate tears, which weariness had lulled for a time, again burst forth. The old neighbour herself, whose heart had grown hard with age and misery, felt vaguely softened by the mournful spectacle which surrounded her.

Here was the corpse of the departed, extended on a couch, and covered with drapery, which just indicated the form beneath. There M. Gerretz, his eyes swollen with weeping, leant on a table, seeking to stifle his remorse and grief with incessant drinking. Farther off were three little children weeping together. Beside them sat a young girl, pale, and bowed down with sorrow, who told them not to weep, yet wept herself.

Another person entered the room. It was the woman to enshroud the dead.

The four children threw themselves on the body of their mother.

"Mother! mother!" they cried, "we will not let thee go; we will die with thee! Mother, listen to us—look at thy little children!"

"And I," said M. Gerretz to himself—"I, who caused her grief even yesterday—who even yesterday heard her gentle reproaches—they will pursue me, and render my whole life unhappy; and justly so."

"Mother! mother! do not abandon us!" cried the little ones anew with one voice.

Louise, who found strength in the necessity for consoling the rest, wished to take them away.

"No, no, sister; leave us!—we will not quit mamma! Leave us here!" And the poor orphans stamped with their feet, and sobbed bitterly.

"Who will be our mother now?" asked the little Françoise.

At this question Louise arose, and said with deep and solemn earnestness, "*I* will!"

There was something in her manner which struck the children with wonder. Their tears ceased immediately. It seemed as if an angel stood beside Louise, and said, "Behold your mother!"

"Do you not wish me to be your mother?" she repeated.

The little ones ran into her embrace. She folded her arms round them, and all wept together.

When they were a little calmer, Paul took his sister's hand, and kissed it with respect. "Little mother," said he, "tell me what thou wishest, and I will always obey thee."

"And so will we too," cried Françoise and Thérèse, attracted by the example of their brother.

Louise thanked them all with a look full of gentle sweetness; then, as she looked at them, she fell by degrees into a deep and mournful reverie. All at once she rose up, advanced towards the remains of her mother, and kneeling beside the bed, pronounced a short and fervent prayer, and bent over the beloved face, gazing on it for the last time. Then she drew the curtains, took her little sisters by the hand, signed to Paul to follow her, and said to the attendant in a firm tone, and without tears, "Now, fulfil your duty."

For the whole day this firmness never left her, and yet it was severely tried. She had first to remove her father, who was plunged in a state of deplorable intoxication. She did it with so much address and care, that no one perceived his condition, and M. Gerretz thus escaped the ignominy he deserved.

"Thank God!" she muttered in a low voice, when she had locked her father's door and taken the key—"thank God! no one will know of this."

She descended to the house, repressed all the little disorders which had already arisen there, and gave her instructions to the servants with gentle dignity, which commanded instant obedience. Then collecting the scattered keys, she fastened them to her girdle, and gave out the necessary provisions for the funeral feast, at which, according to the usage of the country, relatives from a distance were expected to assist in the ceremony. She listened to the answers of all, adopted useful hints, showed the uselessness of exaggerated demands, and arranged everything in the house for the reception and comfort of the expected guests. Many a time during these cares her heart was nigh failing her, but she courageously fought against this weakness.

"My mother is looking on me from heaven," thought she.

Nevertheless, once her despairing grief returned with violence: it was when she heard the blows of the hammer resounding on the coffin. She sank down almost fainting, when her little sisters, who had themselves been terrified by the sound, began to weep and call out aloud, "Louise!—little mother, Louise!"

Then by a strong effort, to accomplish which aid from heaven was doubtless granted to the feeble girl, Louise, pale and trembling, fell on her knees beside the children, and signed to them to kneel likewise. She prayed long and devoutly; and she found strength. Happy are those who can thus pray!

III.

THE FUTURE.

Despair is at first like a burning fever, whose tortures exalt and produce a fictitious energy: in such a state the hardest sacrifices and exertions seem easy. But this first crisis past, lassitude follows courage, feebleness succeeds to energy. Then we shrink before our former resolutions; we bend under our heavy burden; we can neither endure the latter, nor execute the former; we doubt ourselves; we weep.

So wept Louise, when, poor child as she was, she felt herself alone in that large house, which appeared so desolate without her mother. Her cares and responsibilities seemed numberless.

"I can never do all," she cried, as, bitterly sobbing, she sank back in her mother's arm-chair. Then what would be the end?

Her father was incapable of business; the house would be without rule or order; the customers would leave—then poverty and misery! No, no; one must foresee such trials, and prevent them. Courage, poor child, God will protect thee—God will never forsake thee, thy brother and sisters. "But, my mother, why did she leave her child alone and abandoned? My mother, oh, my mother!"

Yet even this bitter thought vanished in a resigned and gentle sadness. Louise arose, dried her tears, called the servants belonging to the house and mill, and regulated everything. Then she went to the children's apartment, awakened them, kissed them as her mother was wont to do, dressed them carefully, and took them to school. Returning, she went to the shop, and began to serve the flour to customers. The neighbours saw her smiling on all with a kind and gentle answer, like her mother, and they returned softened and wondering, resolving never to forsake the orphan.

Towards mid-day, M. Gerretz sat down to dinner with his usual carelessness, neither sadder nor gayer than ordinary, as if death had not entered his house. He dined without speaking; but at the end of the meal he desired the maid to bring a bottle of Rhine wine. Now, during the lifetime of Madame Gerretz, this wine was only brought out on a holiday.

"Father," said Louise firmly, but with a tremulous voice—"father, to-day is not a holiday."

M. Gerretz gave her one of those dull stupid looks peculiar to intoxication; then seized the ale, and emptied the jug. He rose from table, and went towards the mill as usual, resigned to be guided by his daughter, as formerly by his wife.

When Louise had put all things by, as was her mother's custom, she called Paul, and taking the boy's two hands in hers, said, "Listen to me, Paul, for thou art of an age to understand. I know thou hast a good heart, and art no ordinary child."

"Speak, sister," answered Paul, fixing his large dark eyes on the blue ones of Louise.

"Well," said she, "we will immediately ask our father to send you to Leyden to learn painting from Jacques Van Zwanenburg."

"Oh, my sister, my good little sister," cried Paul, throwing himself into her arms.

"You see, Paul, this is not a trifling matter that we are about to attempt. We are thwarting our father's plans, who will not fail to reproach me if we find not happy results. It will cost much money, and we are poor: above all, it will separate me from you, Paul, and so bitter a loss as ours should draw closer family ties."

Paul kissed his sister's hand. "Listen," said he; "a feeling within me says, 'Go, and thy sister will rejoice at it one day!' Let me then depart; and if ever I cause you sorrow, love me not, but condemn me, for I shall then be the most ungrateful wretch on earth."

"If our father consents, Paul, we will go together to-morrow. I will take you myself to Van Zwanenburg, and then we shall have one more day to be together." She wept as she said this. "But it is for your good, Paul, so take courage. Let us go to meet our father, and gain his consent, then you shall set off to-morrow morning."

Jacques Gerretz was walking up and down beside his mill, when he saw Louise and Paul approaching him. Jacques, it may be observed, was something of a sot and simpleton—a man easily misled by companions, and though heartless and selfish, not a positive villain. He was glad, in the first instance, to allow his wife to earn the family bread, and now had no objection that his daughter should perform the same useful piece of duty. He was desirous of educating Paul for a learned profession, so that he might derive a little glory from his son's exertions; and on this project he had some time set his heart, without, however, taking any personal trouble to bring it about.

Louise approached him with modest firmness. "Father," said she, sitting down on a bench, and drawing the trembling Paul close to her—"father, we are come to ask a favour."

"Indeed!" said M. Gerretz, with a sullen look. "I understood that Mademoiselle Louise was accustomed to command, not to intreat."

"Father," replied the young girl, her eyes full of tears—"father, have I been so unfortunate as to have offended you?"

"I never said so; you are a very good girl," replied M. Gerretz, moved by the trouble of Louise; "you must not take what I say seriously, and trouble yourself. It is I who am in the wrong, and who neither deserved the wife I have lost, nor the daughter I have remaining. What dost wish, child?"

"Paul, father, wishes not to learn Latin any more."

"And what does he want to do?"

"To be pupil to an artist at Leyden."

"He shall not go!" exclaimed the father in a voice of passion. The fury of his temper, which had been calmed in the house of death, and by the tender affection of his daughter, was suddenly aroused at this opposition to his wishes on the point on which, of all others, he had set his mind. Nevertheless, Louise ventured to take his hand, and looked at him through the tears which now half-blinded her, as they flowed down her cheeks in all the abandonment of grief. Paul stood silent—motionless: he did not weep; but a look of anguish passed over his face, then a bright colour flashed to it, and finally, an expression of deep determination settled upon his countenance.

"I *will* be a painter," said the boy sullenly.

"Hush!" murmured Louise. But the father had heard the word of defiance, and, half-intoxicated, aimed a blow at the child. He escaped from it, but it fell on Louise, and she sank to the earth. At this sight Paul became indifferent to his own danger, raised her up, and bathed her bruised temple from the running stream. It must be confessed that Jacques Gerretz was something shocked at the consequence of his own violence; but, with that sort of low cunning which often belongs to minds like his, he thought he perceived now a method of mastering the unruly boy.

"Hark ye, young rascal!" he exclaimed; "you mind not blows any more than my plain orders; but your sister helps you out in all your disobedience, and if you offend me, I will punish her."

It is to be supposed he was not quite such a ruffian as to mean what he said. Yet it had the desired effect, and for a time at least there was no more talk of Paul becoming an artist. He even tried to continue studying the much-hated Latin; but with all Louise's management, affairs did not go on very well; and the selfish father willingly curtailed expenses by putting a stop to his child's instruction, rather than debar himself of his dram. Released from school, Paul now assisted the workpeople at the mill and his sister in the shop; but though Jacques Gerretz still refused to make his son an artist, the latter found many an hour at his own disposal. The insatiable desire to draw and paint was constantly his, and with the rudest materials—a piece of charred wood for his pencil, and a flour sack for his canvas, or a lump of chalk and the back of the shop door—he would produce designs that might have proclaimed to any one competent to judge, that the soul of a heaven-gifted painter was struggling to declare its mission.

So time passed on for many months. At last Louise observed that her brother had seemed for three or four days more than commonly absent in mind, and more eager than ever to seize every opportunity of withdrawing to a sort of loft near the mill, of which he had been allowed to take possession. This was the boy-artist's first rude studio. One day the careful, thoughtful sister had missed him for a longer time than usual; and, anxious to know if he was safe at his favourite occupation, yet fearful of disturbing him, she crept softly up the ladder, and before he was conscious of her presence, was looking over his shoulder. She perceived he was at work on a portrait which she instantly recognised as intended for her mother. Yes, there was the patient suffering face, the mild eyes, and gentle expression so familiar to her children. Louise flung her arms round her brother's neck, and kissed him affectionately, though with something of pride in his achievement, and gratitude for his success. The tears sprung to her eyes as she exclaimed, "Paul, you are right; you must indeed be a painter!"

It was the artist's first triumph—a triumph mingled, too, with all sweet recollections and affections. For a minute he enjoyed it to the full; but then came up the old bitterness, and he cried, "How can I be a painter, if my father will not allow me to study? Ah, I should have run away from home, begged my way to Leyden, and then have thrown myself on the compassion of the great artist there. Surely, if he could see my distress, he would have pity on me—but my father's threat of punishing you, good kind Louise, has prevented me!"

"It is well," replied the gentle girl, "that there has been a motive to keep you to your duty. Success and happiness would never have been the fruit of disobedience. But come, I have a thought, a hope. I have observed my father often sighs when we speak of our mother. I do believe he sometimes grieves over the sorrow he cost her, and regrets his unkindness. Let us contrive, when he comes home to-day, before he gets mad with that vile liquor, to show him your picture. Who knows, when he sees what a great thing you have already done, but that he may consent to your going. I am sure, at any rate, the sight of that face will melt his anger, and we need not dread another scene of rage and violence."

The event proved that Louise was right. The harsh and selfish father, the half-brutalised sot, was subdued by what seemed to him the apparition of the once-loved and much-wronged one. He insisted on keeping the picture, but dismissed his son with a blessing. Paul did not now regret that he had refrained from running away.

Louise was overjoyed, and busied herself in preparing her brother's clothes and linen for his journey, carefully repairing everything; and when there was not a button to be sewed on, nor a stocking to be darned, she locked them up in a trunk, and went to fetch her little sisters from school—a joyful surprise which their mother was wont to give them sometimes when she was living. The young children clapped their hands with delight when they heard that Paul was at last happy—that he was to be a painter.

IV.

JACQUES VAN ZWANENBURG.

Before continuing this history, we must say a word regarding the artist to whom Louise was about to consign her brother. Educated by his good and pious mother, who had been a widow for twenty years, Jacques Van Zwanenburg grew up to manhood without knowing any cares or sorrows. His mother, like a guardian angel, watched over him, and surrounded him with happiness. When just entering on his professional career, he had the great misfortune of becoming attached to a beautiful girl, whom he followed everywhere—for her he quitted even his mother. It was blind attachment: the object of it was a heartless flirt. After having encouraged the enthusiastic addresses of the young painter, she married another. The blow fell heavily, but Jacques bore up under its infliction. "I will return home," said he, "for there I shall suffer less in weeping on my mother's bosom; she will understand me, and comfort me. Thank God, I am not alone in the world! I have still my mother to love me; and a mother's love never deceives, they say."

Returning home, he hastened on to the door; and as he joyfully pulled the bell, he seemed to have forgotten all he suffered: he rejoiced in the prospect of so soon seeing his mother. His mother was dead!

Jacques became, as it were, insane. For a year he shut himself up, and would see no one. An old servant placed food at his door-sill: sometimes it remained there three days without being touched.

One morning he went to pray on his mother's grave; afterwards he went into the town, bought colours and canvas, and then shut himself up as usual in his chamber. No one recognised in this pale, thin, white-haired, austere man, the youth whose bold step, bright eye, and jet mustache, had fascinated the girls of the neighbourhood.

Jacques now devoted himself to his art; but another passion had withered his youth and chilled his energies. Even the love of art was powerless to awaken him. He wanted perseverance and daring. Without these, art cannot flourish. Still, he became the head of the then Flemish schools of painting, and numerous pupils solicited as a favour admission into his studio. But this was not easy; for Van Zwanenburg was the oddest and most capricious artist that ever entered a studio. Consciousness of mediocrity, which yet he could not overcome, rendered him sarcastic and severe. A satirical expression contracted his features, and added, if possible, to the bitterness of the raillery with which he provoked those of his pupils whom a mistaken vocation brought to his studio. He left them no illusion; he showed them their incapacity openly, without preamble or restraint. Fortunate were they if this ignominy was not in presence of the rest. On the other hand, he lavished constant care on the pupils in whom he discerned the fire of genius; but even this care was mingled with harshness. He crushed without pity their wild hopes and dreams. Did they seem to think of fame and honour, he told them of Homer the beggar, Tasso the madman, Ovid the exile, and of renowned painters who lived and died in misery.

But with all this, Van Zwanenburg had an invincible faculty of advancing his pupils in art. Wo to those, however, who obeyed him not in all things, or who wanted patience!—"For," said the old painter to every pupil, "without patience, success in art is impossible."

Hard would it have been for poor Louise to have obtained from him the favour she wished, or even to have seen him personally, had not a happy incident rendered her interview with Van Zwanenburg easy and favourable. We shall see how that happened.

V.

THE JOURNEY.

Some distance from Leyden, the little carriage in which were Louise and Paul passed by a man who lay extended insensible on the road. Louise jumped out, restored him to consciousness, and wished him to enter the conveyance. Van Zwanenburg, seated near the foot of a tree, watched this proceeding, and felt his eyes moisten with unwonted tears. He rose and addressed the young girl. Louise answered candidly, and by degrees he learned the motive of her journey. The countenance of Van Zwanenburg darkened: he looked severely at Paul, and spoke no more. Soon after, the travellers passed by a forge, which cast a red and splendid glare on the faces of the workmen, contrasting with the gloom of the cavern behind. The child stopped short, clasping his hands with ecstasy.

"Oh, Louise, look, look!" he cried.

"Canst thou sketch this scene?" incredulously asked their taciturn fellow-traveller.

Paul took a pencil, and in a few moments traced a sketch, imperfect no doubt, but one in which the principal effects of light and shade especially were accurately produced.

"Young girl," said the painter, "you need go no further. I am Van Zwanenburg, and I admit your brother from this minute to my studio. Go and tell this to your mother."

"My mother!" repeated Louise mournfully—"my mother!—she is in heaven."

"Yes," added Paul, "she is dead. Louise is now our little mother."

A few questions soon showed to Van Zwanenburg the sorrows of Louise, her difficult position, and courageous self-devotion. He kissed her brow, and promised to treat her brother as if he were his own son. Then he parted from her, took Paul, and walked with a light step towards Leyden. He breathed easier, he felt better; his misanthropy was partly swept away. It was because Louise had restored to him the faith—without which there can be neither virtue nor joy—faith in the goodness of woman.

VI.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

To the convulsive grief of parting, succeeds generally a moral and physical prostration, which produces for the time a deep sadness. Such were the sensations of Louise on her journey from Leyden to Leyendorp. A thousand painful ideas passed over her mind, as she half reclined at the bottom of the rude carriage on a heap of straw. Her mother lost for ever, Paul far away, her father continually intoxicated, her two little sisters, the care of the shop; all these thoughts haunted her—past, present, and future, were strangely mingled. The night was dark, but now and then a glare from some window as they passed lighted up the young girl's face. The damp of evening penetrated her delicate frame, and all combined to throw her into a sort of waking slumber, which lasted until the conveyance arrived at her door. The driver knocked, but no one answered. He repeated his attempts several times with his stick. The melancholy howling of the house-dog was the only reply. Louise shuddered with terror.

"What can be the matter?" said the old servant who had accompanied Louise. "Listen; there are noises."

They now heard an indistinct murmur, and saw lights flashing at a distance. It was M. Gerretz and a group of neighbours, who, greatly agitated, were searching in the wood and the roads adjoining.

"We must give it up," Louise heard them say.

"Give it up?" cried M. Gerretz, whose energy was now not taken away by intoxication. "Give up the chance of finding my children lost in the wood?"

"Lost in the wood?" echoed Louise. "Oh, my God! have mercy on me!"

Then she seemed to acquire supernatural courage and calmness. She asked when they had disappeared. They had gone to gather heath and pick up acorns, and had not been seen since noon.

"For the sake of pity and charity then," said she, "do as I tell you. You are twelve in all; divide, and each one enter the forest, calling aloud, and listen for any answer. At the least noise, go straight to where it proceeds from. My father and I will search this way. Go; and may God bless you for your charity!"

All began anew, encouraged by the energy of Louise. She took the hand of her weeping father, and they entered the wood. They walked more than an hour, and heard nothing. At last Louise fancied she distinguished a sound like a groan. They rushed to the place: it was but the cry of a bird, which fled away in terror at the light of the torches. Louise sank down fainting. Her father fixed the torch between two heavy stones, and tried to chafe the blue rigid hands of the poor child, who at last had lost courage, and wished even to die in her despair.

"And it is I who have caused all this," sighed M. Gerretz. "I have lost all my children by my evil ways." Louise answered not. "We cannot stay here. Come, Louise." She tried to rise, but in vain; she fell back on her knees. "She cannot walk," said M. Gerretz; "I must carry her." And as he took her in his arms, he let fall the torch and extinguished it.

Next morning M. Gerretz, pale, and scarcely able to support himself, returned home, carrying his daughter, insensible, in his arms. The neighbours had brought back his two children. One was a corpse, the other scarcely gave any signs of life, but afterwards recovered.

M. Gerretz felt that this calamity had arisen from his neglect and carelessness, and for a little while he benefited by the lesson, inasmuch as he somewhat refrained from the excesses in which he had used to indulge, and seemed to take more interest than before in his family. But it is only when right principle is aroused, and a strong will is possessed, and marshalled on the side of determined reformation, that the evil habits of years are overcome. Jacques Gerretz soon relapsed into the indulgence of his old vices.

It would be very difficult to describe the trials which beset Louise for the next few years. To be up early and late, to work hard, and to spend little, were things which she considered it her duty to do, and at which she did not repine. But it was a hard trial for her to see the fruits of her industry swept away by her father's improvidence: it was difficult for her to save, as she strove hard to do, a trifle of money with which occasionally to supply her darling brother; and not altogether easy to control, without parental authority, her younger sister. Thérèse was growing up a high-spirited and somewhat self-willed girl. Too young to have profited by her mother's lessons of forbearance and self-denial, she did not perceive the beauty of her sister's character, or understand the value of her precepts. She thought it hard to be curbed in the enjoyment of pleasure; and when Louise in a gentle voice expostulated with her, and pointed out the disgrace of debt, and the misery which always follows it, she was either totally inattentive, or pretended to laugh at what she called her careful sister's needless fears. Louise, for many reasons, was unwilling to complain of her sister to her father; first, because she disliked the office of fault-finder, and complaints would most likely tend only to sever her sister yet more from her; and, secondly, Gerretz, like all topers, was afflicted with an evil and unreasonable temper, and, according as the mood might be, would either punish the little girl too severely, or fail to perceive her fault at all. But it was during the long illness which preceded his death that the trials of Louise were at the highest. It was her part to superintend the business, manage the family, and nurse the querulous old man.

One day, after having been for some hours occupied in the shop, she entered her father's chamber, and was struck by observing that he was in one of his morose humours; in fact, more ill-tempered than ever. Presently she noticed that he was clutching in his hand a little canvas bag, in which she was in the habit of keeping certain monies which she put away for the purpose of paying the rent of the shop and the corn-merchant. She knew that he must have been searching in a little closet where, for security, she was in the habit of hiding the bag; for where honest people have the management of a family, of which there are extravagant members, it is very excusable for them to resort to an innocent artifice of that kind.

"So, Mademoiselle Gerretz," said the sick man, addressing her with a formal coldness which pierced to her heart, "you have thought proper to deceive your old father, and plead a poverty which does not exist, to deprive him of the generous wine that might have spared him this illness, and have debarred your young sister of the pleasures so natural to her age; and all to indulge in the miserly habits which of all things I detest."

The improvident, be it remembered, commonly detest prudence.

"Father," exclaimed Louise, "the money you have found is not mine—scarcely yours. I put it away to pay our rent, and to satisfy the claims of our corn-merchant."

"The rent-day is yet two weeks off," replied Gerretz sulkily, "and you did not tell me that Giles Ransenan had sent in his account. He ought to wait the convenience of such good customers as we are."

"Father," said Louise, "it seems to me we ought not to wait for the rent-day to arrive, and the bill to be sent in, before preparing our accounts. Oh, do not use that money for any other purpose, I beseech you." And as she spoke, the poor girl took hold of his arm, as if to add force to her intreaty.

"I will have a flask of wine," replied Jacques Gerretz: "here, take this gold piece and send for one."

But when Louise beheld the sacred hoard thus broken on, her grief increased.

"I will have the wine," continued the old man; "if you have other money, use it, and I will replace this."

"I have no other money—there is no other money in the house," and she wrung her hands in despair.

"Then send for the wine, I command you. The world is come to a pretty pass if men are to be governed by girls."

Next morning, Louise arose with calm resolution, and opening a box in which she was accustomed to keep the things she most valued, she took from it a gold cross, almost the only remaining relic of her beloved parent, and placed it, with the hoarded money, in the little bag—which she had recovered from her father when he had supplied his wants from its contents—determined, if need be, to give that up rather than prove a defaulter. In seeking it, she had come across the portrait painted by Paul, and she fancied her mother's gentle face smiled approval of her conduct.

Such for a time were the hard trials of Louise.

VII.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Autumn, that season so majestic, and yet so melancholy on the banks of the Rhine, autumn had brought back Van Zwanenburg from the little farm where he was wont to pass the summertime. Ten years had introduced many and salutary changes in the painter's household. The good angel who had caused this was Louise Gerretz, whom, on the death of her father, he had received into his house, and adopted as his own child, together with her brother Paul. The young girl was now changed into the active, brave-hearted woman of twenty-five; not beautiful—for the features of Louise wanted regularity—but there was a sweetness, an expression of goodness in her smile, that won all hearts. The artist and his pupils blessed the day when Louise came among them. She was always ready to watch over the sick, console those who were mortified with ill success in art, and encourage with kind words those who cast aside their pencils in despair.

The love and confidence of Van Zwanenburg knew no bounds; the influence of Louise softened his heart, and won him from his misanthropy. His dearest wish was, that she should be united in marriage to his nephew, Saturnin Vanderburck. The proposal came upon Louise unexpectedly. She had never thought seriously of the attentions of Saturnin, but when she learnt the plans of her adopted father, and saw herself the object of attachment by the young man, she gave her whole heart to him, as the person to whom she was about to be united in the tenderest bonds for life. Saturnin, who was good and amiable, without any brilliant qualities, returned her affection with sincere attachment; and each day her feelings for him assumed more of character and energy, so that at last they merged into that strong devoted love which can only be felt by a young maiden, whose heart has been until then untouched.

The marriage-day approached, and Louise gave herself up to sweet dreams of love and happiness, when her young sister, Thérèse, returned from Brussels, where she had been taken by a rich aunt, who promised to leave all her fortune to the children of Jacques Gerretz. That aunt was dead, and Thérèse came to reside near her sister at Leyden. It was then that Saturnin saw Thérèse, and loved her. In vain he reproached himself with the meanness of his conduct, and wished to stifle his passion. One evening he took the hand of Thérèse, and she suffered it to remain. From that time she dared not meet the eyes of Saturnin; and it was a bitter punishment for the young man to be near his betrothed, to hear her talk of love, and happiness, and the future. No suspicion agitated the heart of Louise; far from it: she delighted in the affection of her lover towards Thérèse, and the single-hearted girl went dreaming on, nor thought of the sad waking.

Louise went to the kitchen, heedless why she came; and then, after having sought her own chamber to calm her mind, she descended to the garden to cool her blushing cheek. This ramble suited her present mood, at once happy and sad; for, says the poet,

> "Happiness is oftentimes grave."

She strolled leisurely through the long alleys, over which the pale moon cast fantastic lights and shadows. Louise, after some minutes, stayed her walk opposite an immense oak, which put her in mind of the trees which she had watched in childhood, from the house where her mother died. Sad recollections came over her; she thought of this beloved mother. She thought of her own promise to be a mother to her little sisters; it seemed as if this vow exacted some new sacrifice. A dark presentiment fell on the heart of the young Fleming; it seemed that a pitiless hand was about to despoil her of her happiness. She re-entered the house precipitately. As she traversed the dark corridor, she heard two voices whispering. She stopped; it was Saturnin and Thérèse. "I will do my duty," Saturnin was saying: "I will wed Louise. I will try to hide from her that I have loved another, even though I die through it. Adieu, Thérèse; adieu." Thérèse wept bitterly.

Poor Louise! It seemed that it was her destiny—surely for some great and wise purpose—that she should be called on again and again to sacrifice her own feelings, peace, and pleasures, for the good of others. Not in vain did she live, if only to shadow forth the beauty of a generous self-denying nature. And to the virtuous, the exercise of virtue is uniformly its own reward.

VIII.

LOUISE.

The art of painting was then, as now, divided into two schools —Ideality and Reality. Van Zwanenburg belonged to the latter —to the school of nature. His poetry consisted not in elegant forms, in skies resplendent with brilliancy, trees whose every leaf reflected the golden sunlight. No: his bruised heart sought after gloom. The sombre interior of a cabaret, the orgies of rude boors, or the gray sky of Flanders, its chilly rain and muddy roads—these were his favourite subjects.

"Work!" repeated he to Paul Rembrandt, who, following the custom of the artists of his time, had changed his name. "Work!" he used to say, when, discouraged himself, he threw aside his pencils and quitted his easel, overwhelmed by his powerlessness to express in art what was in his soul and imagination—"work, Paul, for in thee my genius and my glory now rest. I see no longer but with thee, and by thee I shall be consoled for my obscurity, if thou attainest to fame; thou wilt be my work."

And the silent Paul, hid in the darkest and most solitary corner of the studio, without answering his master, or speaking to his comrades, or noticing their pictures, gave himself up with passionate energy to the labours of his art. Being constantly with the misanthrope Jacques, he had imbibed slowly, but in a way that could not be effaced, the bitter ideas of his adopted father. This deep melancholy and contempt of mankind suddenly increased; and many were the tales told by the other students, who were frozen by the haughty, almost rancorous reserve of their comrade. The most probable version was, that despised love gave to Rembrandt such enmity to mankind; but whatever the reason was, it was merely conjectured.

The grief which devoured Paul Rembrandt was a longing after fame. His obscurity weighed him down. Like a mute who despairs of expressing his idea, so Paul became enraged when his skill in art failed to express his genius. When he had finished a painting, he brought it to his master, who looked at the canvas long and earnestly. Then he would say to Paul —"Child, you are stammering yet," and turn away without saying a word more. Paul resisted his master's judgment, accused him of want of taste and justice; sometimes he even hinted at jealousy, quitted the studio, remained days without seeing Van Zwanenburg, and entered on some wild excursion. Then he would return, and be seen to take his accustomed seat in the studio and begin again.

Paul Rembrandt had finished a picture during a country excursion. As usual, he came to show it to his master. It was the interior of Paul's own birthplace; the old house, with its sombre courtyard and large gate, all represented with that splendid effect of light and shade which Rembrandt alone seems to have understood, for he employed it first, and none after him could reproduce it.

This time Van Zwanenburg's gray eyes brightened up, his hand trembled with joy: he was so moved, that he was obliged to lay the picture down to dry his eyes, which were dimmed with joyful tears. Then he took the painting again, and silently examined it anew. Meanwhile Paul, breathless and pale, watched his master, feeling indescribable pleasure at his heart. Van Zwanenburg laid the picture gently on the easel; then he uncovered his bald, venerable head, and bent respectfully. " Master," said he, " it is no longer I who should rule here, but you."

The pupils, surprised and moved by this solemn, touching scene, gathered round Paul's picture, and congratulated him with an eager joy, which would have softened any other person. But Rembrandt, without answering or thanking them, always sad and gloomy, went away to hide in some solitary place his deep emotions, his triumph, and an indescribable feeling of mournful despair.

" He has understood me," thought he; " but will others think like this old man? When shall I receive in exchange for my genius glory, honours, and riches? Oh, how agonising is this delay!"

Meanwhile Van Zwanenburg, having dismissed his pupils, called Louise, who was deep in the cooking of a magnificent goose, destined for the crowning dish of the morrow's banquet. Louise entered the studio, and inquired of Jacques Van Zwanenburg why she was sent for. The old painter took her hand, and led her before the picture. At first she was deeply moved at the sight of the house where she was born; then—already a little initiated in the appreciation of art—thanks to the incessant conversations she heard on the subject—Louise showed the admiration she felt for a work so perfect. " My worthy friend," said she, leaning on the old man's arm, " this time you need not tell me that the cage restrains the eagle's wings—it has soared boldly and high. This is your finest work; it leaves all the former ones far behind."

Jacques regarded her mournfully, and sighed. " This picture is not mine, Louise, it is your brother's."

Tears of joy filled the young girl's eyes, and stole down her cheeks in showers. Then she folded her hands, knelt down, and thanked God with a bursting fulness which penetrated the chilled heart of the painter.

" I jealous of my son—of my pupil?" said he to himself. " No; far from me be such a wicked thought!"

He put on his mantle, gave Paul's picture to a servant, and departed immediately, without saying a word to any one of his intentions, not even to Louise, who was seeking her brother everywhere, to embrace and congratulate him. Paul did not return until near bed-time. He retired immediately, when he heard his door softly opened, and Louise entered, stepping carefully. " Sleepest thou, Paul?" she said gently.

" No; but why come at such an hour? What pressing affair brings you?"

She took both his hands in hers, and looked tenderly in his face. " And thy picture, Paul: thou dost not, then, wish me to congratulate thee?"

This time the gloomy Paul was unable to resist the emotions which agitated him. "My sister, my good sister!" he cried, drawing her towards him; "my sister, my *mother!*"

Half of the night passed by in sweet confidence and love; and when they separated, and Louise sought her own room, she said at the end of her prayer that night—"I thank thee, O my God, for having touched my brother's heart, and taken pity on his sadness; more still, for having chosen me to comfort him."

Alas! next morning Paul had relapsed into his melancholy.

IX.

THE PICTURE.

Van Zwanenburg had not said whither he was going to take the picture of Paul, for he wished secretly to give him a greater pleasure and success. There was at Leyden a rich picture-dealer, and Van Zwanenburg desired that he should be the one to purchase at a good price the picture of the young Rembrandt. Unfortunately, Eustache Massark, the broker, not knowing its value, refused to take the work. This disagreeable intelligence was brought to the old painter at the same moment when, thanks to the communicative influence of wine, he was revealing to Paul the mystery of his negotiation. "They shall pay thee well," he was saying: "they shall pay thee a hundred florins, not one less; and they shall not have it at all if they are hard to please. There are dealers and connoisseurs at the Hague, and there will we go. But see, here is Master Bronsmiche, whom I desired to bring the answer of Master Eustache Massark. Well?"

"Well!" echoed Bronsmiche, hesitating.

"Speak, and speak loud! Why this mystery? Everybody knows from whence thou comest. Speak, and quickly too!"

"This Massark knows no more than my iron shoe," answered Bronsmiche, pressed on all sides: "he will not give a hundred florins for the picture."

"And pray what offers he?" asked Van Zwanenburg disdainfully. "How much offers this Master Massark, the picture broker?"

Bronsmiche bent down to the painter's ear.

"Speak aloud, you eternal mystery-monger, and give yourself less importance. Well, go on; this Massark offers——"

"Nothing! He will not have it at any price; he would not take it gratis. These are his own words."

The face of Van Zwanenburg became scarlet. Paul Rembrandt, pale and agitated, forced himself to keep calm: some pupils smiled: all cast down their eyes.

"Go and tell Massark that he is an idiot, an ignoramus, an ass!"

"My father, my father, be calm," stammered Paul; and he led away the old man, still loudly vociferating.

"This conceited Paul will fall sick with vexation," muttered one of the pupils, while the two painters were leaving the studio.

"Sick! he will die of it, I am sure."

"Oh, I hope this little lesson will make him modest and polished."

All rejoiced at Paul's humiliation, for Paul had humiliated their self-love. Louise, absorbed in her own sorrows, only learned these events by their consequences—that is to say, the sudden illness of Van Zwanenburg. But when the old man had sunk into a comfortable slumber, Louise re-entered her chamber, and there sounded the depths of her own heart, and its bitter wounds. Saturnin loved her not—him whom *she* loved with her whole soul. The words of love which he had uttered were all lies; he was deceiving her; and it was Thérèse, her sister, who joined with him in deluding a poor confiding, unsuspicious girl! Well, if they had done so, they should suffer for their treason. She would marry Saturnin; true, she would be wretched, but then he would be miserable also. She rose abruptly, walked about, heedless of everything, breathless, disordered; her chest suffocated, her cheeks burning. All at once she stopped before the portrait of her mother. Then she felt her heart melted, and abundant tears solaced her.

When the first rays of morning penetrated her little chamber, they lit up the pale face of Louise, as she knelt with clasped hands still in prayer. Then, brave and resolute, she arose and sought Master Van Zwanenburg, who, though ill and sad, was walking up and down the garden.

"Never, never!" he cried passionately, in reply to the first words of Louise. "Nothing can persuade me to yield to your solicitations!"

Louise was obliged to retire, her petition ungranted. It was the first time in her life that such a thing had happened; the first time that ever Van Zwanenburg had addressed Louise in this *brusque*, imperious tone. She had asked of him the hand of Thérèse for Saturnin!

When the pupils of Van Zwanenburg arrived at the usual hour, they could not understand the general confusion in the artist's house. Every one appeared agitated; the two servants came and went, uncertain what they were about; Louise was not at her usual seat, from whence she was wont to bend her head in salutation, without giving up her sewing; and Thérèse, above all—the pretty Thérèse, who was always found lingering in Saturnin's way—Thérèse was not in the studio, though she, as well as her lover, used to invent five or six ingenious reasons for gliding in there. But what was most wonderful and unheard-of, was, that deep silence reigned in the studio. The measured step of Van Zwanenburg no longer struck the fir planks of the floor, nor his dry cough, and the harsh reproofs of his scolding voice command attention and diligence to those young scapegraces who, chattering in groups, forgot their easels and pencils. Paul Gerretz, or rather *Rembrandt*, as his fellow-pupils called him, alone occupied his accustomed place, and laboured with his usual taciturnity.

Van Zwanenburg forgot his studio and his pupils, because the love of Saturnin and Thérèse, which seemed ingratitude and treason, had brought back in all its energy his old hatred of mankind—hatred which had until now been calmed and lulled entirely by the consolations of Louise, and the ineffable charm shed around her. For seven years he had in vain continued his bitter and sarcastic words; this hatred and bitterness grew daily more feeble in his heart. But the news of the guilty love of these young people had opened afresh the ancient wound of the painter; and the shock had caused a grief so lively, that even the almost maternal self-devotion of Louise was inefficacious to soften the violence of the blow. His thoughts filled entirely with indignation and projects of future punishment, embittered by the refusal of the broker Massark, which wounded him, both as a painter and a friend, it was with a sort of cruel joy that Van Zwanenburg saw his nephew traverse the corridor of the studio, seeking with his eyes for the absent Thérèse.

"You are not seeking me, but I am seeking you," said the old artist in a severe tone, and he conducted to the bottom of the garden the poor young man, who was struck with a strange fear. "You are a shopkeeper—nothing but a vile shopkeeper! By a foolish condescension I have suffered you to enter my studio and my house at all hours; I have treated you as my own son; I have sought your happiness, and wished to confide to you what I have most precious, an angel, the model of affection and virtue. Answer me!—how have you repaid me for so many benefits, ungrateful wretch?"

Saturnin started.

"Yes, ungrateful! I repeat it—a vile and miserable wretch, who deceives the adopted daughter of his friend and the sister of his betrothed; who would dishonour the one, and plunge the other in sorrow. Listen to me, Saturnin; between us two there is henceforth nothing in common. I chase you from my house; I forbid you ever entering it. Madman that I am, to have forgotten the cruel experience of my youth! Madman, to have believed in the probity of a man! Begone! and never more appear in my presence!"

Saturnin, thunderstruck, fell, feeble and suppliant, at the knees of Van Zwanenburg. "Do not say such words! I am guilty, but my fault is not irreparable. Louise knows not my fatal secret, and my whole life——"

"Yes, you would deceive her!—you would tell her you love her! Wretch! thinkest thou she could be duped by thy cold-hearted lies?—that her loving heart and clear-sighted affection would not find out a disguise which could not last for ever? Thy fault is monstrous and irremediable. Thou mayest well repent and despair. It is too late! She knows all. Quit my presence for ever!" And the old man retired, agitated by deep emotion, scarcely knowing what he did.

"Master Van Zwanenburg, listen to me. What!—where are you running to in that way? I bring you good news," cried old Bronsmiche, entering.

"Leave me; I have no time to listen to you."

"But you will listen to me for a minute. Master Vanvoustoodt, the famous picture-broker at the Hague, is arrived at Leyden."

"He is a fool, like Massark."

"No fool, truly; for he has offered me one hundred florins for Rembrandt's picture."

The figure of the old painter seemed to expand, and anger vanished from his heart: he forgot all in his joy at his pupil's success. He took the purse from the hand of Bronsmiche, ran into the studio, and, without noticing that the room was deserted by the other students, he poured out the gold pieces at the feet of Paul. They rebounded and resounded on the floor with a wonderful melody.

The eyes of Paul Rembrandt gleamed with joy, and he stretched out his hands towards the gold; but, restraining this instinctive movement, he contented himself with gathering together the scattered pieces with his foot.

"Thanks, master," he said coldly, and then turned again to his occupation. But it was vain: his hand trembled, his forehead burned, and his eyes turned furtively from the canvas to that gold whose jingling had produced such an inexplicable sensation on the young man's nerves. It was not the pleasures, not the comforts, which this gold would procure that agitated him so much. No; it was a kind of mournful joy, a sudden instinct revealed in him, like that of a young tiger nourished with milk, whose instinct is discovered all at once at the sight of living prey. But for the presence of Van Zwanenburg, Paul would have risen, have bathed his very hands, as it were, in the gold, have kissed it, and carried it secretly to stow it away under a treble lock, that he might possess it in safety, occupy himself with it without ceasing, and, in the fear of losing it, guard it as one would guard his honour, his life, his soul.

But there was a witness present, and Rembrandt did violence to himself, and restrained the impetuous movements which almost suffocated him. He remained apparently calm and passive.

"My child, my child, how thou disdainest gold!" cried Van Zwanenburg, putting the florins back into the purse. "I will go and see if Louise is as regardless of them." And with childish joy he ran into the apartment of Louise. Seeing her pale and exhausted, he remembered all, and stopped short. Louise tried to smile, but her tears burst forth, and she hid her face in the bosom of the old man.

"Come," said she at last, drying her tears, "all this is weakness. Let us see what good news do you bring. A purse full of gold!—the price of Paul's picture. I see that in your eyes. How content, how happy I am." A cold shudder passed over her; she smiled—but what a sad smile to see! She felt suffocating, and opened her little window to breathe more at ease.

"My father," said she, when she was a little recovered, "you see I am strong and resigned now. Do not, instead of one, make *three* persons unhappy. Consent to Saturnin's union with Thérèse—with Thérèse, whose mother I ought to be."

"Do as you will, Louise. You are so noble, so saint-like, I cannot but reverence and admire you."

"Well, then, while I go to prepare Thérèse, you, my father, go and seek Saturnin, and bring him hither." Van Zwanenburg obeyed.

When Louise entered her sister's chamber, Thérèse was leaning on a table, her face covered with her hands, overwhelmed with the deepest sadness. Louise came softly, and sat down by her side.

"My child," said she, "why this sadness? why this trouble?"

Thérèse sobbed, and cast down her eyes.

"Have you no more confidence in me? Am I no longer your sister—your mother?"

"Have I given you reason to doubt my love and gratitude?" said Thérèse with harshness, for trouble embittered her.

Louise took her sister's hand. "Thérèse, our adopted father wishes my marriage, as you know."

"Yes, I know and I rejoice at this marriage." What joy! Her white and convulsed lips could scarcely articulate the words.

"I have reflected much on this project," said Louise, "and I fear it will give neither me nor Saturnin happiness."

Thérèse looked at her with an incredulous air.

"Master Van Zwanenburg is accustomed to my cares; Paul, our brother, with his artist-like apathy and severe disposition, claims them equally; for myself——" She wished to say that this union would be joyless to her, but she could not utter such words; her voice failed her—"I have formed other plans, Thérèse."

Thérèse listened earnestly.

"These plans concern thee a little, Thérèse."

"Me, Louise?"

"Yes, thee, my child. If I do not marry Saturnin, why should thou not marry him?"

"My sister, my sister, do not tell me this; you will kill me," cried Thérèse, falling on her knees before her sister.

"Be calm, my child, and listen to my words. Thou wilt be the wife of Saturnin."

"No, no, that is impossible; I would not accept such a sacrifice. *You* love Saturnin. No—I cannot, my sister; I cannot do it."

At this moment Van Zwanenburg appeared with Saturnin. Louise beckoned him to advance beside Thérèse; and whilst the two lovers, their hands clasped in each other's, looked in one another's eyes, with tears and smiles, Louise said in deep emotion, "May they be happy!"

The old artist regarded her with admiration, mingled with pity. "My daughter, my child," murmured he, stretching out his hand towards her. She gave him hers; it was damp and cold: he pressed it long and affectionately.

"Oh my God!" thought he, "forgive me for having doubted the existence of virtue!"

X.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

We must now pass by twenty years—a space of time which appears an eternity in the future, a dream in the past. During this period two mournful events had troubled the heart of Louise, and brought anxiety to her calm and resigned life—the death of Van Zwanenburg, and the marriage of Paul Rembrandt. The death of the old painter happened six years after the marriage of Thérèse and Saturnin. He had been to visit them with Louise—Louise, who found in their happiness the reward of her courageous self-devotion, when time, the softener of all griefs, had changed her sadness into a gentle melancholy. After dinner, Van Zwanenburg took his accustomed sleep. When they came to awaken him he was dead. He passed thus peaceably from time to eternity without pain or suffering.

The marriage of Rembrandt happened soon after, and made the condition of Louise still more desolate. One fine morning Paul led into the house where Louise ruled a young and pretty peasant girl. "Sister," said he, "behold my wife." And Louise had soon a jealous and formidable rival in her household cares, and in the affection of her brother.

After three years of patience, Louise quitted, with sorrow, the house of Rembrandt, to live alone in a small house which she had purchased near the most solitary part of Leyden. Prayer, occupation of various kinds, and frequent visits to Saturnin and Thérèse, filled up her time, and she bore with resignation the lengthened void of her days. After this, Rembrandt suddenly quitted Leyden, without taking leave of Louise—without embracing her—and went to dwell in Amsterdam, where he remained seventeen years, without once writing to his sister. After this long term of forgetfulness and injustice, Louise one day received a letter, the writing of which made her heart throb.

"Sister, my wife is dead—my son is travelling—I am alone—
PAUL REMBRANDT."

Next morning Louise, having embraced her sister and brother-in-law, set off to Amsterdam. The carriage arrived there at nightfall. Having passed through the richest and most elegant quarters of the town, it turned towards dark wet streets, mostly inhabited by Jews. At the end of one of these stood a dark and gloomy-looking house, before which was a wall of ten or twelve feet, pierced by one little door, through which a man could not pass without stooping. This door led to a court, guarded by two enormous mastiffs, chained at the foot of a flight of stone steps. On the steps was an old man of an unpleasant figure, who might have been taken for a Jew merchant. It was Rembrandt.

His sister could scarcely recognise him; and Paul, cold and sombre as in youth, received the tender caresses of Louise, not with indifference, but with sadness. Then he took her by the hand and conducted her silently through the house, whose poverty-stricken appearance could not but discourage her. This visit terminated, he led Louise towards an apartment not less repulsive, on the hearth of which peat was burning, without flame, but with a strong and unpleasant odour. Taking an arm-chair, he offered it to Louise, and sat down himself in front of her.

"Sister," said he, "have you courage to inhabit this melancholy house? to live here alone with me? to receive no visits but from Jews and silver-merchants? Sister, do you feel that you have sufficient courage for this?"

"My brother, if I can render you happy——"

"Happy!—me?" answered Rembrandt—"happy! Do you think there is any happiness for the man who believed but in gold? for the man who has seen all his illusions vanish? I have loved glory, and have found but distaste beneath my fame; for I have never felt the joys of triumph, but all the bitterness of jealousy and hatred. Love!—I have loved once in my life. I said to myself she is poor, without education, without family; she will owe all to me, and through gratitude she will give me happiness—that old fool Van Zwanenburg suffered me to believe in gratitude. Once in my house, the humble peasant-girl became haughty: she commanded, overturned, disposed everything. She vexed me, opposed me, answered my orders with menaces, my threats with insults; in short, she made my life a hell. My son—my son made away with my heritage, contracted debts which he engaged to pay after my death, and made pretexts without end to obtain my permission for his travelling, that he might leave me. He was weary of his father! My wife is dead; he is departed. I wished to live alone, but solitude troubles me. In the midst of this desolation I have felt the need of a comforter; and I have seen with despair that in my heart, which I thought so dried up, there is still an intense desire for affection. Then I thought of you, Louise, whose whole life has been self-devotion. Yes, Louise, I am sure of it—you will bear the caprices of my strange humour, and when you see me absorbed in amassing gold, you will not despise the miser, but pity him."

Louise took her brother's hand and looked in his altered face with speechless tenderness. He continued:—

"Pity me! Yes, Louise, for one pities the poor wretch who has no other resource to seek oblivion of his sufferings than the degradation of drunkenness. I, even I, have sought this relief; but my frame has suffered; yet the consciousness of misery has never left me even under such influence. It is gold alone—the love of gold—that can warm my heart, and produce a charm which can suspend my griefs for a time. Therefore I have sought for gold, and relinquished everything good and noble to gain it. I have compelled those who wished to purchase my pictures to cover them with gold; and I have wrought night and day to produce those pictures. The money which is borrowed from me I do not lend, but sell; so that I am rich—immensely rich. No one here knows it, or they would rob me. No!—but thou shalt know it, Louise, and thou shalt see my treasures. We will go together to the place where they are hid, and thou shalt count not one, but hundreds of tons of gold. They think me poor here, because I wear an old doublet, and work like the most mercenary of mankind. Think, Louise—gold in such quantities that you may bathe your hands in it even to the elbows; and move your feet in it, from whence roll waves of gold, whose music is so sweet, Louise, so sweet! And it is all mine! Men would kill body and soul to obtain such. I have wherewith to satisfy the caprices of a king, and yet I will not. No, Louise; I love better to keep my gold."

Louise sighed.

"Thou considerest me a madman? Yes, I am mad; but is it my fault, Louise? I had not been thus but for that woman who has crushed my heart—who for twenty years has made me suffer all imaginable tortures—that woman whom I loved so passionately. Louise, if thou hadst always been beside me, I should have been good still; I should never have given myself up without restraint to so monstrous a passion. But I have suffered —I do suffer so much! If thou couldst know it, thou wouldst pity me."

Louise wept.

"Thanks for your tears, sister; they do me good; they comfort me. It is so long since I have revealed my sufferings to a friendly eye."

Rembrandt was silent, and spoke no more that night. Next day Louise once more took charge of her brother's household; and until the death of this renowned artist, she consecrated herself to his comfort, fulfilling with silent and devoted zeal the most painful domestic duties. Not a murmur arose in her mind. Never did she regret what she had undertaken, in spite of the severity and injustice of Rembrandt.

Thus eight years of self-devotion passed, during which neither her patience nor her tenderness for her brother failed for an instant. Louise had always a balm for her brother's griefs, consolation for his complainings. She was always ready at his side to render him assistance, and departed not for a bitter word or a fit of passion. "My poor brother," she would say to herself; "how he is to be pitied. What must be his sufferings, since he can speak to me thus!"

But in spite of this strange misanthropy, never had the talent of Rembrandt been more sublime and admirable. "It seems," said Descamps, speaking of the later works of this great Flemish artist—"it seems as though he had invented art, not found it. He loved sudden transitions from light to shadow, and carried this fancy to the greatest extent. To acquire it, his studio was so disposed that the principal light came upon its gloomy recesses from a solitary opening in the roof, a sort of trap-door, by which the artist cast the light at his will on the place he wished to illuminate.

Rembrandt sketched his portraits with precision, and a mixture of colours peculiar to himself; he then went over this preparation with vigorous touches, putting in intensely dark shadows. His heads were exactly after nature, even in defects. This style of portrait-painting was not much to the taste of many persons. Rembrandt cared little for it. He said one day to a person who approached too near to the painting on which he was engaged, that *a picture was not intended to be smelled at, and the odour of paint was very unhealthy*. He seized at once the character of each physiognomy, not embellishing nature, but imitating her so simply and truthfully, that the heads seem to start from the canvas.

Rembrandt's manner of painting was a species of magic. None ever knew better than he the effect of different colours. He put each tone in its place with so much justness and harmony, that he was not obliged to mingle them, and thereby lose the freshness of the tints. By an admirable knowledge of *chiaro-scuro*, he produced the most astonishing effects.

Toward the end of his life, Rembrandt excelled not less as an engraver. His manner was entirely original: he devoted himself wholly to the general effects, without descending to particulars; and he attained his end. Rembrandt would never engrave in presence of any one: his secret was a treasure, and he never imparted it, so that to this day his manner of commencing and finishing his plates is entirely unknown."

Meanwhile the faculties of Rembrandt became more feeble; at last he did not quit his chamber; and soon took entirely to his bed. He showed deep suffering at this, and redoubled his taciturnity during eight days. At the end of this time, one night when his sister was sleeping in an arm-chair beside him, he called her name in a gentler tone than ordinary. She rose instantly, and ran eagerly to him.

"Sister," said he, "I shall soon die; but I am about to ask a favour of thee: do not refuse me."

"What is it, my brother?"

"Refuse me not, or thou wilt throw me into despair. Raise the trap-door beside my bed, that I may once more look at my treasure."

Louise did as the sick man desired. When the trap-door was opened, and the lamp-light shone into the depth of the hollow place glittering on the gold pieces, the face of Rembrandt brightened, his eyes filled with tears, he extended his hands, he muttered unintelligible words. A mother about to quit her children could not use more touching and tender expressions.

"Adieu," he murmured feebly; "adieu, my life, my soul!—adieu for ever! Must I quit you, lose you, never more possess you? Louise, I wish to be buried here. Thou wilt not tell any one that I am dead, nor that my treasures are here—not even my son. He is an ingrate, who forgets me; a prodigal, who would dissipate my wealth. Do as thy brother implores thee on his deathbed, Louise, and I will bless thee—bless thee from heaven!"

"Reflect, my brother," said Louise; "may not your own harshness have estranged your son from you? May not your penuriousness towards him have helped as completely to keep him in real ignorance of the value of money, as an opposite extreme would have done? He knows you are rich; all the world knows you have gold; all tradesmen are willing to trust him, believing that you must pay: there is not much wonder that he plays the prodigal."

"He has no love for his old father," murmured the sick man, "or he would not pain me thus in the tenderest point. Oh, Louise, no one has loved me but you, and you shall have my gold: but keep it—bury it: promise to me—swear to me that he shall not have it."

"I will not take so wicked an oath," said Louise meekly, "but if you wish it, I will take charge of your gold—bestow a portion of it in deeds of charity, and transfer the remainder to your son from time to time, according as he may appear to know its uses."

Rembrandt turned uneasily on his pillow. He wept, and sobbed, and wished to rise and go to his treasure. Never was grief more expressive, nor despair more fearful. A long fainting fit followed this strange scene. But when Rembrandt recovered his consciousness, an inexpressible change had taken place: his countenance shone with solemn majesty; death at this last hour had divested the artist's soul of the mud of earth, and made it appear in its own sublime grandeur.

"Louise," said he, "do as you will with my gold; my eyes are opened to a new and celestial light, of which I have dreamt in the mysterious thoughts of my heart, and towards which all my desires have tended. This knowledge fills up the perpetual void from which I have suffered so much, and inundates my heart with that fulness of joy for which I have thirsted in vain. Life and its miseries, human passions, all lie at my feet like the broken chains of a slave; for God and eternity are before me; angels call me, and cry, 'Brother!' Oh let me go and rejoin them; and thou—I will pray to God that thou mayest follow me soon. Angels—my brethren! behold me—I am returning to heaven!"

He fell back—Louise held the hand of the dead!

Two months after, when she had fulfilled her promise and restored to the son of Rembrandt, just returned from Italy, the greater part of his father's property, Louise, now very old, undertook a journey to Leyden to see Thérèse, who was sick, and required the care of a sister whom she had seen but twice during ten years. This time, however, her courage was above her strength. Louise died on the journey.

Twelve leagues from Amsterdam, on the road to Leyden, are the ruins of a church, partly destroyed by wars and revolutions, so that the turret and the walls of the cemetery alone remain standing. At one side of this wall is fixed a tablet of black marble, on which is the following inscription:—

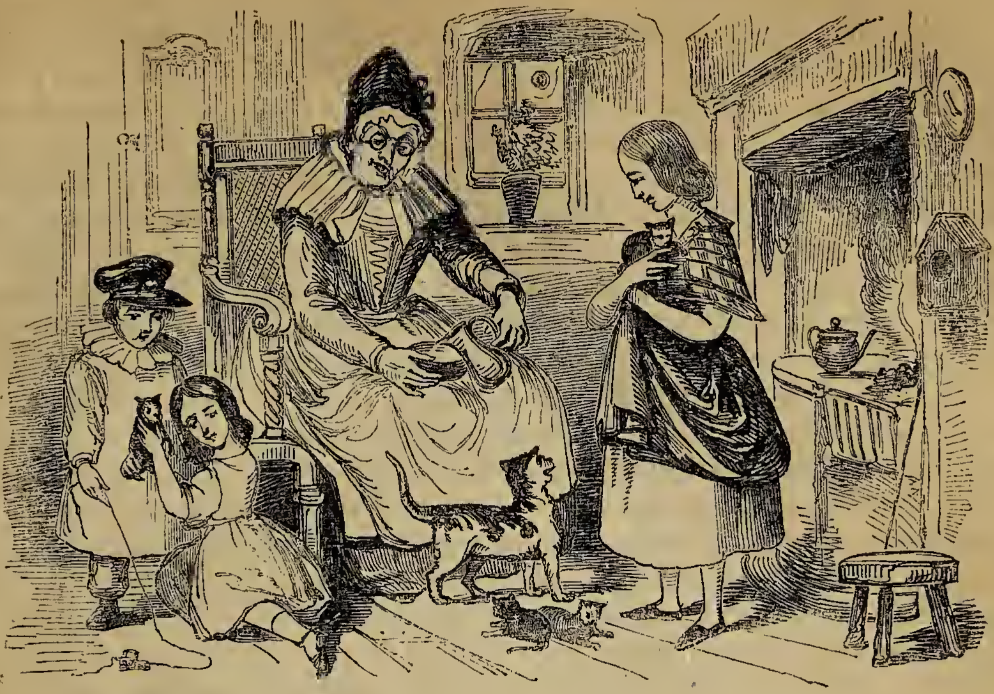
HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF

LOUISE GERRETZ,

Who died at the age of ninety-three, in this village, on a journey.

MAY SHE REST IN PEACE.

Few of the curious visit these ruins, and none of those whom chance has led hither suspect the devotion and tenderness of the woman whose remains lie here. And so it is often in the world. While the deeds of conquerors are chronicled, books filled with the account of their doings, countries called after them, and the most trivial actions connected with their lives are thought worth remembering, the heroism of private life remains for the most part unnoticed. And perhaps it is well so; for the sensitive mind would often be distressed were the details of private sorrows and hidden faults dragged into light. The virtuous members of a family suffer keenly from the disgrace attendant on the faults of the vicious; and every one must have noticed how very commonly it happens, as in the case of Rembrandt's sister, that the high qualities of the one are drawn out by the sufferings which fall on them in consequence of the errors of the other. There is a story of a nobleman being led to execution for some imputed political offence, when his servant, pitying his case, cried out, "Oh, that you should die innocent!" "Would you have me die guilty?" replied his master. The application of this anecdote is evident. All the sufferings of the evil doers are heightened by remorse, but the brave and virtuous, whose path lies in undoing the harm the wicked have done, are upheld by the consciousness of right, and the sweet reflection that sorrow when it comes is not of their own bringing. A moment's thought must convince us how much more important is the cultivation of the domestic virtues, than the performance of what the world often erroneously calls great actions. It is a thought almost too vast for the mind, yet one it should try to grasp, that the world contains millions of families—small domestic circles, each strong in its hopes, fears, affections, interests. How few of these, either from talent or the accident of position, can ever expect to play what is called a great and distinguished part in the sight of their fellow-creatures! —a poor ambition, after all, and one too often corrupted by selfish motives; but there is none so obscure that he cannot practise the virtues of self-denial, benevolence, truth, justice, and discretion. In leading such a life as this, we must always find the great reward attendant on the performance of our duties. Even one such character in a household spreads peace and happiness around it. If we throw a stone into the water, we observe how the ripples spread wider and wider; and so in human life does the influence of good conduct extend around us, teaching at the same time by example more forcibly than by precept; and it is an influence no human being is too humble to exert. To fulfil worthily the duties of our station, and the domestic relations of life, in the spirit of justice, love, and charity, is in reality the noblest destiny to which we can aspire. What matters it that the world does not often register such deeds, though it knows, by the sum of human happiness and virtue, that they must have been performed? Is it not written in the holy book—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted?"



ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

THE cat belongs to the same natural family as the lion, tiger, panther, leopard, puma, serval, ocelot, and lynx. The tribe is perhaps one of the best defined in zoology, all its members having characteristics of structure and habit not to be confounded with those of other animals. Every reader must be familiar with the forms of the tiger and domestic cat, and these may be taken as types of the family. The rounded head and pointed ears, the long lithe body, covered with fine silky hair, and often beautifully marked, the silent stealthy step, occasioned by treading only on the fleshy ball of the foot, the sharp retractile claws, the large lustrous eyes, capable, from the expansive power of the pupil, of seeing in the dark, the whiskered lip, the trenchant carnivorous teeth, and the tongue covered with recurved bony prickles, are common to all.

In their habits and manner of life they are equally akin. They inhabit the forest and the brake, sleeping away the greater part of their time, and only visiting the glade and open plain when pressed by hunger. They are for the most part nocturnal in their habits, being guided to their prey by their peculiar power of vision, by their scent, and by their hearing, which is superior to that of most other animals. Naturally, they are strictly carnivorous, not hunting down their prey by a protracted chase, like the wolf and dog, but by lying in wait, or by moving stealthily with their supple joints and cushioned feet, till within spring of their victims, on which they dart with a growl, as if the muscular effort of the moment were painful even to themselves. Whether the attack be that of a tiger on a buffalo, or that of a cat on a helpless mouse, the mode of action is the same—a bound with the whole body from the distance of many yards, a violent stroke with the forefoot, a clutch with the claws, which are thrust from their sheaths, and a half-tearing half-sucking motion of the jaws, as if the animal gloated in ecstasy over the blood of its victim.

This mode of life has gained for these animals the common epithets of "cruel, savage, and bloodthirsty," and has caused them to be looked upon by the uninformed as monsters in creation. Nothing could be more erroneous. No creature is capable of moral good and moral evil save man; he it is alone that can judge for himself; and he it is upon whom this gift of judgment has imposed the responsibility of right and wrong. The tiger in slaughtering a stag gratifies no evil passion; he merely satisfies an appetite which nature has implanted within him, and which nature has surrounded with the objects for its satisfaction. When these objects shall die out, then also will the tiger cease to exist; and were the whole world equally peopled and cultivated with our own island, the feline family would be limited to a single genus—namely, the humble cat. But as things are at present constituted, the valleys and plains of the tropics are clothed with an excessive vegetation, supporting numerous herbivorous animals, which could only be kept within due limits by the existence of carnivora, such as the lion, tiger, leopard, and panther.

The distribution of the feline animals is governed by those conditions to which we have alluded; and thus the puma inhabits the North American prairie, the jaguar the savannahs of South America, the lion the arid plains of Africa and Asia, the tiger and panther the tropical jungles of the old world; the minor species, as the ocelot and lynx, have a wider range in both worlds; while the domestic cat associates with man in almost every region. With the exception of the latter, none of the other genera have been tamed or domesticated, so that they are strictly "wild beasts," against which man wages a ceaseless war of extirpation. It is true that in the East one species of leopard is trained for hunting, but this but very sparingly, and even then he does not follow the game by scent, but is carried by the hunters, and only let loose when he is within a few bounds of the animal. It must not be inferred, however, that they are untameable; for every creature is capable more or less of being trained by man, provided it receives due attention; and we have sufficient evidence, in the wonderful feats performed by the lions and tigers of Mr Carter and Van Amburgh, that the *Felinæ* are by no means destitute of intelligent docility. The truth is, there is no inducement to tame them; and thus the cat—the most diminutive of the family, and the only one of direct utility to civilised man—is likely to continue, as it ever has been, the sole domesticated member.

THE DOMESTICATED CAT.

Respecting the domestication of the cat, of which there are many varieties, differing in size, length of hair, colour, and the like, we have no authentic information. We have no knowledge when it became the associate of man; nor do we know anything concerning its original habitat. It is true that the wild cat has inhabited Great Britain, the continent of Europe, and Asia, from the earliest periods; but that animal presents so many differences, that naturalists generally consider it as belonging to a distinct species. Thus it is a larger and more powerful animal than the domestic one; has longer and shaggier fur; has a more ferocious aspect; has the intestinal canal shorter, which proves it to be more decidedly carnivorous; and has the heart and stomach not quite so like those of the more omnivorous dog. The most of these are transient distinctions, which domestication might obliterate; but we can hardly conceive of the same influence acting so decidedly upon the internal structure. However this may be, the general opinion at present is, that they belong to different species; that the wild cat is strictly an inhabitant of the brake, enduring with admirable fortitude the extremes of heat and cold; and that the domestic animal, from its more delicate constitution, and its fondness of warmth, seems to have sprung from a southern habitat.

Every one is so perfectly familiar with the domestic cat, that any description of the animal is altogether unnecessary; yet one or two of the more obvious varieties may be mentioned, with the remark, that it is quite as difficult, from their present appearance, to refer them all to one stock, as it is to believe that that stock is the wild cat of the British brake. The Cat of Angora, says a recent writer, of whose descriptions we avail ourselves, is a very beautiful variety, with silvery hair of fine silken texture, generally longest on the neck, but also long on the tail. Some are yellowish, and others olive, approaching to the colour of the lion; but they are all delicate creatures, and of gentle dispositions. The Persian Cat is a variety with the hair very much produced, and very silky, perhaps more so than the cat of Angora. It is, however, differently coloured, being of a fine uniform gray on the upper part, with the texture of the fur as soft as silk, and the lustre glossy; the colour fades off on the lower parts of the sides, and passes into white, or nearly so, on the belly. This is probably one of the most beautiful varieties, and it is said to be exceedingly gentle in its manners. The Chinese Cat has the fur beautifully glossed, but it is very different from either of those which have been mentioned. It is variegated with black and yellow, and, unlike the most of the race, has the ears pendulous. The last we shall mention is the Tortoise-shell Cat, one of the prettiest varieties of those which have the fur of moderate length, and without any particular silvery gloss. The colours are very pure black, white, and reddish orange; and in this country, at least, males thus marked are said to be rare, though they are quite common in Egypt and the south of Europe. This variety has other qualities to recommend it besides the beauty of its colours. Tortoise-shell cats are very elegant, though delicate in their form, and are, at the same time, very active, and among the most attached and grateful of the whole race. It may be remarked, however, that there is much less difference in manners than in appearance, and that those which are best fed and most kindly treated are invariably the best natured and the most attached.

It has already been observed that little or nothing is known regarding the history of the domestic cat; and naturally so, since the animal is generally too insignificant to merit much attention. The cat has been known from time immemorial to the Chinese, Hindoos, and Persians; was domiciled among the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans; and even figures in the mythology of some of these nations. Among the Egyptians the cat was held in the greatest veneration. If one died a natural death, it was mourned for with certain appointed symbols of grief; and if killed, the murderer was given up to the rabble to be buffeted to death. Cats were thus not only held sacred when alive, but after death were embalmed and deposited in the niches of the catacombs. Moncrieff mentions that an insult offered to a cat by a Roman was the cause of an insurrection among the Egyptians, even when the fact of their own vanquishment could not excite them to rebel; and it is also told that Cambyses, availing himself of this regard for the animal, made himself master of Pelusis, which had hitherto successfully resisted his arms. The stratagem which he fell upon was in the highest degree ingenious: he gave to each of his soldiers employed in the attack a live cat instead of a buckler, and the Egyptian garrison, rather than injure the objects of their veneration, suffered themselves to be conquered. M. Baumgarten informs us, that when he was at Damascus, he saw there a kind of hospital for cats: the house in which they were kept was very large, walled round, and was said to be quite full of them. On inquiring into the origin of this singular institution, he was told that Mahomet, when he once lived there, brought with him a cat, which he kept in the sleeve of his garment, and carefully fed with his own hands—cutting off his sleeve rather than disturb the slumber of his favourite. His followers in this place, therefore, ever afterwards paid a superstitious respect to these animals; and supported them in this manner by public alms, which were very adequate to the purpose.

In the early history of our own country also, cats were of so much importance as to be the subject of special enactments. In the reign of Howel the Good, Prince of Wales, who died in

948, laws were made to fix the prices of different animals, among which the cat was included, as being at that early period of great importance, on account of its scarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could see was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, twopence; after which it was rated at fourpence—a great sum in those days, when the value of specie was extremely high. It was likewise required that the animal should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, should be a good mouser, have its claws whole, and, if a female, be a careful nurse. If it failed in any of these qualifications, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer a third of the purchase-money. If any one should steal or kill the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the offender was to forfeit either a milch ewe, with her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (its head touching the floor), would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. This is curious not only as a matter of history, but as showing that, while the wild cat of the country was so abundant as to be troublesome, the domestic species was apparently an import of great rarity, and of considerable value.

INSTANCES OF ATTACHMENT.

It is a vulgar and erroneous belief that cats are only attached to places: there are hundreds of instances on record where they have shown the most devoted and enduring attachment to persons who have treated them with kindness. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of London had a tortoise-shell cat, which, though he never fed it, or paid much attention to it, formed an attachment for him equal to that of a dog. It knew his ring at the bell, and at whatever time he came home, it was rubbing against his legs long before the servant came, saw him into the sitting-room, and then walked off. It was a very active animal, and usually went bird-catching during the night; but when its master rose, which was generally early in the morning, the cat was always ready to receive him at the door of his room, and accompanied him in his morning walk in the garden, alternately skipping to the tops of the trees, and descending and gambolling about him. When he was in his study, it used to pay him several visits in the day, always short ones; but it never retired till he had recognised it. If rubbing against his legs had not the desired effect, it would mount the writing-table, nudge his shoulder, and if that would not do, pat him on the cheek; but the moment he had shaken it by the paw, and given it a pat or two on the head, it walked off. When he was indisposed, it paid him several visits every day, but never continued in the room; and although it was fond of society generally, and also of its food, it never obtruded its company during meals. Its attachment was thus quite disinterested, and no pains whatever had been taken to train it.

When M. Sonnini was in Egypt, he had an Angora cat, which remained in his possession for a long time. This animal was one of the most beautiful of its kind, and equally attractive in its manners and dispositions. In Sonnini's solitary moments, she chiefly kept by his side; she interrupted him frequently in the midst of his labours or meditations, by little affecting caresses, and generally followed him in his walks. During his absence, she sought and called for him incessantly, with the utmost inquietude; and if it were long before he re-appeared, she would quit his apartment, and attach herself to the person of the house where he lived; for whom, next to himself, she entertained the greatest affection. She recognised his voice at a distance, and seemed on each fresh meeting with him to feel increased satisfaction. Her gait was frank, and her look as gentle as her character. She possessed, in a word, the disposition of the most amiable dog beneath the brilliant fur of a cat. "This animal," says M. Sonnini, "was my principal amusement for several years. How was the expression of her attachment depicted upon her countenance! How many times have her tender caresses made me forget my troubles, and consoled me in my misfortunes! My beautiful and interesting companion at length perished. After several days of suffering, during which I never forsook her, her eyes, constantly fixed on me, were at length extinguished; and her loss rent my heart with sorrow."

Mahomet's cat must have ingratiated herself with her master in no common degree, for the prophet preferred cutting off the sleeve of his garment to disturbing the repose of his favourite, who had fallen asleep on it. It is said that Rousseau esteemed the cat more than the dog; but though few will be inclined to go this length, the former is undoubtedly capable of close personal attachment, and knows how to recommend herself to those for whom she feels an affection. Petrarch was so fond of his cat, that he had it embalmed after death, and placed in a niche of his apartment. Dr Johnson, too, had his feline favourite, of which it is told that it once fell ill, and refused every kind of food that could be thought of, till at last an oyster was offered by accident, which it greedily seized, and seemed to relish. The doctor, thinking that his servants would not be over-attentive to the duties of cat-nurse, undertook the charge himself, went daily for a few oysters, brought them home in his pocket, and administered them to poor Puss till she had quite recovered. The celebrated painter, Godefroi Mind, devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of cats, in which he gained such celebrity, that he was distinguished by the appellation of the "Raphael of cats." He did not view them merely as subjects for art, but his attachment to the animal was unbounded. At one time hydrophobia prevailed to such an extent among the cats of Berne, that 800 were destroyed in consequence of an order issued by the magistrates. Poor Mind was in the deepest grief for the death of the cats, nor was he ever after completely consoled. He had, however, so successfully secreted his own favourite cat, that she was spared. Minette was always near him when he was at work, and he carried on a kind of conversation with her by gestures and words. Sometimes Minette occupied his lap, while two or three kittens were perched on his shoulder, or on the back of his neck, as he stooped at his occupation; and thus he would remain for hours together without stirring, for fear of disturbing his companions, whose purring soothed and composed him. What made this the more remarkable was, that Mind was not particularly well-tempered, and that he could never be disturbed by visitors. His cat was no doubt equally attached to her master.

It is very common for cats to select one member of a family on whom they lavish all their fondness, while to the others they comport themselves with the utmost indifference. "I remember," says a female correspondent, "there was a cat with her kittens found in a hole in the wall, in the garden of the house where my father-in-law lived. One of the kittens, being a very beautiful black one, was brought into the house, and almost immediately attached himself in a very extraordinary way to me. I was in mourning at the time, and perhaps the similarity of the hue of my dress to his sable fur might first have attracted him; but however this may have been, whenever he came into the room he constantly jumped into my lap, and evinced his fondness by purring and rubbing his head against me in a very coaxing manner. He continued thus to distinguish me during the rest of his life, and though I went with my father-in-law's family every winter to Dublin, and every summer to the country, the change of abode (to which cats are supposed so averse) never troubled my favourite, provided he could be with me. Frequently, when we have been walking home after spending the evening out, he has come running down half the street to meet us, testifying the greatest delight. On one occasion, when I had an illness which confined me for upwards of two months to my room, poor Lee Boo deserted the parlour altogether, though he had been always patted and caressed by every one there. He would sit for hours mewing disconsolately at my door, and when he could, he would steal in, jump upon the bed, testifying his joy at seeing me by loud purring and coaxing, and sometimes licking my hand. The very day I went down, he resumed his regular attendance in the parlour."

One of the most affecting instances of personal attachment in the cat, is that mentioned by M. Ladoucette. Madame Helvitius had a favourite, which constantly lay at her feet, seemingly always ready to defend her. It never molested the birds which its mistress kept; it would not take food from any hand save hers; and would not allow any one else to caress it. At the death of his mistress, the poor cat was removed from her chamber, but it made its way there the next morning, went on the bed, sat upon her chair, slowly and mournfully paced over her toilet, and cried most piteously, as if lamenting his poor mistress. After her funeral, it was found stretched on her grave, apparently having died from excess of grief. Another equally remarkable instance is related by Mr Pennant in his Account of London. Henry Wriothsly, Earl of Southampton, the friend and companion of the Earl of Essex in his fatal insurrection, having been some time confined in the Tower, was one day surprised by a visit from his favourite cat, which is said to have reached its master by descending the chimney of his apartment.

The following anecdote of combined attachment and sagacity rivals anything that has been told of the dog, and places the cat in a much more favourable light than current opinion would allow:—In the summer of 1800, a physician of Lyons was requested to inquire into a murder that had been committed on a woman of that city. He accordingly went to the residence of the deceased, where he found her extended lifeless on the floor, and weltering in her blood. A large white cat was mounted on the cornice of a cupboard, at the farther end of the apartment, where he seemed to have taken refuge. He sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on the corpse, and his attitude and looks expressing horror and affright. The following morning he was found in the same station and attitude; and when the room was filled with officers of justice, neither the clattering of the soldiers' arms, nor the loud conversation of the company, could in the least degree divert his attention. As soon, however, as the suspected persons were brought in, his eyes glared with increased fury; his hair bristled; he darted into the middle of the apartment, where he stopped for a moment to gaze at them, and then precipitately retreated. The countenances of the assassins were disconcerted; and they now, for the first time during the whole course of the horrid business, felt their atrocious audacity forsake them.

AFFECTION FOR OTHER ANIMALS.

Every one who has observed the deportment of the female cat towards her young, must have admired not only her maternal assiduity, but the playful simplicity she assumes to amuse them. The same tenderness she has been known to bestow on the young of other creatures; nursing them and tending them with the most devoted watchfulness. Books on animal biography abound with instances of this nature. Mr White of Selborne mentions that a friend of his had a leveret brought to him, which his servants fed with milk from a spoon. About the same time his cat kittened, and the young ones were drowned. The little hare was lost, and it was supposed to have been devoured by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight after, as the gentleman was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat with tail erect trotting towards him, and calling with short notes of complacency, such as cats use towards their kittens, and something gambolling after, which proved to be the leveret, which the cat had supported with her milk. The same writer relates a similar anecdote of a boy who had taken three young squirrels from their nest. These creatures he put under a cat which had lately lost her kittens, and found that she nursed and suckled them with the same assiduity and affection as if they had been her own progeny. So many persons went to see the little squirrels suckled by a cat, that the foster-mother became jealous of her charge, and in pain for their safety, and therefore concealed them over the ceiling, where one of them perished.

A similar story is told, in Dodsley's Annual Register, of a cat that suckled a couple of young rabbits, which had been thrown to her to devour; and, what is equally wonderful, we have heard of a cat that brought out two chickens, and treated them with the same affection as she did her kittens. A more remarkable instance, however, occurred some years ago in the house of a Mr Greenfield of Maryland. A cat had kittens, to which she frequently carried mice and other small animals for food, and among the rest she is supposed to have carried a young rat. The kittens, probably not being hungry, played with it; and when the cat gave suck to them, the rat likewise sucked her. This having been observed by some of the servants, Mr Greenfield had the kittens and rat brought down stairs, and put on the floor; and in carrying them off, the cat was remarked to convey away the young rat as tenderly as she did any of the kittens. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till great numbers had become eye-witnesses of the preternatural affection.

We shall close our instances of the cat's affection towards the young of other animals by the following anecdote from the pages of Marryatt, allowing the captain to tell it in his own amusing way:—"A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and she asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring a portion of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. In reply, the cook observed that the cat had that day kittened, and that, perhaps, the puppies might be substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were, in a fortnight, as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been: they had the use of their legs, barked, and gambolled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion: they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became very inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel who was nursing the three other puppies. 'Oh,' says Puss, putting up her back, 'it is you who have stolen my children.' 'No,' replied the spaniel with a snarl; 'they are my own flesh and blood.' 'That won't do,' said the cat; 'I'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies.' Thereupon issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now, it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of."

Besides these instances where the maternal feeling is the exciting motive, there are many accounts of cats having lived in amity with creatures to whom they are supposed to be naturally averse. A few years since, a collection of wild beasts, birds, &c. was exhibited, in which the most attractive object was a cage inhabited by a cat, a guinea-pig, some white mice, and some birds—all living together in peace and harmony—Puss not only having laid aside her predatory propensities, but actually regarding her companions with looks of complacency and kindness. "We have at present," says a correspondent, "a cat who has formed a very warm friendship with a large Newfoundland dog. She is continually caressing him, advances in all haste to him when he comes in, with her tail erect, then rubs her head against him, and purrs delightedly. When he lies before the kitchen fire, she uses him as a bed, pulling up and settling his hair with her claws to make it comfortable. As soon as she has arranged it to her liking, she lies down and composes herself to sleep, generally purring till she is no longer awake; and they often lie thus for an hour at a time. Poor Wallace bears this rough combing of his locks with the most patient placidity, turning his head towards her during the operation, and merely giving her a benevolent look, or gently licking her."

We have also met with the following, which shows how the cat will look for assistance in cases of emergency, and that she will hit upon some way of showing her gratitude for the kindness conferred. We give it in the words of the individual who recounts it:—"I was on a visit to a friend last summer, who had a favourite cat and dog, which lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate, and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family while I was at the Park, and Pincher paid a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house. One morning there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; Pincher was in the drawing-room, and the cat was attending her family in the garret. Pincher seemed to be considerably annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning which continually startled him; and just as he had crept close to my feet, some one entered the drawing-room followed by Puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, and mewing with all her might. She came up to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw, and then walked to the door; stopped, looked back, mewed—all of which said, as plainly as words could have done, 'Come with me, Pincher;' but Pincher was too much frightened himself to give any consolation to her, and took no notice of the invitation. The cat then returned and renewed her application with increased energy; but the dog was immoveable; though it was evident that he understood her meaning, for he turned away his head with a half-conscious look, and crept still closer to me; and Puss finding all her intreaties unavailing, then left the room. Soon after this, her mewing became so piteous that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter. I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close to the door of my sleeping apartment. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room, and crept under the wardrobe. I then heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens and lodged it there for safety; but her fears and cares being so divided between the kittens above and this little one below, I suppose she had wanted Pincher to watch by this one while she went for the others; for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened up stairs. I followed her with my young charge, placed it beside her, and moved their little bed farther from the window, through which the lightning had flashed so vividly as to alarm poor Puss for the safety of her family. I remained there till the storm had subsided, and all was again calm. On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found her waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house; but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I made my appearance. She went to the breakfast-room with me, and remained, as I have mentioned, until breakfast was over, and then went up stairs to her family. She had never done this before, and never did it again: she had shown her gratitude for my care of her little ones, and her duty was done."

COURAGE AND BOLDNESS.

The cat, being naturally carnivorous, may be expected to possess considerable audacity. Every one must have witnessed the boldness with which a cat of ordinary size will stand up against even the largest Newfoundland dog, bristling her hair, and using her claws with the greatest address, so long as she can keep her front to her antagonist. Indeed it is only when the dog can lay hold of the comparatively slender spine of his opponent, that he overcomes her—few dogs having the boldness long to resist the ferocity with which she assails their faces and eyes with her claws. The following instance of maternal courage and affection, recorded in the Naturalists' Cabinet, is worthy of admiration:—"A cat who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon about the stable-door. While she was joining them in a thousand sportive tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barnyard in expectation of prey. In a moment, swift as lightning, the hawk darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize. The battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties; for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but Puss, no way daunted by this accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary. In this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself apparently with additional vigour; and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage; for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore off the head of the vanquished tyrant. Disregarding the loss of her eye, she immediately ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds inflicted by the hawk's talons on its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them or their affectionate parent."

The cat's dislike to wet her feet has long been proverbial. The saying, "she likes fish, but won't wet her feet for them," is, however, not strictly true: the cat has been known to take the water after a fish, just as she will take the brake after a young hare or pheasant. Her dislike to soil her feet arises as much from her natural love of cleanliness, and the desire to keep her fur dry, as from any fear that she has to take the water. A friend of Dr Darwin's saw a cat catch a trout, by darting upon it in a deep clear water, at the mill at Weaford, near Litchfield. The animal belonged to a Mrs Stanley, who had frequently seen her catch fish in the same manner in the summer, when the millpool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. Other cats have been known to take fish in shallow water as they stood on the bank. This may probably be a natural act of taking prey, which acquired delicacy by domestication has in general prevented cats from using, though their desire of eating fish continues in its original strength.

INSTANCES OF MEMORY.

The attachment of the cat to particular persons and places, and the fact of its often returning to its original home after a long absence, and over a great distance, prove the possession of a pretty accurate memory. All the felinæ seem well endowed in this respect, and none more so, perhaps, than the domestic cat. The following surprising instance we transcribe from the Scotsman newspaper for 1819:—"A favourite tabby belonging to a shipmaster was left on shore by accident, while his vessel sailed from the harbour of Aberdour, Fifeshire, which is about half a mile from the village. The vessel was about a month absent, and on her return, to the astonishment of the shipmaster, Puss came on board with a fine stout kitten in her mouth, apparently about three weeks old, and went directly down into the cabin. Two others of her young ones were afterwards caught quite wild in a neighbouring wood, where she must have remained with them till the return of the vessel. The shipmaster did not allow her again to go on shore, otherwise it is probable she would have brought the whole litter on board. What makes this the more remarkable is, that vessels were daily entering and leaving the harbour, none of which she ever thought of visiting till the one she had left returned." How wonderfully accurate must this animal's recollection of the ship have been? The differences, however trifling, between it and other vessels which put in, must have been all closely observed and remembered; or we must suppose the creature to have had its recollections awakened by the voice or figure of some of its shipmates passing near to the wood where its family was located.

We have all heard of cats returning to the homes from which they have been sent, and this we might readily conceive to be the result of accurate observation and retentive memory; but there are many instances, well authenticated, where they could hardly have been aided by their faculties, and where they appear to have been guided by some mysterious instinct. "We have a cat," says our lady correspondent already quoted, "who was a very wild character, often committing depredations in the larder, destroying our young pigeons, and making great havoc among the birds. He was considered so lawless, that, after a consultation on what was best to be done, a decree of banishment was issued against him, and he was sent in a thick linen bag to a cottage at about two miles' distance, where he was offered shelter, as he was an expert mouser. We thought we should never see Mr Tib again, but found ourselves quite mistaken; for late one evening, about three weeks after, he walked into the kitchen, and greeted every one so kindly, that he met with a more favourable reception than his previous conduct could have warranted him in expecting. Whether he has repented of his late misconduct, whether he is conscious that it was the cause of his banishment, or whether he has passed through scenes which have broken his daring spirit, we cannot say, but all his bad habits are actually conquered, and he is now quite a pattern of domestic propriety." Still more extraordinary is the instance related by a gentleman who removed his establishment from the county of Sligo to near Dublin, a distance of not less than ninety miles. When about to change his residence, he and his children regretted very much being obliged to leave a favourite cat behind them, which had endeared itself to them by its docility and affection. This gentleman had not been many days settled in his new abode, when one evening, as the family were sitting chatting after tea, the servant came in, followed by a cat so precisely like the one left behind, that all the family repeated his name at once. The creature testified great joy in his own way at the meeting. He was closely examined, and no difference whatever was discernible between the cat in Sligo and that now beside them. Still, it was difficult to believe it was their poor pet; for how could he have travelled after them, or how could he have found them out? And yet the exact resemblance, and the satisfaction which the poor animal evinced as he walked about, seemingly in all the confidence of being among his friends, with his tail erect, and purring with pleasure, left but little doubt upon their minds that this was indeed their own cat. The gentleman took him upon his lap, and examining him closely, found that his claws were actually worn down, which at once convinced him that poor Puss had really travelled the whole ninety miles' journey.

SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

While we readily admit that the cat is inferior in docility and intelligence to the dog, we are not of those who would exalt the one at the expense of the other, and continue to harbour absurd prejudices against the dispositions and manners of the former. We have seen that it is by no means destitute of attachment, gentleness, courage, memory, and other mental attributes; and if we regard it honestly, we shall also find that it exhibits in many instances no small degree of sagacious ingenuity. "No experiment," says an intelligent writer, "can be more beautiful than that of setting a kitten for the first time before a looking-glass. The animal appears surprised and pleased with the resemblance, and makes several attempts at touching its new acquaintance; and at length finding its efforts fruitless, it looks behind the glass, and appears highly astonished at the absence of the figure. It again views itself, and tries to touch the image with its foot, suddenly looking at intervals behind the glass. It then becomes more accurate in its observations, and begins, as it were, to make experiments, by stretching out its paw in different directions; and when it finds that these motions are answered in every respect by the figure in the glass, it seems at length to be convinced of the real nature of the image." If so acute and intelligent in its very infancy, what may we expect when its faculties are matured by observation and experiment?

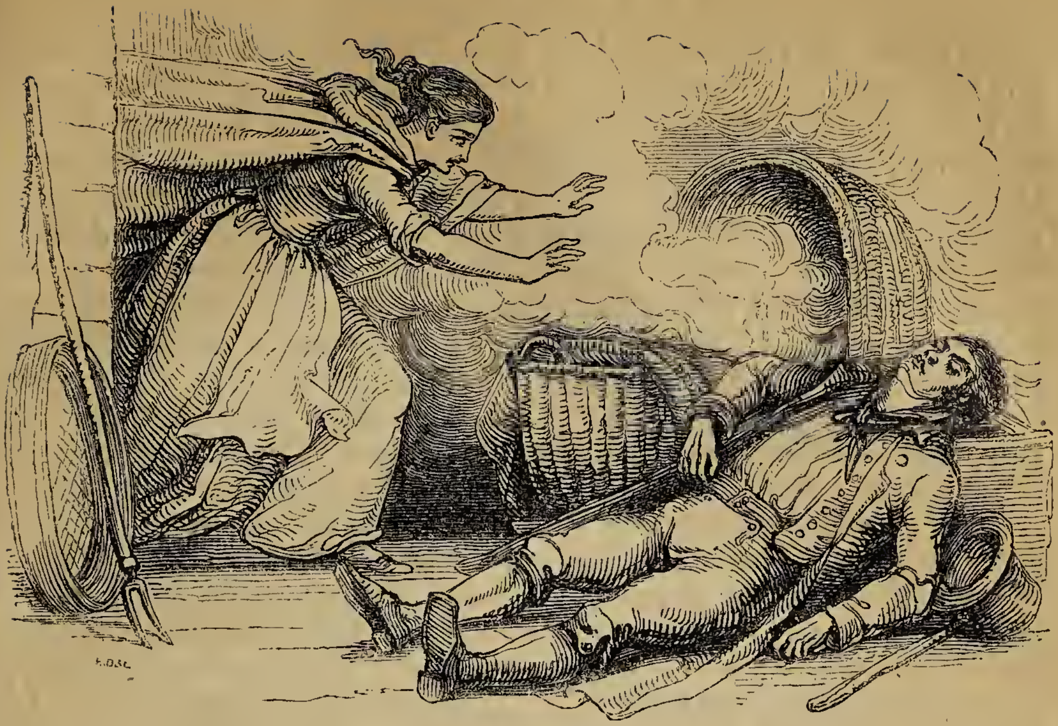
"A friend of mine," says the Rev. Mr Bingley, "possessed a cat and a dog, which, not being able to live together in peace, had several contentious struggles for the mastery; and in the end the dog so completely prevailed, that the cat was driven away, and forced to seek for shelter elsewhere. Several months elapsed, during which the dog alone possessed the house. At length, however, he was poisoned by a female servant, whose nocturnal visitors he had too often betrayed, and was soon afterwards carried out lifeless into the court before the door. The cat, from a neighbouring roof, was observed to watch the motions of several persons who went up to look at him; and when all were retired, he descended and crept with some degree of caution into the place. He soon ventured to approach; and after having frequently patted the dog with his paw, appeared perfectly sensible that his late quarrelsome companion could no more insult him; and from that time he quietly returned to his former residence and habits." Here there was only a reasoning process exhibited; but in the following instance, related by Dr Smellie, there was ingenuity of performance combined with the sagacity:—"A cat frequented a closet, the door of which was fastened by a common iron latch. A window was situated near the door. When the door was shut, the cat gave herself no uneasiness; for, so soon as she was tired of her confinement, she mounted on the sill of the window, and with her paws dexterously lifted the latch and came out. This practice she continued for years."

Still more ingenious are several of the instances related by M. Antoine in his *Animaux Célèbres*:—In a cloister in France, where the hours of meals were announced by the ringing of a bell, a cat was always in attendance as soon as it was heard, that she, too, according to custom, might be fed. One day it happened that Puss was shut up in a room by herself when the bell rang, so she was not able to avail herself of the summons. Some hours after she was let out, and instantly ran to the spot where dinner was always left for her, but no dinner was to be found. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour; when the inmates of the cloister came to see what was the cause of it, they found the cat clinging to the bell-rope, and setting it in motion as well as she was able, in order that she might have her dinner served up to her. In this instance the cat must have been in the habit of observing what went forward, and was therefore led to associate the ringing of the bell with the serving up of dinner; and feeling the want of her meal, very naturally applied herself to perform the act which had always preceded its appearance. Another anecdote evincing still greater ingenuity and cunning, is related by the same amusing compiler. An Angora cat belonging to the Charter-house of Paris, having observed that the cook always left the kitchen upon the ringing of a certain bell, and thus left the coast clear for his depredations, soon acquired the art of pulling the bell, and during the cook's absence regularly made off with some of the delicacies which were left unprotected. This trick he repeated at intervals for several weeks, till one day he was detected by a person who was placed in wait for the purloiner.

The power of observation in the lower animals is much more active and accurate than is generally supposed; and to those who have watched their conduct, they seem not only to observe persons and events, but actually to know days, and if not to understand our language, at least to comprehend the meaning of the tones in which it is uttered. A very curious proof of the observant faculty in the cat is given in the following story:—There was a lady who lived at Potsdam with her children, one of whom ran a splinter into her little foot, which caused her to scream out most violently. At first her cries were disregarded, and supposed to proceed from crossness; but at length the eldest sister, who had been asleep, was awakened by the screams, and as she was just getting up to quiet the child, she observed a favourite cat, with whom they were wont to play, and who was of a remarkably gentle disposition, leave its seat under the stove, go to the crying girl, and give her such a smart blow on the cheek with one of its paws, as to draw blood. After this the animal walked back with the greatest composure and gravity to its place, as if satisfied with having chastised the child for crying, and with the hope of indulging in a comfortable nap. No doubt it had often seen the child punished for crossness, and as there was no one near to administer correction, Puss had determined to take the law into her own hand.

It is told that before the conquest of Cyprus by the Turks, a garrison of disciplined cats was kept on that island for the purpose of destroying the serpents wherewith it was infested. So well trained were these feline hunters, that they came in to their meals at the sound of a bell, and upon a similar signal returned in order to the chase, which they prosecuted with the most admirable zeal and address.

Such are the accounts which we have been enabled to glean, from a pretty wide range of authorities, respecting the disposition and manners of the domestic cat. Exaggerated to some extent they may be, but not greatly so; for from all that we have observed of the animal—and our experience has been neither short nor partial—we are inclined to regard it as an attached, gentle, and playful associate, and all the more so that it meets with kindly treatment.



"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.*

IT was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud by calling us her blossoms of beauty."

"God and the blessed Virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen!" said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that *was* the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I'm afther now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur!"

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* Part of this tale appeared originally in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal some years ago; a large portion is now for the first time added.—*Ed.*

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye're just like all the men, purtending to one thing whin they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the colour to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart than would be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary. Mary! what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

'Mary, Mary, quite contrary.'

Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's anything but *that* to you, anyway, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail; it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a misthress to give you yer sup of milk or yer bit of sop; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a sacret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Anything for your happiness," replied the brother somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen; you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered; "*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after*-marriage reformation. *I wont*. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting everything off to the last? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by yer own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door-cheek, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire: look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every penny out; so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch; everything good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush!—whisht! will ye? there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He "popped" his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was; for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night? Ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper afther your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you haven't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blithe, and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whisky-bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all *man*kind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, *well*, she loved, I am compelled to say, *un*like the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was 'only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite aginst my will."

"Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after——"

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellen—ing me," she answered quickly; "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to raison. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation* and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one; and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied archly, "if I were a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright *earnest* you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael; speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'ill be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking—"

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because it is the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will plase ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear anything you plase."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yerself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a raisoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage-dues his reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the throuble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman;

they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old intirely, withered and white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the strames and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two; and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scrame, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-rared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well-spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy, which the *rale* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day, Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohreen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came, muttering and mumbling to herself, till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog-man*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened; but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart; but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy herself laid about with her staff; but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that; but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I bate the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman; for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and accordingly I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

'Do you want to poison me,' she shouted, 'afther saving my life?' When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large gray eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. 'Ellen,' she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, 'I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young; but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink! —whisky! My father was in debt: to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words—the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessaries of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the deathbed of a dying mother, where was he!—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and WOULD die like a king!"'

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* Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

† In the house.

'And your poor mother?' I asked.

'Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her—not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!'"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forgot them. 'You might think,' she continued, 'that I had had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who war too fond of drink; and I thought I had; but somehow Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave.* Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast *at first,* but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time; and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Anyway, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but, God defend me, the *last* was hard to bear.' Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that,* and seen her face. Poor ould Lady Stacy! no wonder she hated the drop; no wonder she dashed down the whisky."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act.

'I had one child,' said Stacy; 'one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was; but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went: he said he would; he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, maybe it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so, leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick. Blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But, Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he did not put life in it, I'd destroy him in his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cowld or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart.'"

"But her husband—her husband?" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him; did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man; for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now, Ellen Murphy,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and indeed it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend that would destroy him, soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover; and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all before you marry.'"

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry. "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I wont say that, for, Nelly, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

Ellen named the period, and Lawrence, of course, declared it was the next thing to murder—it was murder itself to keep him so long—but he'd "put up with it"—he'd "brave it!"—he'd "walk straight into a sea of boiling hot whisky punch until it touched his lips—flowed over his lips. And see! look there now! he'd never let it pass them—never, barring the one tumbler. She wouldn't say against *one* tumbler, would she?"

Ellen shook her head. Though this occurred before Father Mathew regenerated his country, she knew that the *only safeguard*, where there is a tendency to habits of intoxication, or even to take "only a drop"—where "the drop" is more than the head will bear—is TOTAL ABSTINENCE. She knew that the liquid fire was as dangerous to sport with as the fire which destroyed the sleeping child; and she told him so; and he, lover-like, vowed that, though it would be "mighty hard," and very unneighbourly, to drink "could wather"—fornint a "hot tumbler" of the "mountain-dew," still, if it was her wish, he'd do it—he'd do anything for a "short day." But Ellen had more forethought than belongs to her countrywomen in general, and she remained firm.

"You've wonderful houlding out in you, sister dear," said Michael: "I'm sure he'll never touch another drop."

"I wish I felt assured of it, Michael," replied Ellen. "Even while the story I told him was beating about his heart, he wouldn't give me the promise. Sure it's woful to see how hard the habit is—he would not give the promise only for a short day—though, before I told him of Lady Stacy, he said he would. The *grip* it takes, the *hoult* it gets after a while, is wonderful; and sure it's so with other habits that people can't get *shut* of. Why, there's yourself, Micky, has a wonderful fidgetty way with you—notching the table with a knife, or churning the salt, or twisting the buttons off yer shirt sleeves—anything on earth to fiddle with—never can keep yer fingers aisy one single minute: it's Saint Vitus's dance you have in them; oh! then dear, that saint must have been mighty unaisy in himself, to be so shaking ever and always."

"There," said her brother, throwing down the knife and pushing away the salt, "anything for peace and quietness. I wonder will Larry be as aisy with you as I am. I often take pride in myself for being such an angel. Ellen, I wonder how Larry will behave at the fair of Birr—will he *hould* out there?"

"He will," answered Ellen; "I'm not fearful of Larry in a great temptation, but I doubt him in little ones. I wish masters would pay their men at twelve o'clock on Saturdays instead of in the evening, and let them take their money where they work, instead of paying them in public-houses: *that's* the ruin of many a fine boy; for it's counted mean to go into the public and not take something; and the boys hate meanness as bad as murder."

"Oh! save us!" ejaculated Michael.

"Some of them do, anyhow," said Ellen.

"Set a case," commenced Michael with a very wise look—"that Larry really did break out once or twice—only now and then—would you give him up?"

Ellen became pale, then red; but after a pause, she replied, "I think I would—*I think I could not make a drunkard happy*—no woman could—it would be impossible; and whatever love he has for me would wear out, and soon; for though I hope I should never forget the duty I owed as a wife, one of her duties is to seek a husband's good in all things, and the highest step towards a man's earthly good is—sobriety."

"Bedad!" replied her brother, "you did not go to school for nothing, I see that."

"It was you, dear, that sent me there," she said; "and I owe to you what I can never repay."

The fair of Birr came and went, and Larry behaved like a hero. His "big-coat" was thrown back with an air of determined self-confidence (the most dangerous confidence in the world—certain in the long-run to get a man into trouble); his hat put on with a jaunty air; his crimson-silk "Barcelona" tied with a knot and floating ends; his scarlet-cloth waistcoat peeped from beneath the body-coat of blue, whose brass buttons glittered like gold. "Brogues!" Larry disdained them!—his "*neat*" feet were encased in black shining leather, so that he was ready for a jig—if he could only get Ellen to dance one, but she would not: she did not like dancing in "a tent;" nor was she foolishly jealous or angry when her betrothed attended to the curtsey of a "little cousin of her own," and danced him down, amid the vigorous applause of the company. On that occasion Lawrence certainly behaved like a very hero! not a drop would he touch "beyant" the one tumbler; and when he walked home with Ellen in the evening, he felt almost inclined to quarrel with her, because she remained firm to the time she had originally named for their union.

The victory Lawrence achieved at Birr uplifted him sadly. He had hitherto kept a wakeful guard over himself; and whenever inclination put in its plea for another "drop," resolution said "No," and fidelity whispered "Ellen;" but Birr "birred" in his ears. "Think of me there," thought Lawrence; "just look at me, when every boy in the fair was 'blind' or 'reeling,' able to walk a chalked line from this to Bantry; up before the lark, and working *alone* at my trade in the morning." Perhaps Lawrence had never read, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;" or if he had, he had forgotten! It was within a week of his "statute of limitation"— one single week! Saturday came as usual, and Lawrence went to receive his wages at the public-house. Some of his old friends were there, steady-headed men, who could drink "a deal" without showing it, and made a boast that they could do so—a strange boast, is it not?—and often made by men whose families, if not absolutely clotheless and foodless, are without the comforts of life: yet their husbands and fathers, those who are bound by every law human and divine to protect them, can make a *boast*—of what?—of drinking; that is, of absolutely swallowing the pence, shillings, and pounds which would feed, clothe, and educate them respectably; a strange boast! Such a man might just as well say, "My wife has no shoes, my baby no clothes, the fire on my hearth burns low, there is little food for ourselves, and if our neighbour wants, there is none to give him; yet I am a good workman, I earn good wages, I could give my wife good shoes, and my baby clothes; they might warm themselves at a cheerful fire, that would join them in giving me a welcome those dreary nights; there would be abundant food for ourselves, and something to spare for a poor neighbour or a houseless wanderer, so that the blessings they returned might be treasured up in heaven, a dower for me and my children hereafter! But if I did this, I should not be able to show that I could drink ten or twelve tumblers with a steady eye and a steady hand. Yet, let me think! my hand is *not* steady; and though my eyes are steady enough, I can't see much out of them; but then I *can* drink the ten tumblers without a reeling head; though it may be bothered, it doesn't reel. Hurra!—isn't that a glorious thing? I can swallow wife's shoes, baby's clothes, blazing fire, plenty of unblest food, and my own credit, in ten strong tumblers of punch. Hurra!—there's a head!—isn't that a FINE THING?"

Lawrence met one or two of these very tremendous ten and twelve tumbler men, and other poor weak-headed fellows, who reeled and staggered, and made fools of themselves upon the value of a single shoe, or a new apron, while the mighty drinkers sneered and laughed at them. And then Lawrence was induced to boast that his head was as hard and as strong as ere a head there. His companions did not at all doubt its hardness, but they doubted its strength; and they told him so: they were sure a wine-glassful beyond his quantity—his stint—would "knock him over;" and to prove it would not, Lawrence took another wine-glassful; and those who were anxious he should be overthrown like themselves, pushed the jug of punch close to him; and the talking and singing, the increased stimulant of the glass, led him to pour out another unconsciously; then, as his spirit mounted, companioned by the other spirit he had imbibed, he declared that he could drink as much as any of them without being touched or "staggered."

There are always, unfortunately, a number of persons who take a mischievous pleasure in setting, not wrong right, but right wrong; and such were delighted at making Lawrence—"steady Lawrence, sober Lawrence"—the same as themselves. His was precisely a case where it was easier to *abstain* than to *refrain;* he could do the one, but not the other; he lacked that greatest of all commands—SELF-COMMAND. If roused, like all his countrymen he was equal to anything—brave, earnest, self-denying, silent, strong-hearted; but when once the watch and ward slumbered, he sunk. Once thrown off his guard, Lawrence plunged still more deeply into the pit. Drop by drop he went on until his head turned—and amid the uproarious mirth, little remained of his real nature. He was angry with himself; the hour was past when he had promised to meet Ellen; and when, having stood up to ascertain, with a species of drunken stupidity, if he could walk, he was hailed with a shout of triumphant laughter, he turned upon his tempters like a baited lion, fierce and desperate, and a violent conflict ensued. Larry, from the circumstance of being from a distant part of the country, had no "faction" to take his part, and so stood a chance of being murdered; but Michael Murphy, who, astonished at his intended brother-in-law's loitering, had come to the public-house to inquire why he tarried, hearing the riot within, rushed forward, and, but for his raising the well-known cry, "A Murphy, a Murphy, hirroo! here's for a Murphy!" there is little doubt that Lawrence would have been sent, unprepared and unrepentant, out of the world, whose peace and harmony is destroyed by the vices and intemperance of those whom the Almighty created for far different purposes.

"I could," said Ellen on the following morning—"I could have followed him with a less heart-broken feeling in poverty through the world: I could have begged with him, begged for him, worked my fingers to the bone, and at the last, if it had been the will of Heaven, have sat a mourning widow on his grave—ay, to the end of my own days—rather than have seen him as I did last night; not so crushed in body as in mind; unable to speak three plain words, or call me by my own name, while every drunkard in the parish shouted at his disgrace. Och, Michael dear, your poor sister's heart is broken intirely! I took too much pride out of him! I thought at the fair of Birr how grand he looked, taking the shine out of every one; and he so sober, his eyes as pure as crystal, his head strong, and his hand ready to save others from the usage which every *spalpeen* in the place was able to give him last night—and all through '*the drop!*'"

Poor Ellen felt her lover's degradation more than he felt it himself; though he *did* feel it when he saw that, however others might think of it who were as bad or worse than he, Ellen's pale cheek and wasted form proved how much she suffered. It was nearly four weeks before Lawrence was able to resume his employment, and during that time Ellen never reproached him—never said a word that could give him pain—but when he was quite recovered, and again spoke of their marriage, she at first turned away to weep bitterly, and then firmly told him "that her mind was fixed; she never would marry him until he took 'an obligation' on himself 'at the priest's knee' never to touch spirits of any kind from that day to the day of his death." There might have been a struggle in Larry's mind as to which he would give up, Ellen or the whisky. Ellen, however, triumphed; he practised total abstinence for three months. When, from faith in his oath, she married him, experience had convinced him that his tower of strength was *total abstinence,* his guardian angel his firm yet gentle wife. He never tasted whisky from that time, and Ellen has the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Women could do a great deal to prove that "*the least taste in life*" is a large taste too much—that "ONLY A DROP" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

Since the foregoing story was written, a great change has taken place in Ireland,* and, by the blessing of God, in England

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* For an account of the Irish Temperance Reformation generally, we refer to our Tract entitled "The Temperance Movement;" the following particulars, however, may here be advantageously introduced from the recent work on Ireland by Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall:—"In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state, that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th of June to the 6th of September 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month we had travelled from Cork to Killarney—round the coast; returning by the inland route, not along mail-coach roads, but on a 'jaunting-car,' through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns, driving through fairs, attending wakes and funerals (returning from one of which, between Glengariff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers, mounted); in short, wherever crowds were assembled, and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the country, and the character of its people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places, and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed perhaps fifty car-drivers; we never found one to accept

and in Scotland also: there are many thousands at this moment who, instead of striving to content themselves with "only a drop"—an experiment that failed in nine cases out of ten—never taste or touch the liquid poison. What has been the consequence? Their comforts have augmented fourfold; they are bringing up their families respectably, giving them better clothes, better food, and better education, than their means could have permitted them to do, had they spent what they once did upon strong drinks. Many, many are the blessings they hourly enjoy, arising out of the monies of which drinking-houses are deprived. Their heads are cool, while their hands are strengthened by industry sevenfold productive—industry born of temperance. Moreover, there are very few members of temperance societies who have not laid by

a drink: the boatmen of Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, insubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whisky we had taken with us for the bugle-player, who was not 'pledged,' and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake, and refreshed themselves from its waters. It was amusing as well as gratifying to hear their new reading of the address to the famous echo—'Paddy Blake, plase yer honour, the gintleman promises ye some coffee whin ye get home;' and on the Blackwater, a muddy river, as its name denotes, our boat's crew put into shore, midway between Youghal and Lismore, to visit a clear spring, with the whereabouts of which they were familiar. The whisky-shops are closed or converted into coffee-houses; the distilleries have, for the most part, ceased to work; and the breweries are barely able to maintain a trade sufficient to prevent entire stoppage. Of the extent of the change, therefore, we have had ample experience; and it is borne out by the assurances of so many who live in towns as well as in the country, that we can have no hesitation in describing sobriety to be almost universal throughout Ireland." Mr Hall, at a late meeting in Exeter Hall on behalf of Father Mathew, related the following anecdote illustrative of the great moral change which had taken place in Ireland. "About seven or eight years ago he had visited a friend of his at Limerick, intending to enjoy the sport of fishing in the Shannon. In order that the man whom his friend employed to attend the boat should appear as decent as possible, a new suit of clothes had been given to him the day previous to that appointed for the fishing. The man, however, appeared in his usúal rags, and after some prevarication, confessed that he had pawned them to get drink. The wife and family of this man were in the most abject state of wretchedness, having neither clothes, furniture, nor even potatoes; and before he left Limerick, this same man was in prison for an assault. Two years since he again visited his friend, and what was his surprise to find the same man healthy, well clad, his wife and children comfortable, and having money in the savings' bank. And how was this change brought about? Why, the man had taken the pledge, and kept it. His master had given him five shillings to go to Cork and take the pledge; but before he got there, not only had he spent the five shillings in drink, but had pawned his clothes; and when he took the pledge, Father Mathew gave him half-a-crown to help him on his road back. No man loved Ireland or the Irish character more than he did; and he should always endeavour to place that character in its best and truest position before Englishmen; and now that the Irishman had added to his many high and good qualities the greatest of all virtues next to religion, temperance, they might depend he was now to be trusted at all times and under all circumstances."—*Note by Editors.*

a little at least against "a rainy day." Proud and happy men are they who once a week visit THE SAVINGS' BANK, that tower of the working-man's strength. Proudly yet humbly do they pass by the "gin-palaces," whose glaring lights and broad windows shine in bitter mockery upon the rags, the violence, the evil-speaking, the debilitated forms and emaciated countenances of those who are there ruining bodies and periling souls by the most debasing and least defensible of all bad habits. Of such unhappy fellow-creatures the upholders of temperance may well say, though with an unblameable and truly Christian feeling, "God be thanked that we are not as other men are."

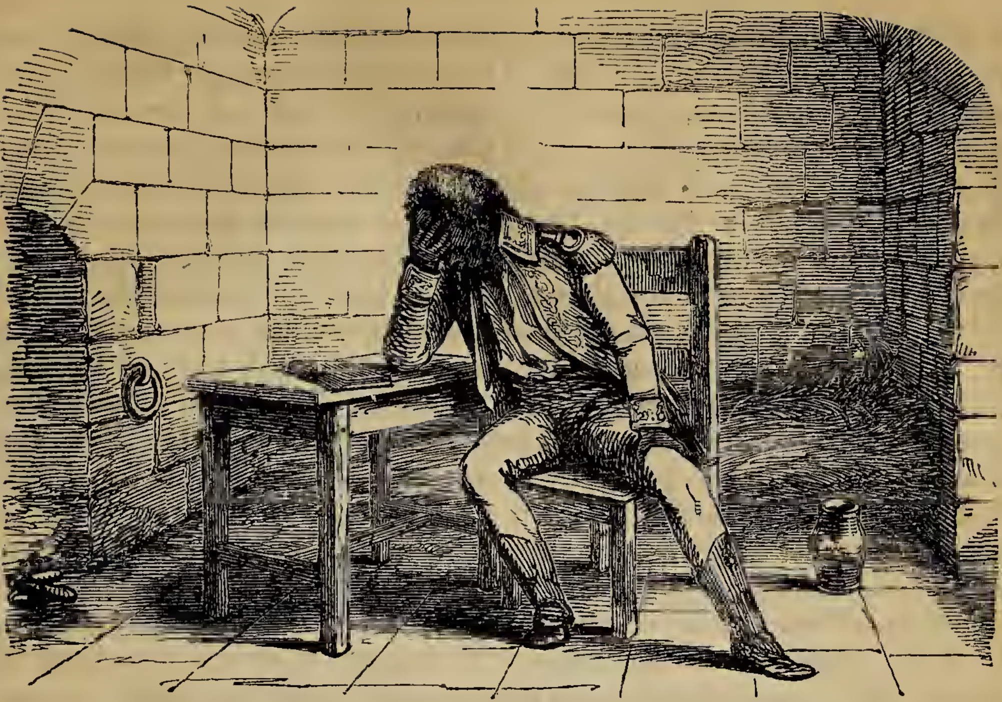
But the hero of total abstinence will not be satisfied with this; he will not be content with his own prosperity; he will not say, "Stand back, I am holier than thou"—not he. He will call to mind when he too was one of the "unclean;" he will prove his gratitude for the saving knowledge he has acquired by endeavouring to impart it to others; and he will do this gently and without self-exaltation. He will be ready at all times and in all places to give a reason unto all men, to show why he is more comfortable than his neighbours; and why, despite the "hardness of the times," he is able to multiply his "little" by the self-restraint that renders it "much." I look upon the temperance movement as one of the greatest glories of the age we live in. It was preached unto the poor by a few good men, and the poor adopted it; its influence spread *upwards*, and the rich have since followed the example of the humblest class.

But while I rejoice at the spread of temperance in England, and hope it may be as widely extended in Scotland, I find it difficult to write dispassionately of the *self-denial* practised by the peasantry of my own dear country, giving up what might be termed, and with perfect truth, their only luxury—relinquishing what, according to one of their popular songs, was

"Sister and brother,
And father and mother;
My Sunday coat, *I have no other*"—

discarding a habit, the growth of centuries, suddenly, and yet faithfully—is enough to warm even a stranger's heart towards the country, despite all that is said against it. The fact, that they made a resolution to which they have adhered, and gave a pledge which they have kept faithfully for above six years, will surely be accepted as sufficient proof that the Irish may be trusted fully in even higher matters—that they are capable of any effort for the social elevation of their country—and that the poverty and misery which have been for a series of years proverbial, cannot be much longer their burthen and reproach.

A. M. H.



TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

AT the middle of the chain of islands composing the West Indies, lies one of large size discovered by Columbus on the 6th of December 1492, and called by him, in honour of his native country, Hispaniola, or Little Spain. This name, however, was afterwards abandoned, and the island was called St Domingo, from the name of its principal town. Latterly, this second appellation has likewise dropped out of use, and the island now bears the name of Hayti, a word signifying *mountainous*, by which name it was called by its original inhabitants before the visit of Columbus.

Hispaniola, St Domingo, or Hayti, is not only one of the largest, but also one of the most beautiful and productive islands in the West Indies. Extending a length of 390 miles by a breadth of from 60 to 150, it presents great diversity of scenery—lofty mountains, deep valleys, and extensive plains or savannahs, clothed with the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical climate. The sea sweeps boldly here and there into the land, forming commodious harbours and charming bays. The air on the plains is warm, and laden with the perfume of flowers; and the sudden changes from drought to rain, though trying to a European constitution, are favourable to the growth of the rich products of the soil.

Columbus and his successors having founded a settlement in the island, it became one of the Spanish colonial possessions, to the great misfortune of the unhappy natives, who were almost annihilated by the labour which the colonists imposed upon them. As Spain, however, extended her conquests in the American mainland, the importance of Hispaniola as a colony began to decline; and at the beginning of the seventeenth century the island had become nearly a desert, the natives having been all but extirpated, and the Spanish residents being few, and congregated in several widely-separated stations round the coast. At this time the West Indian seas swarmed with *buccaneers*, adventurers without homes, families, or country, the refuse of all nations and climes. These men, the majority of whom were French, English, and Dutch, being prevented by the Spaniards from holding any permanent settlement in the new world, banded together in self-defence, and roved the seas in quest of subsistence, seizing vessels, and occasionally landing on the coast of one of the Spanish possessions, and committing terrible ravages. A party of these buccaneers had, about the year 1629, occupied the small island of Tortuga on the north-west coast of St Domingo. From this island they used to make frequent incursions into St Domingo, for the purpose of hunting; the forests of that island abounding with wild cattle, horses, and swine, the progeny of the tame animals which the Spaniards had introduced into the island. At length, after various struggles with the Spanish occupants, these adventurers made good their footing in the island of St Domingo, drove the Spaniards to its eastern extremity, and became masters of its western parts. As most of them were of French origin, they were desirous of placing themselves under the protection of France; and Louis XIV. and his government being flattered with the prospect of thus acquiring a rich possession in the new world, a friendly intercourse between France and St Domingo began, and the western part of the island assumed the character of a flourishing French colony, while the Spanish colony in the other end of the island correspondingly declined.

From 1776 to 1789, the French colony was at the height of its prosperity. To use the words of a French historian, everything had received a prodigious improvement. The torrents had been arrested in their course, the marshes drained, the forests cleared; the soil had been enriched with foreign plants; roads had been opened across the asperities of the mountains; safe pathways had been constructed over chasms; bridges had been built over rivers which had formerly been passed with danger by means of ox-skin boats; the winds, the tides, the currents, had been studied, so as to secure to ships safe sailing and convenient harbourage. Villas of pretty but simple architecture had risen along the borders of the sea, while mansions of greater magnificence embellished the interior. Public buildings, hospitals, aqueducts, fountains, and baths, rendered life agreeable and healthy; all the comforts of the old world had been transported into the new. In 1789 the population of the colony was 665,000; and of its staple products, it exported in that year 68,000,000 pounds of coffee and 163,000,000 pounds of sugar. The French had some reason to be proud of St Domingo; it was their best colony, and it promised, as they thought, to remain for ages in their possession. Many French families of note had emigrated to the island, and settled in it as planters; and both by means of commerce, and the passing to and fro of families, a constant intercourse was maintained between the colony and the mother country.

Circumstances eventually proved that the expectation of keeping permanent possession of St Domingo was likely to be fallacious. The constitution of society in the island was unsound. In this, as in all the European colonies in the new world, negro slavery prevailed. To supply the demand for labour, an importation of slaves from Africa had been going on for some time at the rate of about 20,000 a-year; and thus at the time at which we are now arrived there was a black population of between 500,000 and 600,000. These negroes constituted an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the colony, for the whites did not amount to more than 40,000. But besides the whites and the negroes, there was a third class in the population, arising from the intermixture of the white and negro races. These were the *people of colour*, including persons of all varieties of hue, from the perfect sable of the freed negro, to the most delicate tinge marking remote negro ancestry in a white man. Of these various classes of mulattoes, at the time of which we are now speaking, there were about 30,000 in the colony.

Although perhaps less cruelly treated than others in a state of hopeless servitude, the negroes of St Domingo were not exempt from the miseries which usually accompany slavery; yet they were not so ignorant as not to know their rights as members of the human family. Receiving occasional instruction in the doctrines of Christianity, and allowed by their masters to enjoy the holidays of the church, they were accustomed to ponder on the principles thus presented to their notice, and these they perceived were at variance with their condition. This dawning of intelligence among the negroes caused no alarm to the planters generally. The French have always been noted for making the kindest slave-owners. Imitating the conduct of many of the old nobility of France in their intercourse with the peasantry, a number of the planters of St Domingo were attentive to the wants and feelings of their negro dependents—encouraging their sports, taking care of them in sickness, and cherishing them in old age. In the year 1685, likewise, Louis XIV. had published a *code noir*, or black code, containing a number of regulations for the humane treatment of the negroes in the colonies. Still, there were miseries inseparable from the system, and which could not be mitigated; and in St Domingo, as in all the other colonies of the new world, slavery was maintained by the cruelties of the whip and the branding-iron. It was only, we may easily suppose, by a judicious blending of kindness and severity, that a population of upwards of 500,000 negroes could be kept in subjection by 40,000 whites.

The condition of the mulatto population deserves particular attention. Although nominally free, and belonging to no individual master, these mulattoes occupied a very degraded social position. Regarded as public property, they were obliged to serve in the colonial militia without any pay. They could hold no public trust or employment, nor fill any of the liberal professions—law, medicine, divinity, &c. They were not allowed to sit at table with a white, to occupy the same place at church, to bear the same name, or to be buried in the same spot. Offences which in a white man were visited with scarcely any punishment, were punished with great severity when committed by a mulatto. There was one circumstance, however, in the condition of the mulattoes, which operated as a balance to all those indignities, and enabled them to become formidable in the colony—they were allowed to acquire and to hold property to any amount. Able, energetic, and rendered doubly intent upon the acquisition of wealth by the power which it gave them, many of these mulattoes or people of colour became rich, purchased estates, and equalled the whites as planters. Not only so, but, possessing the tastes of Europeans and gentlemen, they used to quit St Domingo and pay occasional visits to what they as well as the whites regarded as their mother country. It was customary for wealthy mulattoes to send their children to Paris for their education. It ought to be remarked also respecting the mulatto part of the population of St Domingo, that they kept aloof both from the pure whites and the pure negroes. The consciousness of his relationship to the whites, as well as his position as a free man, and frequently also as the owner of negro slaves, gave the mulatto a contempt and dislike for the negro; while, on the other hand, he had suffered too much from the whites to entertain any affection for them. The most inveterate enemies of the mulattoes among the whites were the lower classes, or, as the mulattoes called them, *Les petits blancs*—'The little whites.' These *petits blancs* regarded the mulattoes not only with the prejudice of race, but with feelings of envy on account of their wealth. Among the whites themselves there were feuds and party differences, arising from difference of social position. The *petits blancs* grumbled at the unequal distribution of the good things of the island, while the superior men among the whites, proud of their descent from old French families, were not content with merely being rich, but wished also to have titles, to make the distinction between them and the other colonists greater. Such was the state of society in the colony of St Domingo in the year 1789-90, when the French Revolution broke out.

FRENCH REVOLUTION—INSURRECTION IN THE ISLAND.

Although situated at the distance of 3500 miles from the mother country, St Domingo was not long in responding to the political agitations which broke out in Paris in 1789. When the news reached the colony that the king had summoned the States-general, all the French part of the island was in a ferment. Considering themselves entitled to share in the national commotion, the colonists held meetings, passed resolutions, and elected eighteen deputies to be sent home to sit in the States-general as representatives. The eighteen deputies reached Versailles a considerable time after the States-general had commenced their sittings, and constituted themselves the National Assembly; and their arrival not a little surprised that body, who probably never expected deputies from St Domingo, or who at all events thought eighteen deputies too many for one colony. Accordingly, it was with some difficulty that six of them were allowed to take their seats. At that time colonial gentlemen were not held in great favour at Paris. Among the many feelings which then simultaneously stirred and agitated that great metropolis, there had sprung up a strong feeling against negro slavery. Whether the enthusiasm was kindled by the recent proceedings of Clarkson and Wilberforce in London, or whether it was derived by the French themselves from the political maxims then afloat, the writers and speakers of the Revolution made the iniquity of negro slavery one of their most frequent and favourite topics; and there had just been founded in Paris a society called *Amis des Noirs*, or Friends of the Blacks, of which the leading revolutionists were members. These *Amis des Noirs* seem partly to have been influenced by a real benevolent zeal in behalf of the negroes, and partly to have employed the movement for the emancipation of the slaves in the colonies merely as an instrument to assist them in their home-politics. To them negro slavery was a splendid instance of despotism; and in rousing the public mind by their orations and writings respecting the blacks, they were creating that vehement force of opinion which was to sweep away French monarchy and French feudalism. They succeeded in raising a prejudice against the colonists and their interests. When a planter from the sugar islands made his appearance in the streets of Paris, he was looked at as a walking specimen of a despot who had grown rich at the expense of the blood and the agonies of his fellow-men. The mulattoes, on the other hand, then resident in Paris, the young men who had been sent over for their education, as well as those who chanced to have come on a visit, were diligently sought out by the *Amis des Noirs*, and became public pets. Amiable, well-educated, and interesting in their appearance, it gave great point and effect to the eloquence of a revolutionist orator to have one of these young mulattoes by his side when he was speaking; and when, at the conclusion of a passage in praise of liberty, the orator would turn and indicate with his finger his coloured friend, or when, yielding to French impulse, he would throw his arms round him and embrace him with sobs, how could the meeting be unmoved, or the cheering fail to be loud and long?

The intelligence of what was occurring at Paris gave great alarm in St Domingo. When the celebrated declaration of rights, asserting all men to be "free and equal," reached the island along with the news of the proceedings of the *Amis des Noirs*, the whites, almost all of whom were interested in the preservation of slavery, looked upon their ruin as predetermined. They had no objection to freedom in the abstract, freedom which should apply only to themselves, but they considered it a violation of all decency to speak of black men, mere *property*, having political rights. What disheartened the whites gave encouragement to the mulattoes. Rejoicing in the idea that the French people were their friends, they became turbulent, and rose in arms in several places, but were without much difficulty put down. Two or three whites, who were enthusiastic revolutionists, sided with the insurgents; and one of them, M. De Beaudierre, fell a victim to the fury of the colonists. The negro population of the island remained quiet; the contagion of revolutionary sentiments had not yet reached them.

When the National Assembly heard of the alarm which the new constitution had excited in the colonies, they saw the necessity for adopting some measures to allay the storm; and accordingly, on the 8th of March 1790, they passed a resolution disclaiming all intention to legislate sweepingly for the internal affairs of the colonies, and authorising each colony to mature a plan for itself in its own legislative assembly (the Revolution having superseded the old system of colonial government by royal officials, and given to each colony a legislative assembly, consisting of representatives elected by the colonists), and submit the same to the National Assembly. This resolution, which gave great dissatisfaction to the *Amis des Noirs* in Paris, produced a temporary calm in St Domingo. For some time nothing was to be heard but the bustle of elections throughout the colony: and at length, on the 16th of April 1790, the general assembly met, consisting of 213 representatives. With great solemnity, and at the same time with great enthusiasm, they began their work—a work which was to be nothing less than a complete reformation of all that was wrong in St Domingo, and the preparation of a new constitution for the future government of the island. The colonists were scarcely less excited about this miniature revolution of their own, than the French nation had been about the great revolution of the mother country. All eyes were upon the proceedings of the assembly; and at length, on the 28th of May, it published the results of its deliberations in the form of a new constitution, consisting of ten articles. The provisions of this new constitution, and the language in which they were expressed, were astounding: they amounted, in fact, to the throwing off of all allegiance to the mother country. This very unforeseen result created great commotion in the island. The cry rose everywhere that the assembly was rebelling against the mother country; some districts recalled their deputies, declaring they would have no concern with such presumptuous proceedings; the governor-general, M. Peynier, was bent on dissolving the assembly altogether; riots were breaking out in various parts of the island, and a civil war seemed impending, when in one of its sittings the assembly, utterly bewildered and terrified, adopted the extraordinary resolution of going on board a ship of war then in the harbour, and sailing bodily to France, to consult with the National Assembly. Accordingly, on the 8th of August, eighty-five members, being nearly all then left sitting, embarked on board the Leopard, and, amid the prayers and tears of the colonists, whose admiration of such an instance of heroism and self-denial exceeded all bounds, the anchor was weighed, and the vessel set sail for Europe.

In the meantime, the news of the proceedings of the colonial assembly had reached France, and all parties, royalists as well as revolutionists, were indignant at what they called the impudence of these colonial legislators. The *Amis des Noirs* of course took an extreme interest in what was going on; and under their auspices, an attempt was made to take advantage of the disturbances prevailing in the island for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the coloured population. A young mulatto named James Ogé was then residing in Paris, whither he had been sent by his mother, a woman of colour, the proprietrix of a plantation in St Domingo. Ogé had formed the acquaintance of the Abbe Gregoire, Brissot, Robespierre, Lafayette, and other leading revolutionists connected with the society of the *Amis des Noirs*, and fired by the ideas which he derived from them, as well as directly instigated by their advice, he resolved to return to St Domingo, and, rousing the spirit of insurrection, become the deliverer of his enslaved race. Accordingly, paying a visit to America first, he landed in his native island on the 12th of October 1790, and announced himself as the redresser of all wrongs. Matters, however, were not yet ripe for an insurrection; and after committing some outrages with a force of 200 mulattoes, which was all he was able to raise, Ogé was defeated, and obliged, with one or two associates, to take refuge in the Spanish part of the island. M. Blanchelande succeeding M. Peynier as governor-general of the colony, demanded Ogé from the Spaniards; and in March 1791 the wretched young man, after betraying the existence of a wide-laid conspiracy among the mulattoes and negroes of the island, was broken alive upon the wheel.

All this occurred while the eighty-five members of the assembly were absent in France. They had reached that country in September 1790, and been well received at first, owing to the novelty and picturesqueness of their conduct; but when they appeared before the National Assembly, that body treated them with marked insult and contempt. On the 11th of October, Barnave proposed and carried a decree annulling all the acts of the colonial assembly, dissolving it, declaring its members ineligible again for the same office, and detaining the eighty-five unfortunate gentlemen prisoners in France. Barnave, however, was averse to any attempt on the part of the National Assembly to force a constitution upon the colony against its will; and especially he was averse to any direct interference between the whites and the people of colour. These matters of internal regulation, he said, should be left to the colonists themselves; all that the National Assembly should require of the colonists was, that they should act in the general spirit of the Revolution. Others, however, among whom were Gregoire, Brissot, Robespierre, and Lafayette, were for the home government dictating the leading articles of a new constitution for the colony; and especially they were for some sweeping assertion by the National Assembly of the equal citizenship of the coloured inhabitants of the colony. For some time the debate was carried on between these two parties; but the latter gradually gained strength, and the storm of public indignation which was excited by the news of the cruel death of Ogé gave them the complete victory. Tragedies and dramas founded on the story of Ogé were acted in the theatres of Paris, and the popular feeling against the planters and in favour of the negroes grew vehement and ungovernable. "Perish the colonies," said Robespierre, "rather than depart, in the case of our coloured brethren, from those universal principles of liberty and equality which it is our glory to have laid down." Hurried on by a tide of enthusiasm, the National Assembly, on the 15th of May, passed a decree declaring all the people of colour in the French colonies born of free parents entitled to vote for members of the colonial judicatures, as well as to be elected to seats themselves. This decree of admission to citizenship concerned, it will be observed, the mulattoes and free blacks only; it did not affect the condition of the slave population.

In little more than a month this decree, along with the intelligence of all that had been said and done when it was passed, reached St Domingo. The colony was thrown into convulsions. The white colonists stormed and raged, and there was no extremity to which, in the first outburst of their anger, they were not ready to go. The national cockade was trampled under foot. It was proposed to forswear allegiance to the mother country, seize the French ships in the harbours, and the goods of French merchants, and hoist the British flag instead of the French. The governor-general, M. Blanchelande, trembled for the results. But at length the fury of the colonists somewhat subsided: a new colonial assembly was convened: hopes began to be entertained that something might be effected by its labours, when lo! the news ran through the island like the tremor of an earthquake—"The blacks have risen." The appalling news was too true. The conspiracy, the existence of which had been divulged by Ogé before his execution, had burst into explosion. The outbreak had been fixed for the 25th of August; but the negroes, impatient as the time drew near, had commenced it on the night of the 22d. The insurrection broke out first on a plantation near the town of Cape François; but it extended itself immediately far and wide; and the negroes rising on every plantation, first murdered their masters and their families, and set fire to their houses, and then poured in to swell the insurgent army. The greater part of the mulattoes joined them, and took a leading share in the insurrection. The horrors which were perpetrated by the negroes cannot, dare not be related. On one plantation the standard of the insurgents was the body of a white infant impaled on a stake; on another, the insurgents, dragging a white, a carpenter, from his hiding-place, declared that he should die in the way of his occupation, and accordingly they bound him between two boards and sawed him through. But these are among the least savage of the enormities which were committed during the insurrection. "It was computed," says Mr Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, "that, within two months after the revolt first began, upwards of two thousand white persons of all conditions and ages had been massacred, that one hundred and eighty sugar plantations, and about nine hundred coffee, cotton, and indigo settlements had been destroyed, and one thousand two hundred families reduced from opulence to absolute beggary." But after the first shock was over, the whites of the cities had armed themselves, and marched out to attack the negroes, and their retaliation was severe. They outdid the negroes in the cruelty of their tortures. "Of the insurgents," continues the same authority, "it was reckoned that upwards of ten thousand had perished by the sword or by famine, and some hundreds by the hands of the executioner—many of them, I am sorry to say, under the torture of the wheel."

The insurrection was successful. Although the numerical loss of the insurgents had been greater than that of the whites, yet the latter saw that it was in vain to hold out longer against such a large body of foes. Accordingly, on the 11th of September, a truce was concluded between the whites and the mulattoes in the western province; and following this good example, the general assembly of the colony came to a resolution to admit the obnoxious decree of the 15th of May, which recognised the equal citizenship of all persons of colour born of free parents. As the refusal to admit this decree had been the pretext for the insurrection, this concession, along with some others, had the effect of restoring order; although, as may be readily conceived, the blacks, who gained nothing by the concession, were far from being conciliated or satisfied. The mulattoes, however, were now gained over to the side of the whites, and the two together hoped to be able to keep the negroes in greater awe.

Meanwhile strange proceedings relative to the colonies were occurring in the mother country. The news of the insurrection of the blacks had not had time to reach Paris; but the intelligence of the manner in which the decree of the 15th of May had been received by the whites in St Domingo had created great alarm. "We are afraid we have been too hasty with that decree of ours about the rights of the mulattoes: it is likely, by all accounts, to occasion a civil war between them and the whites; and if so, we run the risk of losing the colony altogether." This was the common talk of the politicians of Paris. Accordingly, they hastened to undo what they had done four months before, and on the 24th of September the National Assembly actually repealed the decree of the 15th of May by a large majority. Thus the mother country and the colony were at cross purposes; for at the very moment that the colony was admitting the decree, the mother country was repealing it.

The flames of war were immediately rekindled in the colony. "The decree is repealed," said the whites; "we need not have been in such a hurry in making concessions to the mulattoes." "The decree is repealed," said the mulattoes; "the people in Paris are playing false with us; we must depend on ourselves in future. There is no possibility of coming to terms with the whites; either they must exterminate us, or we must exterminate them." Such was the effect of the wavering conduct of the home government. All the horrors of August were re-enacted, and the year 1791 was concluded amid scenes of war, pestilence, and bloodshed. The whites, collected in forts and cities, bade defiance to the insurgents. The mulattoes and blacks fought on the same side, sometimes under one standard, sometimes in separate bands. A large colony of blacks, consisting of slaves broken loose from the plantations they had lived upon, settled in the mountains under two leaders named Jean François and Biassou, planted provisions for their subsistence, and, watching for opportunities, made irruptions into the plains.

CIVIL WAR IN ST DOMINGO—LANDING OF THE BRITISH.

Perplexed with the insurrectionary condition of St Domingo, the home government deputed three commissioners to visit the island, and attempt the rectification of its affairs. This was a fruitless effort. The commissioners, on their arrival, made several tours through the island, were greatly astonished and shocked at what they saw, and, despairing of effecting any beneficial measure, returned to Paris. Meanwhile the Revolution in the mother country was proceeding; the republican party and the *Amis des Noirs* were rising into power; and on the 4th of April 1792 a new decree was passed, declaring more emphatically than before the rights of the people of colour, and appointing three new commissioners, who were to proceed to St Domingo and exercise sovereign power in the colony. These commissioners arrived on the 13th of September, dissolved the colonial assembly, and sent the governor, M. Blanchelande, home to be guillotined. With great appearance of activity, the commissioners commenced their duties; and as the mother country was too busy about its own affairs to attend to their proceedings, they acted as they pleased, and contrived, out of the general wreck, to amass large sums of money for their own use; till at length, in the beginning of 1793, the revolutionary government at home, having a little more leisure to attend to colonial affairs, revoked the powers of the commissioners, and appointed a new governor, M. Galbaud. When M. Galbaud arrived in the island, there ensued a struggle between him and the commissioners, he being empowered to supersede them, and they refusing to submit. At length the commissioners calling in the assistance of the revolted negroes, M. Galbaud was expelled from the island, and forced to take refuge in the United States. While this strange struggle for the governorship of the colony lasted, the condition of the colony itself was growing worse and worse. The plantations remained uncultivated; the whites and the mulattoes were still at war; masses of savage negroes were quartered in the hills, in fastnesses from which they could not be dislodged, and from which they could rush down unexpectedly to commit outrages in the plains. In one of these irruptions of a host of negroes, the beautiful city of Cape François, the capital of St Domingo, was seized and burnt.

In daily jeopardy of their lives, and seeing no prospect of a return of prosperity, immense numbers of the white colonists were quitting the island. Many families had emigrated to the neighbouring island of Jamaica, many to the United States, and some even had sought refuge, like the royalists of the mother country, in Great Britain. Through these persons, as well as through the refugees from the mother country, overtures had been made to the British government, for the purpose of inducing it to take possession of the island of St Domingo, and convert it into a British colony; and in 1793, the British government, against which the French republic had now declared war, began to listen favourably to these proposals. General Williamson, the lieutenant-governor of Jamaica, was instructed to send troops from that island to St Domingo, and attempt to wrest it out of the hands of the French. Accordingly, on the 20th of September 1793, about 870 British soldiers, under Colonel Whitelocke, landed in St Domingo—a force miserably defective for such an enterprise. The number of troops was afterwards increased, and the British were able to effect the capture of Port-au-Prince, and also some ships which were in the harbour. Alarmed by this success, the French commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, issued a decree abolishing negro slavery, at the same time inviting the blacks to join them against the British invaders. Several thousands did so; but the great majority fled to the hills, swelling the army of the negro chiefs, François and Biassou, and luxuriating in the liberty which they had so suddenly acquired.

It was at this moment of utter confusion and disorganisation, when British, French, mulattoes, and blacks, were all acting their respective parts in the turmoil, and all inextricably intermingled in a bewildering war, which was neither a foreign war nor a civil war, nor a war of races, but a composition of all three—it was at this moment that Toussaint L'Ouverture appeared, the spirit and the ruler of the storm.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint L'Ouverture, one of the most extraordinary men of a period when extraordinary men were numerous, and, beyond all question, the highest specimen of negro genius the world has yet seen, was born in St Domingo, on the plantation of the Count de Noé, a few miles distant from Cape François, in the year 1743. His father and mother were African slaves on the count's estate. His father, it is said, was the second son of Gaou-Guinou, king of a powerful African tribe; but being taken prisoner by a hostile people, he was, according to the custom of the African nations, sold as a slave to some white merchants, who carried him to St Domingo, where he was purchased by the Count de Noé. Kindly treated by his master, the king's son scarcely regretted that he had been made a slave. He married a fellow-slave, a girl of his own country, and by her he had eight children, five sons and three daughters. Of the sons, Toussaint was the eldest. The negro boy grew up on the plantation on which his father and mother were slaves, performing such little services as he could; and altogether, his life was as cheerful, and his work as easy, as that of any slave-boy in St Domingo. On Count Noé's plantation there was a black of the name of Pierre-Baptiste, a shrewd intelligent man, who had acquired much information, besides having been taught the elements of what would be termed a plain European education by some benevolent missionaries. Between Pierre and young Toussaint an intimacy sprung up, and all that Pierre had learned from the missionaries, Toussaint learned from him. His acquisitions, says our French authority, amounted to reading, writing, arithmetic, a little Latin, and an idea of geometry. It was a fortunate circumstance that the greatest natural genius among the negroes of St Domingo was thus singled out to receive the unusual gift of a little instruction. Toussaint's qualifications gained him promotion; he was made the coachman of M. Bayou, the overseer of the Count de Noé—a situation as high as a negro could hope to fill. In this, and in other still higher situations to which he was subsequently advanced, his conduct was irreproachable, so that while he gained the confidence of his master, every negro in the plantation held him in respect. Three particulars are authentically known respecting his character at this period of his life, and it is somewhat remarkable that all are points more peculiarly of moral than of intellectual superiority. He was noted, it is said, for an exceedingly patient temper, for great affection for brute animals, and for a strong unswerving attachment to one female whom he had chosen for his wife. It is also said that he manifested singular strength of religious sentiment. In person he was above the middle size, with a striking countenance, and a robust constitution, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, and requiring little sleep.

Toussaint was about forty-eight years of age when the insurrection of the blacks took place in August 1791. Great exertions were made by the insurgents to induce a negro of his respectability and reputation to join them in their first outbreak, but he steadily refused. It is also known that it was owing to Toussaint's care and ingenuity that his master, M. Bayou, and his family escaped being massacred. He hid them in the woods for several days, visited them at the risk of his own life, secured the means of their escape from the island, and, after they were settled in the United States, sent them such remittances as he could manage to snatch from the wreck of their property. Such conduct, in the midst of such barbarities as were then enacting, indicates great originality and moral independence of character. After his master's escape, Toussaint, who had no tie to retain him longer in servitude, and who, besides, saw reason and justice in the struggle which his race was making for liberty, attached himself to the bands of negroes then occupying the hills, commanded by François and Biassou. In the negro army Toussaint at once assumed a leading rank; and a certain amount of medical knowledge, which he had picked up in the course of his reading, enabled him to unite the functions of army physician with those of military officer. Such was Toussaint's position in the end of the year 1793, when the British landed in the island.

It is necessary here to describe, as exactly as the confusion will permit, the true state of parties in the island. The British, as we already know, were attempting to take the colony out of the hands of the French republic, and annex it to the crown of Great Britain; and in this design they were favoured by the few French royalists still resident in the island. The French commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, on the other hand, men of the republican school, were attempting, with a motley army of

French, mulattoes, and blacks, to beat back the British. The greater part of the mulattoes of the island, grateful for the exertions which the republicans and the *Amis des Noirs* had made on their behalf, attached themselves to the side of the commissioners, and the republic which they represented. It may naturally be supposed that the blacks would attach themselves to the same party—to the party of those whose watchwords were liberty and equality, and who consequently were the sworn enemies of slavery; but such was not the case. Considerable numbers of the negroes, it is true, were gained over to the cause of the French republic by the manifesto the commissioners had published abolishing slavery; but the bulk of them kept aloof, and constituted a separate negro army. Strangely enough, this army declared itself anti-republican. Before the death of Louis XVI., the blacks had come to entertain a strong sympathy with the king, and a violent dislike to the republicans. This may have been owing either to the policy of their leaders, François and Biassou, or to the simple fact, that the blacks had suffered much at the hands of republican whites. At all events the negro armies called themselves the armies of the king while he was alive; and after he was dead, they refused to consider themselves subjects of the republic. In these circumstances, one would at first be apt to fancy they would side with the British when they landed on the island. But it must be remembered that, along with the blind and unintelligent royalism of the negroes, they were animated by a far stronger and far more real feeling, namely, the desire of freedom and the horror of again being subjected to slavery; and this would very effectually prevent their assisting the British. If they did so, they would be only changing their masters; St Domingo would become a British colony, and they, like the negroes of Jamaica, would become slaves of British planters. No; it was liberty they wanted, and the British would not give them that. They hung aloof, therefore, not acting consistently with the French, much less with the British, but watching the course of events, and ready, at any given moment, to precipitate themselves into the contest and strike a blow for negro independence.

The negroes, however, in the meantime had the fancy to call themselves royalists, François having assumed the title of grand admiral of France, and Biassou that of generalissimo of the conquered districts. Toussaint held a military command under them, and acted also as army physician. Every day his influence over the negroes was extending; and as jealousy is a negro vice as well as a European, François became so envious of Toussaint's growing reputation as to cast him into prison, apparently with the further purpose of destroying him. Toussaint, however, was released by Biassou, who, although described as a monster of cruelty, appears to have had some sparks of generous feeling. Shortly after this, Biassou's drunken ferocity rendered it necessary to deprive him of all command, and François and Toussaint became joint leaders, Toussaint acting in the capacity of lieutenant-general, and François in that of general-in-chief. The negro army at this time judged it expedient to enter the service of Spain, acting in co-operation with the governor of the Spanish colony in the other end of the island, who had been directed by his government at home to carry on war against the French commissioners. The commissioners, it appears, following up the proclamation of liberty to the blacks, which they had published with the hope of increasing their forces sufficiently to resist the British invasion, made an attempt to gain over François and Toussaint. Toussaint, who thought himself bound to assign his reasons for refusing to join them, sent an answer which has been preserved. "We cannot," he says, "conform to the will of the nation, because, since the world began, we have never yielded to the will of any but a king. We have lost our French one; so we adopt the king of Spain, who is exceedingly kind to us; and therefore, gentlemen commissioners, we can have nothing to say to you till you put a king on the throne." This royalist enthusiasm was evidently a mere fancy, which had been put into the heads of the negroes by those who supplied them with words, and which Toussaint allowed himself to be carried away with; and the probability is, that the letter we have quoted was the composition of a Spanish priest. At all events, Toussaint was for some time an officer in the Spanish service, acting under the directions of Joachim Garcia, the president of the Spanish colonial council. In this capacity he distinguished himself greatly. With 600 men, he beat a body of 1500 French out of a strong post which they had occupied near the Spanish town of St Raphael; and afterwards he took in succession the villages of Marmelade, Henneri, Plaisance, and Gonáives. To assist him in these military operations, we are told in some curious notes written by his son, "that, imitating the example of the captains of antiquity, Lucullus, Pompey, Cæsar, and others, he constructed a topographical chart of that part of the island, marking accurately the positions of the hills, the course of the streams," &c. So much did he harass the commissioners, that one of them, Polverel, in speaking of him after the capture of Marmelade, used the expression, "*Cet homme fait ouverture partout*"—[That man makes an opening everywhere.] This expression getting abroad, was the cause of Toussaint being ever afterwards called by the name of *Toussaint L'Ouverture*; which may be translated, Toussaint the Opener; and Toussaint himself knew the value of a good name too well to disclaim the flattering addition. Besides this testimony from an enemy, the negro chief received many marks of favour from the Spanish general, the Marquis d'Hermona. He was appointed lieutenant-general of the army, and presented at the same time with a sword and a badge of honour in the name of his Catholic majesty. But the Marquis D'Hermona having been succeeded in the command by another, Toussaint began to find his services less appreciated. His old rival, François, did his best to undermine his influence among the Spaniards; nay, it is said, laid a plot for his assassination, which Toussaint narrowly escaped. He had to complain also of the bad treatment which certain French officers, who had surrendered to him, and whom he had persuaded to accept a command under him, had received at the hands of the Spaniards. All these circumstances operated on the mind of Toussaint, and shook the principles on which he had hitherto acted. While hesitating with respect to his next movements, intelligence of the decree of the French Convention of the 4th of February 1794, by which the abolition of negro slavery was confirmed, reached St Domingo; and this immediately decided the step he should take. Quitting the Spanish service, he joined the French general, Laveaux, who—the commissioners Santhonax and Polverel having been recalled—was now invested with the sole governorship of the colony; took the oath of fidelity to the French republic; and being elevated to the rank of brigadier-general, assisted Laveaux in his efforts to drive the English troops out of the island.

In his new capacity, Toussaint was no less successful than he had been while fighting under the Spanish colours. In many engagements, both with the British and the Spaniards, he rendered signal services to the cause of the French. At first, however, the French commander Laveaux showed little disposition to place confidence in him; and we can easily conceive that it must have been by slow degrees that a man in the position of Laveaux came to appreciate the character of his negro officer. Laveaux had a difficult task to fulfil; nothing less, in fact, than the task of being the first European to do justice in practice to the negro character, and to treat a negro chief exactly as he would treat a European gentleman. Philosophers, such as the Abbé Gregoire and the Abbé Raynal, had indeed written books to prove that ability and worth were to be found among the negroes, and had laid it down as a maxim that a negro was to be treated like any other man whose circumstances were the same; but probably Laveaux was the first European who felt himself called upon to put the maxim in practice, at least in affairs of any importance. It is highly creditable, therefore, to this French officer, that when he came to have more experience of Toussaint L'Ouverture, he discerned his extraordinary abilities, and esteemed him as much as if he had been a French gentleman educated in the schools of Paris. The immediate occasion of the change of the sentiments of Laveaux towards Toussaint was as follows. In the month of March 1795, an insurrection of mulattoes occurred at the town of the Cape, and Laveaux was seized and placed in confinement. On hearing this, Toussaint marched at the head of 10,000 blacks to the town, obliged the inhabitants to open the gates by the threat of a siege, entered in triumph, released the French commander, and reinstated him in his office. In gratitude for this act of loyalty, Laveaux appointed Toussaint lieutenant-governor of the colony, declaring his resolution at the same time to act by his advice in all matters, whether military or civil—a resolution the wisdom of which will appear when we reflect that Toussaint was the only man in the island who could govern the blacks. A saying of Laveaux is also recorded, which shows what a decided opinion he had formed of Toussaint's abilities: "It is this black," said he, "this Spartacus, predicted by Raynal, who is destined to avenge the wrongs done to his race."

A wonderful improvement soon followed the appointment of L'Ouverture as lieutenant-governor of the colony. The blacks, obedient to their champion, were reduced under strict military discipline, and submitted to all the regulations of orderly civil government. "It must be allowed," says General de Lacroix, in his memoirs of the revolution in St Domingo, an account by no means favourable to the blacks—"it must be allowed that if St Domingo still carried the colours of France, it was solely owing to an old negro, who seemed to bear a commission from heaven to unite its dilacerated members." It tended also to promote the cause of good order in the island, that about this time a treaty was concluded between the French Convention and the Spanish government, in consequence of which the war between the French colonists in one end of the island, and the Spanish colonists in the other, was at an end, and the only enemy with whom the French commander had still to contend was the British, posted here and there along the coast. On the conclusion of this treaty, Jean François, the former rival of Toussaint, left the island, and Toussaint was therefore without a rival to dispute his authority among the blacks. He employed himself now in attacking the English positions on the west coast, and with such vigour and success, that in a short time he forced them to evacuate all the country on both sides of the river Artibonite, although they still lingered in other parts of the island, from which they could not be dislodged.

Since the departure of the commissioners, Santhonax and Polverel, the whole authority of the colony, both civil and military, had been in the hands of Laveaux; but in the end of the year 1795, a new commission arrived from the mother country. At the head of this commission was Santhonax, and his colleagues were Giraud, Raymond, and Leblanc. The new commissioners, according to their instructions, overwhelmed Toussaint with thanks and compliments; told him he had made the French republic his everlasting debtor, and encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to rid the island of the British. Shortly afterwards, Laveaux, being nominated a member of the legislature, was obliged to return to France; and in the month of April

1796, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed his successor, as commander-in-chief of the French forces in St Domingo. Thus, by a remarkable succession of circumstances, was this negro, at the age of fifty-three years, fifty of which had been passed in a state of slavery, placed in the most important position in the island.

Toussaint now began to see his way more clearly, and to become conscious of the duty which Providence had assigned him. Taking all things into consideration, he resolved on being no longer a tool of foreign governments, but to strike a grand blow for the permanent independence of his race. To accomplish this object, he felt that it was necessary to assume and retain, at least for a time, the supreme civil as well as military command. Immediately, therefore, on becoming commander-in-chief in St Domingo, he adopted measures for removing all obstructions to the exercise of his own authority. General Rochambeau had been sent from France with a military command similar to that which Laveaux had held; but finding himself a mere cipher, he became unruly, and Toussaint instantly sent him home. Santhonax the commissioner, too, was an obstacle in the way; and Toussaint, after taking the precaution of ascertaining that he would be able to enforce obedience, got rid of him by the delicate pretext of making him the bearer of despatches to the Directory. Along with Santhonax, several other officious personages were sent to France; the only person of any official consequence who was retained being the commissioner Raymond, who was a mulatto, and might be useful. As these measures, however, might draw down the vengeance of the Directory, if not accompanied by some proofs of good-will to France, Toussaint sent two of his sons to Paris to be educated, assuring the Directory at the same time that, in removing Santhonax and his coadjutors, he had been acting for the best interests of the colony. "I guarantee," he wrote to the Directory, "on my own personal responsibility, the orderly behaviour and the good-will to France of my brethren the blacks. You may depend, citizen directors, on happy results; and you shall soon see whether I engage in vain my credit and your hopes."

The people of Paris received with a generous astonishment the intelligence of the doings of the negro prodigy, and the interest they took in the novelty of the case prevented them from being angry. The Directory, however, judged it prudent to send out General Hedouville, an able and moderate man, to superintend Toussaint's proceedings, and restrain his boldness. When Hedouville arrived at St Domingo, Toussaint went on board the ship to bid him welcome. Conversing with him in the presence of the ship's officers, Toussaint said something about the fatigues of government, upon which the captain of the vessel, meaning to pay him a compliment, said that he wished no greater honour than that of carrying him to France. "Your ship," replied Toussaint, too hastily to consider whether what he said was in the best taste—"your ship is not large enough." He improved the saying, however, when one of Hedouville's staff made an observation some time afterwards to the same effect, hinting that he should now give up the cares of government and retire to France, to spend his declining years in peace. "That is what I intend," said he; "but I am waiting till this shrub (pointing to a little plant in the ground) grow big enough to make a ship." Hedouville found himself a mere shadow. Toussaint, though strictly polite to him, paid no attention to his wishes or representations, except when they agreed with his own intentions.

In the meantime, Toussaint was fulfilling his pledge to the Directory, by managing the affairs of the colony with the utmost skill and prudence. One thing, however, still remained to be done, and that was to clear the island of the British troops. Toussaint's exertions had for some time been directed to this end, and with such success, that Saint Mark, Port-au-Prince, Jeremie, and Molé, were the only places of which the British still retained possession. He was preparing to attack them in these their last holds, when General Maitland, seeing the hopelessness of continuing an enterprise which had already cost so many British lives, opened a negotiation with him, which ended in a treaty for the evacuation of the island. While General Maitland was making his preparations for quitting the island, Toussaint and he were mutual in their expressions of regard. Toussaint visited the English general, was received with all the pomp of military ceremonial, and, after a splendid entertainment, was presented in the name of the king of Great Britain with a costly service of plate and two brass cannons. General Maitland, previous to the embarkation of his troops, visited Toussaint's camp in return, travelling with only three attendants through a tract of country filled with armed blacks. While on his way, he was informed that Roume, the French commissioner, had written to Toussaint, advising him to give a proof of his zeal in the French cause by seizing General Maitland, and detaining him as a prisoner; but confiding in the negro's honour, he did not hesitate to proceed. Arrived at Toussaint's quarters, he had to wait some time before seeing him. At length he made his appearance, holding in his hand two letters. "Here, general," he said on entering, "before we say a word about anything else, read these; the one is a letter I have received from the French commissary, the other is the answer I am just going to despatch." It is said by French historians that about this time offers were made to Toussaint, on the part of Great Britain, to recognise him as king of Hayti, on condition of his signing a treaty of exclusive commerce with British subjects. It is certain, at least, that if this offer was made, the negro chief did not accept it.

The evacuation of St Domingo by the English in 1798 did not remove all Toussaint's difficulties. The mulattoes, influenced partly by a rumour that the French Directory meditated the re-establishment of the exploded distinction of colour, partly by a jealous dislike to the ascendency which a pure negro had gained in the colony, rose in insurrection under the leadership of Rigaud and Petion, two able and educated mulattoes. The insurrection was formidable; but, by a judicious mingling of severity with caution, Toussaint quelled it, reducing Rigaud and Petion to extremities; and the arrival of a deputation from France in the year 1799 bringing a confirmation of his authority as commander-in-chief in St Domingo by the man who, under the title of First Consul, had superseded the Directory, and now swayed the destinies of France, rendered his triumph complete. Petion and Rigaud, deserted by their adherents, and despairing of any further attempt to shake Toussaint's power, embarked for France.

Confirmed by Bonaparte in the powers which he had for some time been wielding in the colony with such good effect, Toussaint now paid exclusive attention to the internal affairs of the island. In the words of a French biographer, "he laid the foundation of a new state with the foresight of a mind that could discern what would decay and what would endure. St Domingo rose from its ashes; the reign of law and justice was established; those who had been slaves were now citizens. Religion again reared her altars; and on the sites of ruins were built new edifices." Certain interesting particulars are also recorded, which give us a better idea of his habits and the nature of his government than these general descriptions. To establish discipline among his black troops, he gave all his superior officers the power of life and death over the subalterns: every superior officer "commanded with a pistol in his hand." In all cases where the original possessors of estates which had fallen vacant in the course of the troubles of the past nine years could be traced, they were invited to return and resume their property. Toussaint's great aim was to accustom the negroes to industrious habits. It was only by diligent agriculture, he said, that the blacks could ever raise themselves. Accordingly, while every trace of personal slavery was abolished, he took means to compel the negroes to work as diligently as ever they had done under the whip of their overseers. All those plantations the proprietors of which did not reappear were lotted out among the negroes, who, as a remuneration for their labour, received one-third of the produce, the rest going to the public revenue. There were as yet no civil or police courts which could punish idleness or vagrancy, but the same purpose was served by courts-martial. The ports of the island were opened to foreign vessels, and every encouragement held out to traffic. In consequence of these arrangements, a most surprising change took place: the plantations were again covered with crops; the sugar-houses and distilleries were re-built; the export trade began to revive; and the population, orderly and well-behaved, began to increase. In addition to these external evidences of good government, the island exhibited those finer evidences which consist in mental culture and the civilisation of manners. Schools were established, and books became common articles in the cottages of the negro labourers. Music and the theatre were encouraged; and public worship was conducted with all the usual pomp of the Romish church. The whites, the mulattoes, and the blacks, mingled in the same society, and exchanged with each other all the courtesies of civilised intercourse. The commander-in-chief himself set the example by holding public levees, at which, surrounded by his officers, he received the visits of the principal colonists; and his private parties, it is said, "might have vied with the best regulated societies of Paris." Himself frugal and abstemious in his habits, he studied magnificence in all matters of court arrangement, the dress of his officers, his furniture, his entertainments, &c. His attention to decorum might be thought excessive, unless we knew the state of manners which had prevailed in St Domingo while it was a French colony. He would never allow the white ladies to appear at his court with their necks uncovered: women, he said, should always look as if they were going to church. Like every man in high office, Toussaint was frequently annoyed by ambitious persons applying to him for situations for which they had no capacity. He had the art, it is said, of sending such persons away without offending them. A negro, for instance, who thought he had some claim to his acquaintanceship, would come and ask to be appointed a judge or a magistrate. "Oh yes," Toussaint would reply, as if complying with the request; and then he would add, "of course you understand Latin?" "Latin!" the suitor would say; "no, general, I never learnt it." "What!" Toussaint would exclaim, "not know Latin, and yet want to be a magistrate!" And then he would pour out a quantity of gibberish, intermingled with as many sounding Latin words as he could remember; and the candidate, astonished at such a display of learning, would go away disappointed, of course, at not getting the office, but laying all the blame upon his ignorance of Latin.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE AND NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—FRENCH INVASION OF ST DOMINGO.

Successful in all his schemes of improvement, Toussaint had only one serious cause for dread. While he admired, and, it may be, imitated Napoleon Bonaparte, he entertained a secret fear of the projects of that great general. Although Bonaparte, as first consul, had confirmed him in his command, several circumstances had occurred to excite alarm. He had sent two letters to Bonaparte, both headed, "The First of the Blacks to the First of the Whites," one of which announced the complete pacification of the island, and requested the ratification of certain appointments which he had made, and the other explained his reasons for cashiering a French official; but to these letters Bonaparte had not deigned to return an answer. Moreover, the representatives from St Domingo had been excluded from the French senate; and rumours had reached the island that the first consul meditated the re-establishment of slavery. Toussaint thought it advisable in this state matters to be beforehand with the French consul in forming a constitution for the island, to supersede the military government with which it had hitherto been content. A draft of a constitution was accordingly drawn up by his directions, and with the assistance of the ablest Frenchmen in the island; and after being submitted to an assembly of representatives from all parts of St Domingo, it was formally published on the 1st July 1801. By this constitution the whole executive of the island, with the command of the forces, was to be intrusted to a governor-general. Toussaint was appointed governor-general for life; his successors were to hold office for five years each; and he was to have the power of nominating the first of them. Various other provisions were contained in the constitution, and its general effect was to give St Domingo a virtual independence, under the guardianship of France.

Not disheartened by the taciturnity of Bonaparte, Toussaint again addressed him in respectful terms, and intreated his ratification of the new constitution. The first consul, however, had already formed the resolution of extinguishing Toussaint and taking possession of St Domingo; and the conclusion of a treaty of peace with England (1st Oct. 1801) increased his haste to effect the execution of his deceitful purpose. In vain did persons acquainted with the state of the island endeavour to dissuade him from this movement, by representing the evils which would arise. "I want," he said to the minister Forfait, who was one of those who reasoned with him on the subject—"I want, I tell you, to get rid of 60,000 men." This was probably the secret of his determination to invade St Domingo. Now that the treaty with England was concluded, he felt the presence of so many of his old companions in arms to be an incumbrance. There were men among them very likely to criticise his government and thwart his designs, and these it would be very convenient to send on a distant expedition. Nay more, it would not be misrepresenting Napoleon's character, if we were to suppose that some jealousy of his negro admirer mingled with his other views. Be this as it may, the expedition was equipped. It consisted of twenty-six ships of war and a number of transports, carrying an army of 25,000 men, the flower of the French troops, who embarked reluctantly. The command of the army was given to General Leclerc, the husband of Pauline Bonaparte, the consul's sister.

Bonaparte had never forgiven his sister this marriage with a man of low birth; and it is said that a frequent cause of annoyance to him in the first years of his consulship, was the arrival in Paris of all sorts of odd people from the country, who, being relations of Leclerc, claimed to be the kinsmen of the first consul. Bonaparte accordingly took this opportunity of sending his brother-in-law abroad. Leclerc was accompanied by his wife Pauline, a woman who, to a strength of mind worthy of Napoleon's sister, added a large share of personal beauty. Many of Toussaint's enemies accompanied Leclerc in this expedition, among whom we may mention Rochambeau, who was second in command, and the mulattoes Rigaud and Petion.

The French squadron reached St Domingo on the 29th of January 1802. "We are lost," said Toussaint, when he saw the ships approach; "all France is coming to St Domingo." The invading army was divided into four bodies. General Kervesau, with one, was to take possession of the Spanish town of St Domingo; General Rochambeau, with another, was to march on Fort Dauphin; General Boudet, with a third, on Port-au-Prince; and Leclerc himself, with the remainder, on Cape François. In all quarters the French were successful in effecting a landing. Rochambeau, in landing with his division, came to an engagement with the blacks who had gathered on the beach, and slaughtered a great number of them. At Cape François, Leclerc sent an intimidating message to Christophe, the negro whom Toussaint had stationed there as commander; but the negro replied that he was responsible only to Toussaint, his commander-in-chief. Perceiving, however, that his post was untenable, owing to the inclination of the white inhabitants of the town to admit Leclerc, Christophe set fire to the houses at night, and retreated to the hills by the light of the conflagration, carrying 2000 whites with him as hostages.

Although the French had effected a landing, the object of the invasion was yet far from being attained. Toussaint and the blacks had retired to the interior, and, in fastnesses where no military force could reach them, they were preparing for future attacks. That the force of language might not be wanting to co-operate with the force of arms, the first consul had sent out a proclamation to be distributed among the inhabitants of St Domingo, assuring them that, "whatever was their origin or their colour, they were all equal, all free, all French in the eyes of God and the republic; that France, herself long desolated by civil wars, but now at peace with the universe, had sent her ships to guarantee civil liberty in St Domingo; but that if the anger of the republic were provoked, it would devour her enemies as the fire devours the dried sugar canes." The proclamation did not produce the intended effect; the blacks still refused to submit. Another stroke of policy was in reserve, the intention of which was to incline Toussaint himself to forbear his opposition to the occupation of the island by the French. Our readers already know that two of Toussaint's sons, whose names were Isaac and Placide, had been sent to Paris to be educated. At Paris, they were placed under the tuition of one M. Coasnon. The first consul resolved that Toussaint's two sons, along with their preceptor, should accompany the expedition under Leclerc to St Domingo, to try the effect which the sight of them might have on the mind of the negro chief. He had sent for them at the Tuileries, and received them very graciously, inquiring of M. Coasnon which was Isaac and which Placide. "Your father," he said to them, "is a great man, and has rendered many services to France. Tell him I said so; and tell him not to believe that I have any hostile intentions against St Domingo. The troops I send are not destined to fight against the native troops, but to increase their strength. The man I have appointed commander is my own brother-in-law." He then asked them some questions in mathematics; and the young men withdrew, delighted with the first consul's kindness. After landing at Cape François, Leclerc despatched Coasnon with Toussaint's two sons to the village of Henneri, where he heard that Toussaint then was. One of the sons, Isaac, has written an account of this interview with his father, and of the transactions which followed it. Travelling to Henneri, he tells us, with M. Coasnon, the negroes everywhere on the road received them with raptures. When they reached Henneri, Toussaint was absent, and they spent the first evening with their mother and the rest of the family. Next day Toussaint joined them, and meeting him at the door, they threw themselves into his arms. M. Coasnon then presented him with a letter from the first consul, which he read on the spot. The letter was a skilful mixture of flattery and menace. "If the French flag," it said, "float over St Domingo, it is owing to you and your brave blacks. Called by your abilities and the force of circumstances to the first command in the island, you have put an end to civil war, and brought back into repute religion and the worship of God, from whom everything proceeds. The constitution which you have made contains a number of excellent things; but——" and then follow a few threatening passages. After reading the letter, Toussaint turned to M. Coasnon and said, "Which am I to believe?—the first consul's words, or General Leclerc's actions? The first consul offers me peace; and yet General Leclerc no sooner arrives than he rushes into a war with us. However, I shall write to General Leclerc." An attempt was then made to influence him through his paternal feelings; but at length Toussaint put an end to the interview by saying, "Take back my sons," and immediately rode off.

The correspondence which Toussaint entered into with Leclerc produced no good result, and the war began in earnest. Toussaint and Christophe were declared outlaws, and battle after battle was fought with varying success. The mountainous nature of the interior greatly impeded the progress of the French. The Alps themselves, Leclerc said, were not nearly so troublesome to a military man as the hills of St Domingo. On the whole, however, the advantage was decidedly on the side of the French; and the blacks were driven by degrees out of all their principal positions. The success of the French was not entirely the consequence of their military skill and valour; it was partly owing also to the effect which the proclamations of Leclerc had on the minds of the negroes and their commanders. If they were to enjoy the perfect liberty which these proclamations promised them, if they were to continue free men as they were now, what mattered it whether the French were in possession of the island or not? Such was the general feeling; and accordingly many of Toussaint's most eminent officers, among whom were Laplume and Maurepas, went over to the French. Deserted thus by many of his officers and by the great mass of the negro population, Toussaint, supported by his two bravest and ablest generals, Dessalines and Christophe, still held out, and protracted the war. Dessalines, besieged in the fort of Crete à Pierrot by Leclerc and nearly the whole of the French army, did not give up the defence until he had caused the loss to his besiegers of about 3000 men, including several distinguished officers; and even then, rushing out, he fought his way through the enemy, and made good his retreat.

The reduction of the fortress of Crete à Pierrot was considered decisive of the fate of the war; and Leclerc, deeming dissimulation no longer necessary, permitted many negroes to be massacred, and issued an order virtually re-establishing the power of the old French colonists over their slaves. This rash step opened the eyes of the negroes who had joined the French: they deserted in masses; Toussaint was again at the head of an army; and Leclerc was in danger of losing all the fruits of his past labours, and being obliged to begin his enterprise over again. This was a very disagreeable prospect; for although strong reinforcements were arriving from France, the disorders incident to military life in a new climate were making large incisions into his army. He resolved, therefore, to fall back on his former policy; and on the 25th of April 1802, he issued a proclamation directly opposite in its spirit to his former order, asserting the equality of the various races, and holding out the prospect of full citizenship to the blacks. The negroes were again deceived, and again deserted Toussaint. Christophe, too, despairing of any farther success against the French, entered into negotiation with Leclerc, securing as honourable terms as could be desired. The example of Christophe was imitated by Dessalines, and by Paul L'Ouverture, Toussaint's brother. Toussaint, thus left alone, was obliged to submit; and Christophe, in securing good terms for himself, had not neglected the opportunity of obtaining similar advantages for his commander-in-chief. On the 1st of May 1802, a treaty was concluded between Leclerc and Toussaint L'Ouverture, the conditions of which were, that Toussaint should continue to govern St Domingo as hitherto, Leclerc acting only in the capacity of French deputy, and that all the officers in Toussaint's army should be allowed to retain their respective ranks. "I swear," added Leclerc, "before the Supreme Being, to respect the liberty of the people of St Domingo." Thus the war appeared to have reached a happy close; the whites and blacks mingled with each other once more as friends; and Toussaint retired to one of his estates near Gonáives, to lead a life of quiet domestic enjoyment.

The instructions of the first consul, however, had been precise, that the negro chief should be sent as a prisoner to France. Many reasons recommended such a step as more likely than any other to break the spirit of independence among the blacks, and rivet the French power in the island. The expedition had been one of the most disastrous that France had ever undertaken. A pestilence resembling the yellow fever, but more fatal and terrible than even that dreadful distemper, had swept many thousands of the French to their graves. What with the ravages of the plague, and the losses in war, it was calculated that 30,000 men, 1500 officers of various ranks, among whom were fourteen generals, and 700 physicians and surgeons, perished in the expedition.

It is our melancholy duty now to record one of the blackest acts committed by Napoleon. Agreeably to his orders, the person of Toussaint was treacherously arrested, while residing peacefully in his house near Gonáives. Two negro chiefs who endeavoured to rescue him were killed on the spot, and a large number of his friends were at the same time made prisoners. The fate of many of these was never known; but Toussaint himself, his wife, and all his family, were carried at midnight on board the *Hero* man-of-war, then in the harbour, which immediately set sail for France. After a short passage of twenty-five days, the vessel arrived at Brest (June 1802); and here Toussaint took his last leave of his wife and family. They were sent to Bayonne; but by the orders of the first consul, he was carried to the chateau of Joux, in the east of France, among the Jura mountains. Placed in this bleak and dismal region, so different from the tropical climate to which he had been accustomed, his sufferings may easily be imagined. Not satisfied, however, with confining his unhappy prisoner to the fortress generally, Bonaparte enjoined that he should be secluded in a dungeon, and denied anything beyond the plainest necessaries of existence. For the first few months of his captivity, Toussaint was allowed to be attended by a faithful negro servant; but at length this single attendant was removed, and he was left alone in his misery and despair. It appears a rumour had gone abroad that Toussaint, during the war in St Domingo, had buried a large amount of treasure in the earth; and during his captivity at Joux, an officer was sent by the first consul to interrogate him respecting the place where he had concealed it. "The treasures I have lost," said Toussaint, "are not those which you seek." After an imprisonment of ten months, the negro was found dead in his dungeon on the 27th of April 1803. He was sitting at the side of the fire-place, with his hands resting on his legs, and his head drooping. The account given at the time was, that he had died of apoplexy; but some authors have not hesitated to ascribe it to less natural circumstances. "The governor of the fort," observes one French writer, "made two excursions to Neufchâtel, in Switzerland. The first time, he left the keys of the dungeons with a captain whom he chose to act for him during his absence. The captain accordingly had occasion to visit Toussaint, who conversed with him about his past life, and expressed his indignation at the design imputed to him by the first consul, of having wished to betray St Domingo to the English. As Toussaint, reduced to a scanty farinaceous diet, suffered greatly from the want of coffee, to which he had been accustomed, the captain generously procured it for him. This first absence of the governor of the fort, however, was only an experiment. It was not long before he left the fort again, and this time he said, with a mysterious, unquiet air to the captain, 'I leave you in charge of the fort, but I do not give you the keys of the dungeons; the prisoners do not require anything.' Four days after, he returned, and Toussaint was dead—starved." According to another account, this miserable victim of despotism, and against whom there was no formal or reasonable charge, was poisoned; but this rests on no credible testimony, and there is reason to believe that Toussaint died a victim only to the severities of confinement in this inhospitable prison. This melancholy termination to his sufferings took place when he was sixty years of age.

Toussaint's family continued to reside in France. They were removed from Bayonne to Agen, and here one of the younger sons of Toussaint died soon after his father. Toussaint's wife died in May 1816, in the arms of her sons Isaac and Placide. In 1825, Isaac L'Ouverture wrote a brief memoir of his father, to which we acknowledge ourselves to have been indebted.

We have thus sketched the life of the greatest man yet known to have appeared among the negroes. Toussaint L'Ouverture was altogether an original genius, tinctured no doubt with much that was French, but really and truly self-developed. His intellectual qualities so much resembled those of Europeans, as to make him more than a match for many of the ablest of them. But perhaps, if we seek to discover the true negro element of his genius, it will be found in his strong affections. The phrenological casts given of Toussaint's head are useful, as representing this in the way most likely to be impressive. They represent

Toussaint as having a skull more European in its general shape than that of almost any other negro. That Toussaint L'Ouverture was not a mere exceptional negro, cast up as it were once for all, but that he was only the first of a possible series of able negroes, and that his greatness may fairly be taken as a proof of certain capabilities in the negro character, will appear from the following brief sketch of the history of St Domingo subsequently to his imprisonment and death.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF ST DOMINGO, OR HAYTI.

The forcible suppression of Toussaint's government, and his treacherous removal from the island, did not prove a happy stroke of policy; and it would have been preferable for France to have at once established the independence of St Domingo, than to have entered on the project of resuming it as a dependency on the old terms. Leclerc, with all the force committed to his care by Bonaparte, signally failed in his designs. The contemptuous and cruel manner in which the blacks were generally treated, and the attempts made to restore them as a class to slavery, provoked a wide-spread insurrection. Toussaint's old friends and generals, Dessalines, Christophe, Clerveaux, and others, rose in arms. Battle after battle was fought, and all the resources of European military skill were opposed to the furious onsets of the negro masses. All was in vain: before October, the negroes, under the command of Dessalines and Christophe, had driven the French out of Fort Dauphin, Port de Paix, and other important positions. In the midst of these calamities, that is, on the 1st of November 1802, Leclerc died, and Pauline Bonaparte returned to France with his body. Leclerc was succeeded in the command by Rochambeau, a determined enemy of the blacks. Cruelties such as Leclerc shrunk from were now employed to assist the French arms; unoffending negroes were slaughtered; and bloodhounds were imported from Cuba to chase the negro fugitives through the forests. Rochambeau, however, had a person to deal with capable of repaying cruelty with cruelty. Dessalines, who had assumed the chief command of the insurgents, was a man who, to great military talents and great personal courage, added a ferocious and sanguinary disposition. Hearing that Rochambeau had ordered 500 blacks to be shot at the Cape, he selected 500 French officers and soldiers from among his prisoners, and had them shot by way of reprisal. To complete the miseries of the French, the mulattoes of the south now joined the insurrection, and the war between France and England having recommenced, the island was blockaded by English ships, and provisions began to fail. In this desperate condition, after demanding assistance from the mother country, which could not be granted, Rochambeau negotiated with the negroes and the English for the evacuation of the island; and towards the end of November 1803, all the French troops left St Domingo.

On the departure of the French, Dessalines, Christophe, and the other generals proclaimed the independence of the island "in the name of the blacks and the people of colour." At the same time they invited the return of all whites who had taken no part in the war; but, added they, "if any of those who imagined they would restore slavery return hither, they shall meet with nothing but chains and deportation." On the 1st of January 1804, at an assembly of the generals and chiefs of the army, the independence of the island was again solemnly declared, and all present bound themselves by an oath to defend it. At the same time, to mark their formal renunciation of all connexion with France, it was resolved that the name of the island should be changed from St Domingo to Hayti, the name given to it by its original Indian inhabitants. Jean Jacques Dessalines was appointed governor-general of the island for life, with the privilege of nominating his successor.

The rule of Dessalines was a sanguinary, but, on the whole, a salutary one. He began his government by a treacherous massacre of nearly all the French who remained in the island trusting to his false promises of protection. All other Europeans, however, except the French, were treated with respect. Dessalines encouraged the importation of Africans into Hayti, saying that since they were torn from their country, it was certainly better that they should be employed to recruit the strength of a rising nation of blacks, than to serve the whites of all countries as slaves. On the 8th of October 1804, Dessalines exchanged his plain title of governor-general for the more pompous one of emperor. He was solemnly inaugurated under the name of James I., emperor of Hayti; and the ceremony of his coronation was accompanied by the proclamation of a new constitution, the main provisions of which were exceedingly judicious. All Haytian subjects, of whatever colour, were to be called *blacks*, entire religious toleration was decreed, schools were established, public worship encouraged, and measures adopted similar to those which Toussaint had employed for creating and fostering an industrial spirit among the negroes. As a preparation for any future war, the interior of the island was extensively planted with yams, bananas, and other articles of food, and many forts built in advantageous situations. Under these regulations the island again began to show symptoms of prosperity. Dessalines was a man in many respects fitted to be the first sovereign of a people rising out of barbarism. Born the slave of a negro mechanic, he was quite illiterate, but had great natural abilities, united to a very ferocious temper. His wife was one of the most beautiful and best educated negro women in Hayti. A pleasant trait of his character is his seeking out his old master after he became emperor, and making him his butler. It was, he said, exactly the situation the old man wished to fill, as it afforded him the means of being always drunk. Dessalines himself drank nothing but water. For two years this negro continued to govern the island; but at length his ferocity provoked his mulatto subjects to form a conspiracy against him, and on the 17th of October 1806 he was assassinated by the soldiers of Petion, who was his third in command.

On the death of Dessalines, a schism took place in the island. Christophe, who had been second in command, assumed the government of the northern division of the island, the capital of which was Cape François; and Petion, the mulatto general, assumed the government of the southern division, the capital of which was Port-au-Prince. For several years a war was carried on between the two rivals, each endeavouring to depose the other, and become chief of the whole of Hayti; but at length hostilities ceased, and by a tacit agreement, Petion came to be regarded as legitimate governor in the south and west, where the mulattoes were most numerous; and Christophe as legitimate governor in the north, where the population consisted chiefly of blacks. Christophe, trained, like Dessalines, in the school of Toussaint L'Ouverture, was a slave born, and an able as well as a benevolent man; but, like most of the negroes who had arrived at his period of life, he had not had the benefit of any systematic education. Petion, on the other hand, had been educated in the Military Academy of Paris, and was accordingly as accomplished and well-instructed as any European officer. The title with which Petion was invested, was that of President of the Republic of Hayti, in other words, president of the republican part of Hayti; the southern and western districts preferring the republican form of government. For some time Christophe bore the simple title of chief magistrate, and was in all respects the president of a republic like Petion: but the blacks have always shown a liking for the monarchical form of government; and accordingly, on the 2d of June 1811, Christophe, by the desire of his subjects, assumed the regal title of Henry I., king of Hayti. The coronation was celebrated in the most gorgeous manner; and at the same time the creation of an aristocracy took place, the first act of the new sovereign being to name four princes, seven dukes, twenty-two counts, thirty barons, and ten knights.

Both parts of the island were well governed, and rapidly advanced in prosperity and civilisation. On the restoration of the Bourbons to the French throne, some hope seems to have been entertained in France that it might be possible yet to obtain a footing in the island, and commissioners were sent out to collect information respecting its condition; but the conduct both of Christophe and Petion was so firm, that the impossibility of subverting the independence of Hayti became manifest. The island was therefore left in the undisturbed possession of the blacks and mulattoes. In 1818 Petion died, and was succeeded by General Boyer, a mulatto who had been in France, and had accompanied Leclerc in his expedition. In 1820, Christophe having become involved in differences with his subjects, shot himself; and the two parts of the island were then reunited under the general name of the Republic of Hayti, General Boyer being the first president. In the following year, the Spanish portion of the island, which for a long time had been in a languishing condition, voluntarily placed itself under the government of Boyer, who thus became the head of a republic including the entire island of St Domingo. In 1825, a treaty was concluded between President Boyer and Charles X. of France, by which France acknowledged the independence of Hayti, in consideration of 150 millions of francs (£6,000,000 sterling), to be paid by the island in five annual instalments, as a compensation for the losses sustained by the French colonists during the revolution. The first instalment was paid in 1836; but as it was found impossible to pay the remainder, the terms of the agreement were changed in 1838, and France consented to accept 60 millions of francs (£2,400,000), to be liquidated in six instalments before the year 1867. Two of the instalments have already been paid. In the political constitution of the island, no change of any importance has taken place till the present time; and the republic of Hayti continues to be governed by a president elected for life, and two legislative houses; one a senate, the other a chamber of representatives.

According to the latest accounts of this interesting island, the annual exports amounted to upwards of thirty millions of pounds of coffee, six millions of pounds of logwood, one million of pounds of cotton, five millions of feet of mahogany, besides considerable quantities of tobacco, cigars, sugar, hides, wax, and ginger. Certain goods are admitted duty free, among which the principal are, arms, ammunition, agricultural implements, cattle, and school-books. The Roman Catholic religion is over the whole island, but all other sects are tolerated. The clergy are said to be ignorant and corrupt; and their influence over the opinions or the morals of the community is small. In the principal towns there are government schools, some of them on the Lancasterian plan: in the capital there is a military school; and there are also a number of private academies in the island. The armed force of Hayti consists of thirty-three regiments of the line, five regiments of artillery, two of dragoons, the president's guard, and a numerous police, amounting in all to nearly 30,000 men. Besides this regular force, there is a militia or national guard of about 40,000 men, the superior officers of which are nominated by the president, the inferior elected by the privates. Hayti possesses scarcely any naval force. In 1837 the revenue of the island was 3,852,576 dollars, and its public expenditure 2,713,102 dollars.

With respect to the social condition of the island, there are, unfortunately, few trustworthy particulars; although the general fact is indisputable, that it is a condition of advancement. There are undoubtedly many imperfections in the republic, many traces of barbarism, much absurdity perhaps, and much extravagance; but still the fact remains that here is a population of blacks which, in the short space of fifty years, has raised itself from the depths and the degradation of slavery to the condition of a flourishing and respectable state. All that we are accustomed to regard as included in the term *civilisation*, Hayti possesses—an established system of government, an established system of education, a literature, commerce, manufactures, a rich and cultivated class in society. Twenty-six years since, the Baron de Vastey, one of the councillors of Christophe, and himself a pure negro, published some reflections on the state of Hayti, in which the following passage occurs:—"Five-and-twenty years ago," says he, "we were plunged in the most complete ignorance; we had no notion of human society, no idea of happiness, no powerful feeling. Our faculties, both physical and moral, were so overwhelmed under the load of slavery, that I myself who am writing this, I thought that the world finished at the line which bounded my sight; my ideas were so limited, that things the most simple were to me incomprehensible; and all my countrymen were as ignorant as myself, and even more so, if that were possible. I have known many of us," he continues, "who have learned to read and write of themselves, without the help of a master; I have known them walking with their books in their hands inquiring of the passengers, and praying them to explain to them the signification of such a character or word; and in this manner many, already advanced in years, became able to read and write without the benefit of instruction. Such men," he adds, "have become notaries, attorneys, advocates, judges, administrators, and have astonished the world by the sagacity of their judgment; others have become painters and sculptors by their own exertions, and have astonished strangers by their works; others, again, have succeeded as architects, mechanics, manufacturers; others have worked mines of sulphur, fabricated saltpetre, and made excellent gunpowder, with no other guides than books of chemistry and mineralogy. And yet the Haytians do not pretend to be a manufacturing and commercial people; agriculture and arms are their professions; like the Romans, we go from arms to the plough, and from the plough to arms."

In conclusion, we can only express a hope that nothing may occur to disturb either the external relations or the internal repose of this singularly regenerated people.

CURIOSITIES OF VEGETATION.

THE vegetation which everywhere adorns the surface of the globe, from the moss that covers the weather-worn stone, to the cedar that crowns the mountain, is replete with matter for reflection and admiration. Not a tree that lifts its branches aloft, not a flower or leaf that expands beneath the sunlight, but has something of habit or of structure—something of form, of fragrance, or of colour—to arrest the attention. It is true that early and constant familiarity has a tendency to render us unobservant of that which surrounds us; but that individual must be idle, and ignorant as idle, whose curiosity cannot be awakened by a description of the wonderful mechanism and adaptations of vegetable life. It is to a brief account of the more remarkable phenomena that the following pages are devoted; not with a view to excite mere unreasoning wonder, but with a desire to create a spirit of inquiry into principles as well as into facts, and to lead the mind to one of the most agreeable pursuits which the wide field of nature presents.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF PLANTS.

Minerals, plants, and animals, are all formed by the chemical combination of certain elementary substances. In minerals, these elements combine by the force of chemical affinity only; but in plants and animals, they are held in combination by vital action. Vitality enables plants and animals to absorb and assimilate food, consisting of the elements necessary for their increase, and also to reproduce beings of their own kind by means of certain organs;

hence they are said to be *organised*, and the substances of which they are composed are known by the general name of *organic matter*. Minerals not possessing vitality have no organs, and consist only of *inorganic matter*. Plants derive their sustenance from inorganic matter—air, earth, and water; animals cannot do so, but must live on vegetables, or prey upon each other. Vegetation, therefore, must be the precursor of animal life in the economy of nature.

The simplest forms of life are observable in certain plants and animals whose economy is limited to the absorption and assimilation of nutriment, and the power of reproduction; and the difference between these humble plants and animals is so trifling, that in them the animal and vegetable kingdoms seem to pass into each other. Thus, notwithstanding all the light which modern science has thrown on organic life, we are yet unable to distinguish between certain lowly forms of corallines and sponges, and to say which are plants and which are animals. But while to the eye of imperfect knowledge the lowest forms of plants and animals seem to merge into each other, it must be ever borne in mind that, beyond a faint analogy, there is nothing like identity between the respective functions of these two great kingdoms.

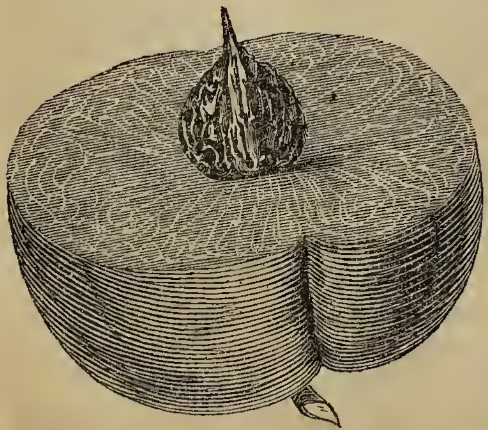
Few plants possess the power of locomotion; and though the aquatic plant called the fresh-water sailor seems to detach itself from the mud in which it originally grows, and rises to the surface of the water to expand its flowers, this must be regarded as the necessary result of a peculiar mechanism, and not of volition. Plants are propagated by division; and it is only among the lowest living forms, as sponges and polyps, that detached parts will become perfect individuals. Plants have no stomach; and though the lobe-like leaves of Venus's fly-trap are said to digest the flies they catch, this fact must be regarded rather as the result of ordinary decay than of true digestion. Plants are without feeling. Though the leaves of the sensitive plant shrink at the slightest touch, yet we cannot, without a misapplication of words, apply the term feeling where no nervous structure has yet been discovered. In like manner, the growth of young trees and shrubs has been compared to the spinal marrow of animals; the upward current of the sap in spring, and its descent in autumn, to the circulation of the blood; and the exhalation of oxygen, and the absorption of carbonic acid gas in the leaves, to respiration; but all these are mere analogies, not identities of function. Indeed all the vital operations of plants are performed in a different manner from those of animals; the instances of locomotion, sensitiveness, and power of digestion in plants being very rare and imperfect, while the power of propagating by division in animals is equally so.

Plants, whether rooted in the soil or on other organic bodies —whether floating in water or suspended in the atmosphere, are dependent upon air, moisture, heat, and light, for their perfect development. Besides these conditions, many require nourishment from the soil; but, strange as it may appear at first sight, soil is not essential to vegetation in general; for many plants, such as aquatics, parasites, and aërials, grow and propagate their kind without once coming in contact with the ground. It is common to divide the vegetable kingdom into two great sections—those plants which flower, as trees, shrubs, and grasses, and those which do not flower, as ferns, sea-weeds, and mushrooms. It is also usual to arrange them according to their manner of growth. Thus, some increase by external layers, as the fir, the wood of which shows many concentric layers, each ring being a year's growth; others grow from within, as the palm, the trunk of which shows no concentric layers; and some increase by mere prolongation of the apex, or growing point, as the ferns, sea-weeds, and lichens. Those which increase by external layers, have the nerves of the leaves reticulated or netted, as in the apple; those which grow by internal additions, have the nerves arranged in parallel order, as in the lily; and those which add to their bulk by simple extension of the growing point, have no distinct venation, as in the lichens.

REPRODUCTION AND DISPERSION OF PLANTS.

The main object of a plant during growth seems to be the reproduction of its kind. Whether the term of its being be limited by a day, by a year, or by centuries, its sole effort—as it proceeds from leaf to stem, from stem to branch, and from branch to flower and fruit—is the multiplication of itself. This is effected variously: by seeds, by spores or embryo plants, by tubers, by runners which put forth shoots as they elongate, by branches which send down roots, by branches bending downwards and taking root, by slips or detached branches, or even by single leaves.

Increase by seed is the most familiar mode of reproduction, being common to all flowering plants. Seeds are merely leaves preserved in peculiar cerements against the return of the season of growth. They are also furnished with a sufficiency of nutriment for the embryo plant, till its roots have struck into the soil, and its leaves be expanded into the atmosphere. For the excitement of growth in seeds, a certain amount of heat and moisture is necessary; but too much heat would parch them, and too much cold or moisture would destroy their vitality. To provide against

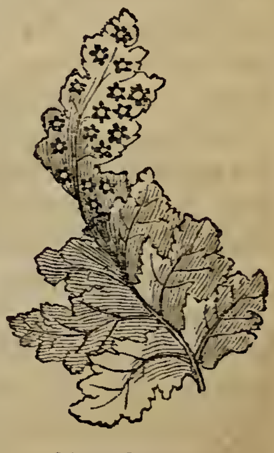


Section of a Peach.

such contingencies, nature has conferred on them the most ingenious and perfect coverings. The cocoa has a tough fibrous coir and woody nut impervious alike to drought and rain; the chestnut has a compact leathery envelope; the peach a hard stony drupe; the apple a fleshy pome, enclosing leathery cells; the rose a waterproof hip, packed with down; the pea and bean a pod of parchment; and seeds apparently naked have either a coriaceous membrane, or have their exterior tissue so condensed, that they look as if they had come from the hand of the japanner. In all of them, the protection against cold, drought, moisture, and other destructive agencies is so complete, that seeds which have been buried for centuries have, on being brought to the surface, sprung up into healthy plants: even a crop of wheat has been reared from seeds taken from the hand of an Egyptian mummy more than three thousand years old!

Equally perfect with this protection is the means for their dispersion over the surface of the globe. What could be better adapted for floating from island to island than the cocoa-nut, with its light fibrous coir and woody shell? What more easily caught up by the slightest breath of air than the seeds of the thistle or dandelion, with their little parachutes of down? Or what more aptly fitted for attachment to the coats of wandering animals than the hooked heads of the teasel and burdock? Nor does contrivance end here. Many, when ripe, are ejected from the vessels which contain them with considerable force by means of elastic valves and springs. The *Cardamine impatiens* throws its ripe seed to a considerable distance on being touched; so does the squirting cucumber, the geranium, the common broom, and others, as if they were endowed with vitality, and had a care for their embryo progeny. Some do not even part with their seeds till these have struck root as independent plants. Thus the mangrove, which flourishes amid the mud of tropical deltas and creeks, retains its berries till they have sent down long thread-like radicles into the silt below, as if it felt that the water and slime by which it was surrounded were elements too unstable to be intrusted with its offspring.

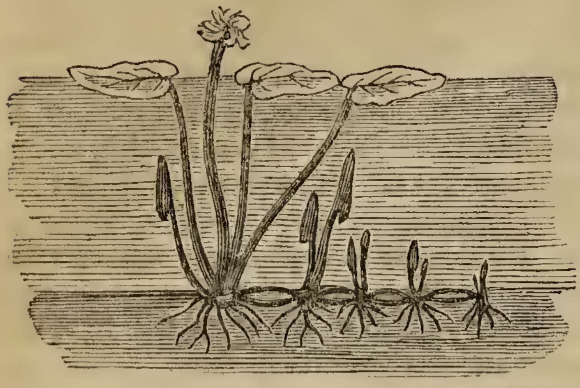
Plants that reproduce themselves by spores or germs belong to the flowerless section of vegetation, as the ferns, sea-weeds, mosses, mushrooms, and the like. In many of these the reproductive spores are so minute that they float in the air unseen; and not a dried mushroom or puff-ball that is struck by the wandering foot, but disperses thousands of its kind around it. The little brown specks on the leaf of the fern, the snuff-like powder of the puff-ball, or the dust arising from the mould of a decayed cheese, are all alike the germs of future plants; and when we


Female Fern.

consider how minute each individual is, how liable to be borne about by winds, by water, and by the coverings of animals, to which they may adhere, we shall cease to wonder at the fact, that there is not a portion of surface, organic or inorganic, that may not be covered with their growth. The spores of sea-weeds, which are always surrounded by water, are covered by a mucilage that enables them to adhere to whatever solid body they touch; and what is peculiar in this adhesive substance—it is insoluble in water. "Let chemistry," says Macculloch in his Illustrations of the Attributes of God, "name another mucilage, another substance which water cannot dissolve, though apparently already in solution with water, and then ask if this extraordinary secretion was not designed for the special end attained, and whether also it does not afford an example of that Power which has only to will that it may produce what it desires, even by means the most improbable."

Many plants, as the potato, reproduce themselves both by seeds and tubers. Both modes, however, do not take place with equal exuberance at one and the same time. In its native region of South America, where the climate is better adapted for blossom and ripening of seed, the potato flowers luxuriantly, but yields an insignificant crop of small acrid tubers: in our unstable climate, on the other hand, the underground progeny is the more abundant and prolific. There is, it would seem, a certain amount of vital force in every plant, and if that force be expended on flowering, tubers will not be produced, and if on the production of an underground progeny, the seed will not be matured, as is the case with the horse-radish and Jerusalem artichoke. Here, however, it must be remarked, that tubers are not roots in the botanical sense of the word: they are true underground stems, which, instead of terminating in fruit and seed, terminate in nodes full of eyes or leaf-buds, and supplied with a quantity of farinaceous matter for the support of the young buds, till they have struck their roots in the soil sufficient to elaborate their own sustenance. Let any one unearth a potato plant with care, and he will at once perceive the difference between the true roots spreading out into minute fibres, and the underground stems terminating in tubers. The former are tough and fibrous, diverging into minute radicles, each tipped with its little sucking point or spongiole; the latter are soft and succulent, undivided, and ending in a mass of farinaceous matter, studded with young buds. Each of these buds, if detached with a portion of the tuber, and placed in proper soil, will spring up into a perfect plant—the farinaceous fragment supplying it with food until roots and leaves are formed.

The manner in which plants reproduce themselves viviparously, differs according to the constitutional character of the individual. Some, as the elm and poplar, have their roots furnished with buds, which sooner or later sprout forth into offsets and suckers, as they are called, and these annually increase in bulk and height, ultimately becoming, under proper conditions, perfect trees. Others, as the greater number of bulbs and tubers, multiply themselves by sending out runners, each of which produce several young plants; and herbaceous perennials extend themselves in the same way, either by runners under ground, as the couch-grass, or above ground, as the strawberry. Most people must have observed the continual efforts of the latter plant to extend itself in this way; and so it is with many others—the propensity being most powerful where there is the least opportunity of bringing forth seed. It is often highly interesting to watch the progress of these runners. Where the soil is soft and favourable throughout, the young shoots are developed at about equal distances; but where the soil is hard, or covered with stones, the runner pushes its way over these obstructions, refusing to put forth a single bud until the proper conditions for its maintenance be reached. We have often seen a gravel walk thus crossed by a strawberry runner, the runner being as budless as a piece of copper-wire, until it had arrived at the soil on the other side, where it immediately put forth its young progeny in abundance. Instances of this kind are often ascribed to vegetable instinct; and were it not for the essential differences which evidently exist between vegetables and animals, one would be almost tempted to assign to it a higher designation. Some plants produce living seeds in the vessels where the ordinary seed is matured, as may be seen in certain species of the onion family, known as tree and apple onions; and others, like some of the lilies, yield little perfect bulbs in the axils of the stem leaves.



Aquatic Plant extending its creeping stems along the mud.

Another manner in which trees multiply themselves is by their branches bending downwards till they touch the ground with the growing points, which then take root and spring up into independent stems. This frequently happens among trailing shrubs, as the bramble and honeysuckle, and may also be witnessed among our garden roses and gooseberries. A somewhat similar mode of extension is presented by the banyan, which becomes enlarged without the assistance of either seeds or suckers. Roots are produced by the under-side of the lower branches: these hang dangling in the air for months before they reach the ground; this at last they penetrate, and become stems to a new head of branches. An old tree of this kind, as will be shown in another section, presents a most magnificent object, forming concentric corridors over a great extent of surface. Acting upon the principles here pointed out by nature, gardeners propagate many of their favourites by layers—that is, by bending a branch or shoot till a portion of it be buried in the soil, where it throws out roots, and establishes itself as an independent plant. This being done, it is removed from the parent stock and placed in another situation. Plants are also propagated by slips—that is, by detached young shoots being thrust into the soil, where they generally throw out roots, and grow up into healthy individuals. Budding is another artificial mode of propagation: it is, in fact, merely slipping at an earlier stage of growth. It is performed by taking the leaf-bud from one tree or branch, and neatly inserting it under the cuticle of another tree or branch, where, fed by the necessary juices, it extends to a new bough or arm.

Perhaps the most curious mode of natural reproduction is that by the leaf. It is well known that many leaves, as those of the echeveria, malaxis, gloxinia, orange, and others, when fallen to the ground in a young and growing state, put forth roots and become perfect plants. This fact is at present exciting much attention; and since all parts of a plant are but special developments of the leaf, it is argued that there is nothing to prevent the propagation of every tree and shrub by means of this single organ.

What a curious view of vegetable life do the principles of reproduction unfold! namely, that all parts of a plant—whether root, tuber, bulb, stem, branch, leaf, or seed—will, under certain conditions, grow up into a perfect individual, similar to the parent from which it has sprung. All modes do not take place at one and the same time, for nature is never prodigally wasteful of her resources; but where climate or other conditions interrupt production by one source, another is developed more exuberantly than usual to supply its place. If we have not conditions to mature fruit and seed, there will be tubers, or suckers, or runners instead; and just as the chances of failure are great, so are the modes of reproduction proportionally increased. There is nothing corresponding to this in the animal kingdom, unless among the very lowest forms, as the polyps and sponges, which also increase by division. Lop away a branch from a tree, and its place may be supplied by another; break off the limb of a crab or insect, and another limb will shortly take its place; but while the detached branch will spring up into a tree similar to its parent, all vitality has fled from the separated limb of the crustacean. Higher animals than insects and crustaceans have no power to reproduce lost parts; but while devoid of this vegetative-like power, they have a more exalted sentient development; and if denied the power to reproduce a lost limb, they are endowed with faculties which can better protect them.

METAMORPHOSES OF VEGETATION.

In a state of nature, certain orders of vegetation are limited to certain localities, these situations being characterised by some peculiarity of soil and atmospheric influence. If the conditions of soil and climate remain the same, the characters of plants are nearly uniform and stationary; and this may be always said of them in their natural state. But if they be removed from a poor to a rich soil, from a warm to a cold climate, from a dry to a moist habitat, or *vice versa*, then their internal structure will undergo a change; and this change will manifest itself in one or other of their external characters. In some classes, the change is most evident in the roots and tubers; in others, in the stems and leaves; while in many, the flowers and fruit are the parts most affected.

The changes which *roots* and *tubers* can be made to undergo are numerous and highly beneficial to man. The potato, for example, is a native of tropical America; and when found wild, its tubers are small and scarcely edible; while in Europe it has been rendered by cultivation one of the most valuable articles of food. The produce of an acre of wild potatoes could be held in a single measure; while in Britain, the same area will yield from forty to sixty bolls. Cultivation has produced a thousand varieties of this tuber, varying in shape, size, colour, and quality. Beet, parsnip, and turnip, are also made to assume many variations under proper cultivation. The bulb of the latter, for instance, has, since the beginning of the present century, been metamorphosed in forms from globular to fusiform, in colours from white and yellow to purple and green, and in weight from a couple of ounces to twenty pounds. So also with the carrot, which in a wild state is a slender tapering fleshy root of a yellowish-white colour, but which by cultivation increases in size, and assumes a deep red or orange colour. In the one case, the root is not much thicker than a common quill; in the other, it becomes as thick and long as a man's arm.

Stems, though less liable to metamorphosis of this kind, are still capable of being strangely changed from their normal condition. Every one is aware that if a tree which is a native of mountains be placed in a valley, it grows more rapidly, and its timber becomes softer and less durable; and in like manner, if the tree of a valley be removed to a mountain, it becomes of slow growth and small dimensions, but produces timber remarkable for its toughness and durability. By cultivating upon this principle, tall stems are for the most part rendered short, and short ones taller; the dahlia, for example, having been reduced to one-half of its natural height by garden culture.

Leaves are also subject to innumerable metamorphoses, arising either from culture, change of season, disease, or injury by insects. Let any one examine the cabbage in its wild state, as it trails among the shingle of the sea-shore, with its slender stem and small glaucous leaves, and then turn to the giant of the garden, with its stout fleshy stalk and large succulent leaves springing and thickening so rapidly, that they have not room to unfold themselves, but gather into a *heart* or cluster several feet in circumference, and he will have some idea of the metamorphic adaptation of vegetable life. It is owing to the Protean nature of this organ that we have puckered leaves, as in the curled cress and curled savoy; and that we have notched and lobed ones, becoming simple and entire.

The metamorphoses which occur in the *floral organs* are also very frequent; and on this feature depends all that variety and beauty which it is now so much the object of the florist to produce. These transformations consist in an increase of the petals, in a conversion of petals into stamens, and in some modification of the colour. What are called *double* flowers are produced by a multiplication of the petals, as in the common varieties of the rose; and *full* flowers are those in which the multiplication is carried so far as to obliterate the stamens and pistil. The rose, for example, produces in a wild state only a single row of petals, surrounding a vast number of yellow stamens; but when cultivated, many rows of petals are formed at the expense of the stamens, which are proportionally diminished. Compare the dog-rose of our hedges with the cabbage or Provence rose of our gardens; or compare the single anemones and ranunculuses of the Levant with the finest Dutch varieties, and see what cultivation has produced. In the one case there are only five diminutive petals; in the other we have hundreds. The wild anemone is scarcely an inch across; the Dutch have reared specimens more than six inches in diameter.

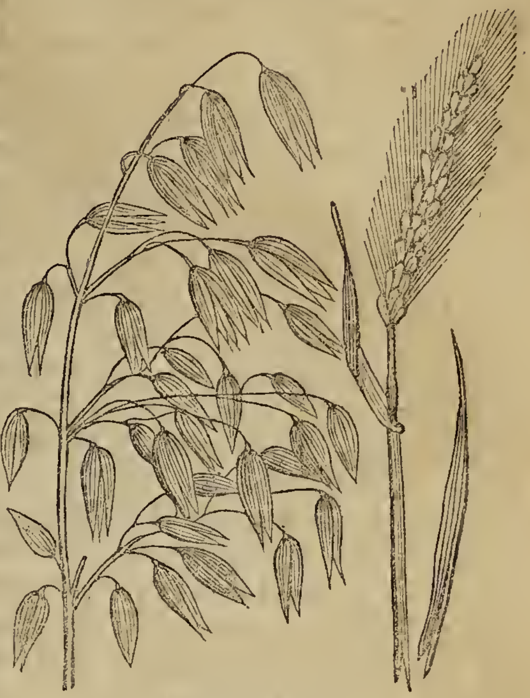
"With regard to *colour*," says Dr Lindley, "its infinite changes and metamorphoses in almost every cultivated flower can be compared to nothing but the alterations caused in the plumage of birds, or in the hairs of animals by domestication. No cause has ever been assigned for these phenomena, nor has any attempt been made to determine the cause in plants. We are, however, in possession of the knowledge of some of the laws under which change of colour is effected. A blue flower will change to white or red, but not to bright yellow; a bright yellow flower will become white or red, but never blue. Thus the hyacinth, of which the primitive colour is blue, produces abundance of white or red varieties, but nothing that can be compared to bright yellow—the yellow hyacinths, as they are called, being a sort of pale yellow ochre verging to green. Again, the ranunculus, which is originally of an intense yellow, sports into scarlet, red, purple, and almost any colour but blue. White flowers which have a tendency to produce red will never sport to blue, although they will to yellow; the roses, for example, and the crysanthemums."

The changes which the fruit or seed undergoes are also very numerous and obvious. Where, for instance, is there a native grain like wheat, or a native fruit like the apple? In a wild state, the seeds of our cereal grains (wheat, barley, oats, &c.) are thin and meagre; by proper cultivation they are rendered large, plump, and full of farina, so as to become the most important articles of human subsistence. The small globular sour crab of our hedges is the original of the numberless varieties of apples now cultivated by gardeners, each variety differing somewhat in size, shape, colour, and flavour. In like manner with the sloe, which few could detect as the parent of our purple, yellow, and white plums; and so also with the wild cherry, and almost every species of our cultivated fruits and seeds. We not only can change their size, colour, and other external characters, but can transform them from dry, acrid, and noxious fruits, to fleshy, pleasant, and wholesome products.

TRANSMUTATION OF PLANTS.

Curious as the doctrines of metamorphosis may seem, they are founded on physiological principles which we can discover and appreciate. There is nothing surpassing belief in the statement that a stamen is only a leaf transformed and modified to execute a special purpose; nothing incredible in the fact of a leaf composed of cellular tissue being increased by proper treatment from a square inch to a square foot in dimension; but there is something incredible, something beyond all our ordinary conceptions of the uniformity of nature's workings, in the statement that one plant can be transmuted into another; that, for example, barley can be converted into oats, or oats into rye; yet is this doctrine affirmed upon the evidence of certain carefully-conducted experiments.

From the many statements that have been published respecting this curious subject, we select that of Dr Weissenborn as being the most emphatic, and as containing all that is yet really known and worthy of credit:—"With reference to the transformation of oats into rye, this remarkable phenomenon has not only been verified by new experiments, but we have caused beds to be sown with oats, in order that we may be able to convince disbelievers, by producing rye-stalks which have sprung from the crown, that still shows the withered leaves of the oat plant of the previous year. I repeat that this transformation does take place, if oats are sown very late (about midsummer), and cut twice as green fodder before shooting into ear; the consequence of which is, that a considerable number of oat plants do not die in the course of the winter, but are changed in the following spring into rye, forming stalks that cannot be known from those of the finest rye. We must expect that this fact will be considered by many as a mere assertion; and there are others still in doubt about it. The latter, however, own that they have either not made the experiment, or have sown their oats too early, and therefore had cut them oftener than twice, in order to prevent their running into ear, whereby the plant loses the power of surviving the winter, and of being transformed into rye. I cannot notice such adversaries as reject the result without having put it to the test of experiment, or who rest their opposition on experiments that have not been conducted in the right manner. *Let any one sow oats during the latter end of June, and the transformation in question will certainly take place!* The time of sowing the oats did not formerly appear of paramount importance, nor was it believed that it could make any difference whether the oats were cut more than twice; in consequence of which a few experiments have failed. Now, however, we must conclude that if the transformation occasionally takes place with oats that have been sown too early, that is merely an accident depending on a peculiar state of the weather or other casualties, whereas the result is quite certain if the oats are sown towards the end of June. If the soil is too dry about that time, one of the reporters on the subject to the Agricultural Society of Coburg concludes, from an experiment he made in 1837, that one watering, so as to enable the oats to germinate, may be recommended; although, if this is done repeatedly, the high temperature of the season will cause the plants to grow so luxuriantly, that it becomes necessary to cut them three times when about one and a-half foot high, to prevent them forming their ear, whereby the object would be wholly or partially lost. If, however, among those who doubt the fact, there be found people who pity us because we trust more to actual experiment than to theory, we should almost feel tempted to pity theorists whose self-sufficiency has prevented them from thoroughly investigating an important phenomenon which was noticed so many years ago. Nor can


Oats and Rye.

we commend the discernment of such as are unable to discover in the plants in question both the preceding year's dry stubble and leaves of the oats, and the fresh stalks and leaves of the rye, which latter form in May upon the crown of the oat plant, and produce fine winter rye. The society (of Coburg) takes credit to itself for perseverance, in having struggled against the opinion of the public for several years, in order to establish a fact which no physiologist would believe, because people are always apt to confound the laws of nature with those of their systems."

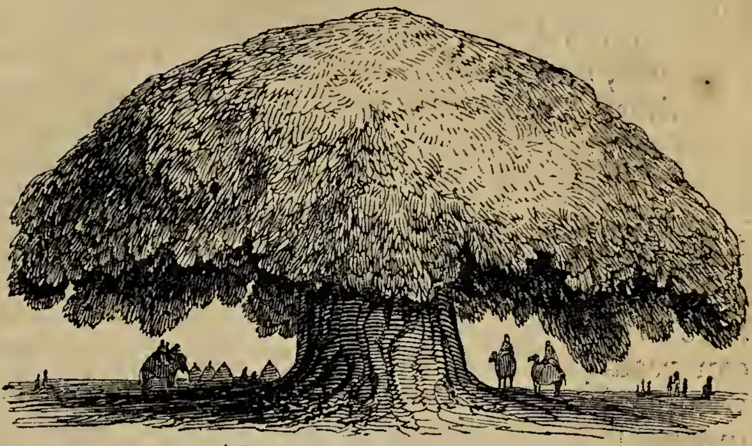
The common faith of naturalists is, that what they call a *species* is immutable; in other words, that any animal or plant will give birth to others only of its own species. But what is a species? Are we so familiar with nature's secrets as to determine absolutely what are species and what varieties. The advocates for transmutation in plants do not expect, we presume, that a cow will ever give birth to a horse, or that an oak will spring from the seed of an apple. They merely affirm that many plants now regarded as distinct species, or even genera, may be made, under certain conditions, to assume the characteristics of each other; and they point to the transmutation of oats into rye—both belonging to the same natural order, *Gramineæ*—as evidence of their assertion.

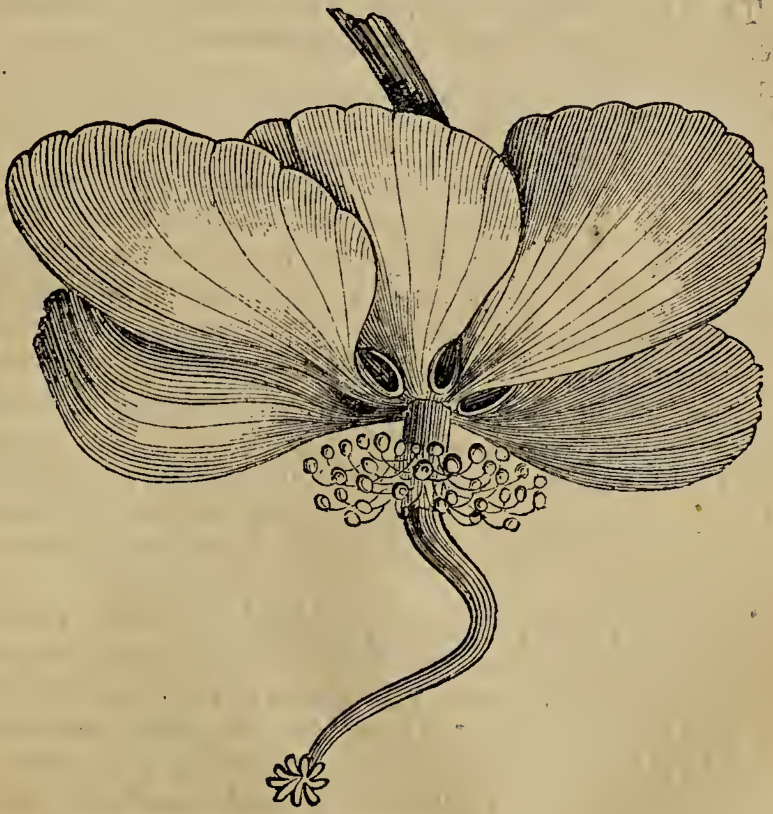
Having thus given a hasty sketch of the principles regulating the growth, reproduction, and dispersion of plants, we shall now advert to some of the more wonderful results as regards their size, longevity, sensation, and other phenomena.

GIANT PLANTS.

As there are some orders of plants of larger growth than others, so in the same order there are species of such colossal dimensions as to have long been not only subjects of wonder, but of religious reverence and historical association. Among these may be ranked the Adansonia, the banyan, and others of the tropical forest, on which nature has invariably impressed the most gigantic proportions; and also certain natives of temperate regions, such as oaks, planes, and chestnuts, which occasionally attain a size so unusual, that they appear more like several trees united by a sort of Siamese brotherhood than individual trunks. Such individuals may be regarded not only as giants, but as patriarchs; not only as emblems of strength, but as emblems of duration.

The *Adansonia*, which derives its name from the French botanist Michel Adanson, belongs to the *Bombaceæ*, or cotton-tree tribe, and is justly regarded as the colossus of the vegetable kingdom. It is a native of Senegal, Guinea, and the countries on the west coast of Africa; but specimens have been found growing freely both in India and South America. Besides its botanical appellation, the Adansonia is known as the baobab, the monkey bread tree, and the Egyptian sour gourd. The height of the trunk is moderate, varying from 50 to 60 feet, but its lateral bulk is almost incredible. In 1756, Adanson met with trunks in Senegambia having a diameter of 30 feet and a circumference of 90; and Mr Gilberry observed one having a circumference of 104 feet, though its height did not exceed 30. The branches are of considerable size, and 50 or 60 feet long; the central branch rises perpendicularly, the others spread round it in all directions; and their extremities being bent towards the ground by the weight of foliage, the whole tree presents the appearance of a vast hemispherical mass of verdure 140 or 150 feet in circumference (see fig). In seed, a full-grown Adansonia seen at a distance almost presents the appearance of a forest; and it is not till the spectator has satisfied himself by a near inspection, that he can be convinced that the luxuriant verdure above proceeds from a solitary stem. The leaves, which closely resemble those of the


Adansonia, or Baobab Tree.


Flower of Adansonia.

horse-chestnut, are of a deep green: and it is said that Cape de Verd (literally, the Green Cape) takes its name from the circumstance of its being clothed with these gigantic trees. The flowers are white and pendent, and, as may be expected from the size of the tree, very large, measuring, when fully expanded, from 4 to 6 inches in diameter. A full-grown Adansonia, clothed with its brilliant verdure and snowy blossoms, must therefore present a most magnificent spectacle; and we can fully appreciate the feelings that prompt the untutored negro to worship under its shade, and hail the opening of the flowers with a pious good-morning. Another consideration connected with the baobab is the great age to which many individuals must arrive, as may be inferred from their enormous bulk. It is no doubt a very rapid grower, for a specimen in the Botanic Garden at Calcutta is said to have attained a circumference of 18 feet in twenty-six years; but when we multiply this ten or twentyfold, and make allowance at the same time for the slower increase of maturity, we can readily believe that many specimens now extant may have witnessed the revolutions of more than 2000 years. Adanson indeed looks upon it as the oldest living monument on the globe; and taking his data from two specimens which he examined in 1761, he calculates that some of the baobabs then flourishing on the coast of Africa might have existed for 5000 years! This is obviously an erroneous calculation, founded on the increase by annual layers, as witnessed in temperate regions —a circumstance which is by no means constant, as there may in the tropics be two, three, or even more layers formed in one year, according to seasonal influences; but even after the necessary deductions, we are compelled to regard the Adansonia as alike the monarch and patriarch of the vegetable kingdom.

Among the many astonishing features of Indian vegetation, the *Banyan*, or sacred fig of the Hindoos, is one of the most curious and beautiful. Its branches bend towards the ground, take root, and thus form separate trees, which successively cover a vast space of ground, and furnish an agreeable and extensive shade in warm climates. Milton thus correctly describes its habit, where he speaks of its leaves as being those of which Adam and Eve "made themselves aprons:"—

"Soon they chose
The fig tree; not that kind for fruit renowned—
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root; and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade,
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

The banyan is the *Ficus Indica* of botanists, and belongs to the *Artocarpeæ*, or bread-fruit tribe. A specimen is mentioned by Marsden as growing in Bengal, which had fifty or sixty stems, with a total diameter of 370 feet, and which afforded at noon a shadow, the circumference of which was 1116 feet. There is another yet more gigantic still standing on the island of Nerbuddah, near Baroach, called the *Cubbeer Burr.* The tradition of the natives is, that this tree is 3000 years old; and it is supposed by some to be the same that was visited by Nearchus, one of Alexander the Great's officers. The large trunks of this tree amount in number to 350; the smaller ones exceed 3000; and each of these is continually sending forth branchlets and hanging roots to form other trunks. The circumference of this remarkable plant is nearly 2000 feet. Roxburgh states that he found the banyan in the greatest perfection and beauty about the villages on the skirts of the Circar Mountains, where he saw some individuals 500 yards round the circumference of the branches, and 100 feet high; the principal trunk being more than 20 feet to the branches, and 8 or 9 feet in diameter. Though undoubtedly a tree of wonderful dimensions, the banyan must be regarded as a succession of independent stems rather than as a single individual; for it is evident that some of the earlier rooting-branches may exceed the parent trunk in size, and that any of them being once rooted, would live and send forth new branches in arches and colonnades though the original stem were utterly destroyed.

The *Dracæna* or *Dragon Tree* is another of those gigantic plants which give character to the vegetation of intertropical countries. It is found abundantly in the East India islands, in the Canaries and Cape Verds, and along the coast of Sierra Leone. In ordinary cases, the erect trunk of the dracæna does not exceed twelve or fourteen feet, but divides into a number of short branches, each ending in a tuft of spreading sword-shaped leaves, pointed at the extremity. The tree is palm-like in its growth, but belongs to the asparagus tribe of Jussieu, or, according to Dr Lindley, to the *Liliaceæ.* It does not increase by external layers like the oak and fir, but enlarges after the manner of the palm, and therefore has not a trunk of true durable timber; nevertheless, some specimens have been known to grow to an enormous size, and to endure for many centuries. The most celebrated specimen on record is that of Orotava, in the island of Teneriffe, which in 1799 was found by Humboldt to be 45 feet in circumference, and about 50 or 60 feet in height. "The trunk," says the baron, "is divided into a great number of branches, which rise in the form of a candelabra, and are terminated by tufts of leaves, like the yucca which adorns the valleys of Mexico. It still bears every year both leaves and fruit. Its aspect feelingly recalls to mind 'that eternal youth of nature' which is an inexhaustible source of motion and of life." Though continuing thus to grow, this tree had not perceptibly increased in size during the life of the oldest inhabitant, as its top branches, from the brittle nature of the wood, were constantly being broken down by the winds. In 1819 the greater part of its top was blown down; and in 1822 the venerable trunk was entirely laid prostrate by a tempest. The enormous bulk of this wonderful vegetable was noted so early as the time of Bethencourt, in 1402, who described it as large and as hollow as it was found by Humboldt; hence the latter infers that, along with the Adansonia, the dracæna of Orotava was one of the oldest inhabitants of our globe.

The *Courbarils* of the primeval forests of Brazil are thus spoken of by Von Martius:—"The place where these prodigious trees were found appeared to me as if it were the portal of a magnificent temple, not constructed by the hands of man, but by the Deity himself, as if to awe the mind of the spectator with a holy dread of His own presence. Never before had I beheld such enormous trunks: they looked more like living rocks than trees; for it was only on the pinnacle of their bare and naked bark that foliage could be discovered, and that at such a distance from the eye, that the forms of the leaves could not be made out. Fifteen Indians, with outstretched arms, could only just embrace one of them. At the bottom they were 84 feet in circumference, and 60 feet where the boles became cylindrical!" We know too little of these vegetable leviathans to give a more minute account; but if they are as Martius describes, they may be justly considered as rivalling the Adansonias both in point of age and dimensions.

Passing from trees of strange habit and growth, only familiar to the inhabitants of the tropics, we shall now advert to some which are common in European forests, and which occasionally attain dimensions little if at all inferior to the baobabs and banyans of India and Africa. Among these we may notice, in the first place, the *cypress*, *yew*, and *cedar*, which respectively belong to the *Coniferæ*, or fir tribe, and which are all remarkably long-lived and enduring. The largest known specimens of the cypress are to be met with in Mexico. At Atlexo, for instance, there is one said to be 76 feet in girth; and another at St Maria del Tuli, which is 118 feet in circumference! This is larger, certainly, than any of Adanson's baobabs; "but," says Humboldt, on examining it narrowly, "M. Anza discovered that what excites the curiosity of travellers is not a single individual, but three united trunks." There is, however, at Chapultepec, in the same region, a third cypress, which is said to be 117 feet 10 inches round; and the younger De Candolle considers it even older than any of the baobabs of Senegambia. Michaux, who published a splendid work on the forest trees of America, says that the largest stocks of the cypress are 120 feet in height, and from 25 to 40 feet in circumference above the conical base, which, at the surface of the earth, is always three or four times as large as the continued diameter of the trunk. In the East, the cypress is the emblem of mourning, and is generally to be found overshadowing with its dark branches the spots consecrated to the dead; and it is owing to the respect which they meet with in such situations that so many gigantic and venerable specimens have been allowed to survive. Nearly allied to the cypress, and applied to the same funereal purposes, is the yew tree of our own country, which often attains to enormous dimensions. That of Hedsor, in Bucks, measures about 27 feet in diameter, and is still in full health and vigour; that of Fortingal, in Perthshire, mentioned by Pennant in 1770, was 21½ feet in diameter; those of Crowhurst, in Surrey, were more than 11 feet; and those of Fountain Abbey, in Yorkshire, well known so early as 1155, about the same dimensions. Respecting the cedar of Lebanon, Maundrell tells us that when he went into the East, a few of the old trees were then growing on the loftiest parts of the mountains. Measuring one of the largest, he found it to be 36 feet in girth, and 111 feet in the spread of its boughs. About 18 feet from the ground it divided into 5 limbs, each of which equalled in bulk an ordinary tree. The cedar, like the yew and cypress, is an evergreen, and occupies a pre-eminence over all other trees in the East in point of beauty and duration.

Belonging to the same natural order we may mention the Norfolk pine, or *kauri*, of the New Zealanders, which occasionally grows to a very large size. Mr Terry, in his recently published work on New Zealand, mentions two extraordinary individuals which he saw on the eastern coast, near Mercury Bay, and which were supposed to be the largest on the island. The available trunk of one, which was cut down and brought to England, was 150 feet in length, and 25 feet in circumference at the base; the other is still standing, and is called by the natives the Father of the kauri. "Although almost incredible, it measures 75 feet in circumference at its base! The height is unknown, for the surrounding forest is so thick, that it is impossible to obtain an accurate view of the tree. There is an arm some distance from the trunk, which measures 6 feet in diameter at its junction with the main stem." Some of our own native pines, such as those of Glenmore and Athole, have reached to a great age and size; but they are mere saplings compared with this "Father of the kauri."

The *Oak*, *Chestnut*, and *Beech*, though differing considerably in external aspect, belong to the same natural order, namely, *Corylaceæ*, or *Cupuliferæ*, so called from the cup or cupule in which the fruit is contained, as is well illustrated by the common acorn. They are excellent timber trees, generally flourishing for centuries, and growing to a large size, sometimes attaining proportions truly colossal, and outliving dynasties and kingdoms. As a complete record of celebrated oaks would require several volumes, we shall merely allude to some of the more remarkable found in Britain. The *Shire Oak*, which grew near Worksop, deserves honourable mention, in respect both of its own dignity and that of its situation. In point of grandeur, few trees equalled it. Its boughs overspread a space of 90 feet in diameter—an area capable, on mathematical calculation, of containing 235 horse. It stood on a spot where the counties of York, Nottingham, and Derby unite, and spread its shade over a portion of each. From the honourable station of thus fixing the boundaries of three large counties, it was equally respected through the domains of them all, and was known far and wide by the honourable distinction of the Shire Oak, by which appellation it was marked on all the larger maps of England. *Fairlop*, known for centuries as the monarch oak of Hainhault Forest, in Essex, has attained dimensions even still more gigantic. The tradition of the country traces it half way up the Christian era. It is still a noble tree, though it has now suffered greatly from the depredations of time. About a yard from the ground, where its rough fluted stem is 36 feet in circumference, it divides into eleven vast arms, yet not in the horizontal manner of an oak, but rather in that of a beech. Beneath its shade, which overspreads an area of 300 feet in circuit, an annual fair was held on the 2d of July, and no booth was suffered to be erected beyond the extent of its boughs. "Honours, however," says Kirkby, "are often attended with inconveniences, and Fairlop has suffered from its honourable distinctions. In the feasting that attends a fair, fires are often necessary; and no place seemed so proper to make them in as the hollow cavities formed by the heaving roots of the tree. This practice has brought speedier decay on Fairlop than it might otherwise have suffered." The next we shall mention is *Damory's Oak*, which formerly grew not far from Blandford, in Dorsetshire, and five or six centuries ago was probably in its maturity. At the ground, its circumference was 68 feet, and 17 feet above the ground its diameter was four yards. As this vast trunk decayed, it became hollow, forming a cavity which was 15 feet wide and 17 feet high, capable of holding twenty men. During the civil wars, and till after the Restoration, this cave was regularly inhabited by an old man, who sold ale in it. The tree suffered greatly during the storm of 1703, by which several of its noblest limbs were broken down; and in 1755, the remnants of the venerable trunk were sawn asunder and sold as firewood. The *Skelton Oak*, near Shrewsbury, in sight of which the famous battle betwixt Henry IV. and Hotspur was fought in 1403, is still standing, and in foliage. It is 37 feet in circumference at a foot and a half from the ground, and is otherwise proportionally large. It divides into two enormous limbs, both of which have been fractured; and the lower portion of the trunk is hollowed out into a recess capable of accommodating a dozen persons.

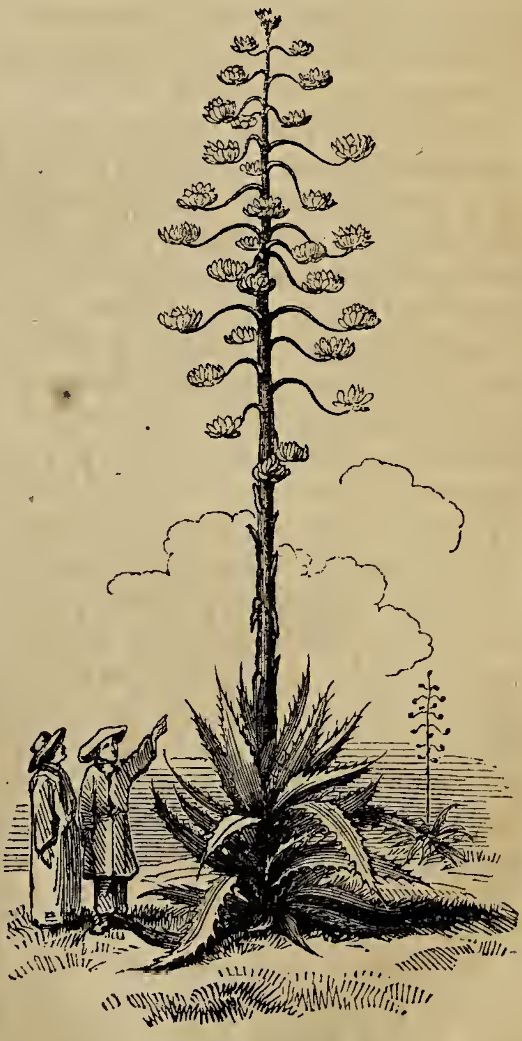
One of the noblest trees on record is a chestnut upon Mount Ætna, though it has now lost much of its original dignity. Many travellers have taken notice of this extraordinary tree. Brydone, who wrote his account in 1771, says it had then the appearance of five distinct trees, the space between which, he was assured, had once been filled with solid timber. The possibility of this he could not at first conceive; for the five trees together spread over a space of 204 feet in diameter. At length, however, by an examination, he was convinced that at one period these had been but one mighty tree; and he found that this chestnut was of such renown, that it appeared marked in an old map of Sicily, published a hundred years before; and an account of it at that period is given by Kircher, fully corroborating its dimensions. The great chestnut which stood at Finhaven, in Forfarshire, was long accounted the largest tree in Scotland. In 1744, the measures of this remarkable trunk were taken before two justices of the peace, when the circumference at half a foot from the ground was 42 feet 8½ inches. A chestnut cut down at Kinfauns Castle in 1760 was 22½ feet in girth; and there is at present a beautiful chestnut at Riccarton, in Edinburghshire, full 27 feet in circumference; its branches covering an area of 77 feet in diameter. There are also several measurements of gigantic beeches on record; but of these our space will not allow us to take even a passing glance.

GIGANTIC FLOWERS AND LEAVES.

Of the blossoms which adorn our conservatories and gardens, those of the rose, the peony, the dahlia, hollyhock, and passion-flower, are amongst the most showy and gigantic. These, however, are but mere pigmies to many that are found in other lands, where excess of light and sunshine call into existence myriads of flowers as remarkable for size as they are exuberant in colour and fragrance. The largest and most perfect yet discovered and described is that of *Victoria Regia*, belonging to the *Nympheæ*, or water-lily tribe, the leaves of which measure above 18 feet, and its flower nearly 4 feet in circumference! It was met with in British Guiana, in 1837, by Mr Robert Schomburgk, who thus speaks of his discovery:—"It was on the 1st of January this year, while contending with the difficulties of nature, opposed in different forms to our progress up the river Berbice, that we arrived at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin. Some object on the southern extremity of the basin attracted my attention. It was impossible to form any idea of what it could be; and animating the crew to increase the rate of their paddling, we were shortly afterwards opposite the object which had raised my curiosity—a vegetable wonder! All calamities were forgotten; I felt as a botanist, and felt myself rewarded. A gigantic leaf, from 5 to 6 feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting upon the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with the blossoms, and as I rowed from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire. The leaf, on its upper surface, is a bright green, in form almost orbicular, except that on one side it is slightly bent in; its diameter measured from 5 to 6 feet. Around the whole margin extended a rim from 3 to 5 inches high; on the inside light green, like the surface of the leaf; on the outside, like the leaf's lower surface, of the brightest crimson. The calyx is four-leaved, each sepal upwards of 7 inches in length and 3 inches in breadth; at the base they are white inside, reddish brown and prickly outside. The diameter of the calyx is from 12 to 13 inches; on it rests the magnificent corolla, which, when fully developed, completely covers the calyx with its hundred petals. When it first opens, it is white, with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age, and it is generally found the next day altogether of a pink colour: as if to enhance its beauty, it is sweet-scented. We met the plants frequently afterwards; and the higher we advanced, the more gigantic they became. We measured a leaf which was 6 feet 5 inches in diameter, its rim 5½ inches high, and the flower across 15 inches!"

Of more colossal dimensions than the Victoria, but inferior in organisation, is the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a native of the hot damp jungle of Sumatra. This plant grows parasitically on a kind of vine, and in structure is intermediate between the fungi and the endogens, forming one of the rhizanths, or root-flowers, which have no true stem or leaves. It was discovered in 1818 by Dr Joseph Arnold, and named after Sir Stamford Raffles, then governor of that island. The discoverer thus describes it:—"At Pulo Lebban, on the Manna river, I rejoice to tell you I met with what I consider the greatest prodigy of the vegetable world. I had ventured some way before the party, when one of the Malay servants came running to me with wonder in his eyes, and said, '*Come with me, sir, come!—a flower, very large, beautiful, wonderful!*' I went with the man about a hundred yards into the jungle, and he pointed to a flower growing close to the ground, under the bushes, which was truly astonishing. My first impulse was to cut it up, and carry it to the hut. I therefore seized the Malay's parung, and found that the flower sprung from a small root which ran horizontally (about as large as two fingers). I soon detached it. To tell you the truth, had I been alone, and had there been no witnesses, I should, I think, have been fearful of mentioning the dimensions of this flower, so much does it exceed any other I have heard of; but I had Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles with me, and Mr Palsgrave, who, though equally astonished with myself, yet are able to testify as to the truth. The whole flower was of a very succulent substance, the petals and nectary being in few places less than a quarter of an inch thick, and in some places three quarters of an inch. It measured a full yard across, the petals being 12 inches high, and a foot apart from each other. The nectarium, in the opinion of us all, would hold twelve pints, and the weight of this prodigy we calculated to be fifteen pounds."

Besides these floral Titans, of which we have given details, there are many other gigantic blossoms to whose dimensions we can merely advert. The flowers of the *Aristolochiæ*, or birthworts of tropical America, are often from 15 to 16 inches across, and are large enough to be drawn over the heads of the Indians, who make caps of them in their sports. The *Magnolia Grandiflora*, or tulip tree of the French Canadians, is not less remarkable for the size of its leaves and flowers than for its lofty stature. Its trunk is commonly straight, and not unfrequently 90 feet in height, and about 3 in diameter, having a fine pyramidal head of foliage and blossom. Its leaves are like those of the laurel, but much larger, being 8 or 9 inches in length; the flowers are white, 7 or 8 inches in diameter, and of an agreeable odour. They are larger than those of any other tree with which we are acquainted, and on detached trees are exceedingly numerous, rendering the magnolia one of the most superb productions of the vegetable kingdom. The *Agavè Americana*, which was at one time regarded as a marvel, is also remarkable for its gigantic panicle of flowers. This plant is often known by the name of the "Great American Aloe," because resembling the aloes in its leaves; but it belongs to the *Bromeliaceæ*, or pine-apple tribe, and has little in common with the aloes. The flowering of the agavè was considered to be of rare occurrence (taking place only once in a century); but this has been disproved—the plant, in good condition, producing terminal flowers in seven or ten years. When these do come forth, they present a most interesting spectacle, the stem rising from 30 to 40 feet high, and bearing hundreds of greenish-white flowers on an elegant branched spike. The panicle, or bunch of fresh flowers, is often 15 feet in height, and is in this respect without a parallel.



Agavè Americana.

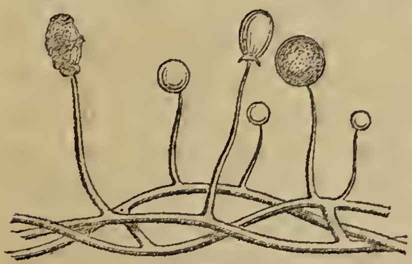
We have already alluded to several gigantic leaves, but all of them fall infinitely short of the dimensions attained by the leaves of the palm family. The largest of which we have an authentic account is that of the Talipàt palm, which grows luxuriantly among the mountains of Ceylon. Knox quaintly speaks of this tree as being "as tall as a ship's mast, and very straight, bearing only leaves, which are of great use to the inhabitants of Ceylon; one single leaf being so broad and large, that it will cover fifteen or twenty men, and keep them dry when it rains." The Rev. H. Caunter says he has seen specimens of the Talipàt 200 feet in height, the leaves of which were 11 feet in length, and 16 in breadth, and the fruit about the size of a twenty-four pound shot. While on the banks of the Calamy, his attention was particularly arrested by several rafts on the river, over which a complete canopy was thrown, formed of a single leaf of the Talipàt, that entirely covered both freight and crew!

MINUTE PLANTS.

As we have vegetables celebrated for their gigantic size, so we have others remarkable for the minuteness and delicacy of their proportions. Nature knows no limit either in the ascending or descending scale: she is as wonderful and perfect in the formation of a fungus, which the unassisted eye cannot detect, as she is in the structure of the oak and cedar, which command our veneration. With the characters of the latter the botanist has been long familiar, because their dimensions more forcibly arrest the eye of sense; to the structure of the former he is only beginning, as it were, to have access through the lenses of the microscope.

One of the most extraordinary of microscopic plants is the *Achlya prolifera*, whose soft silky threads may sometimes be seen adhering to the surface of gold-fishes, and covering them, as it were, with a whitish slime. This appearance is generally looked upon as a species of decay or consumption in the animal itself, and not as an external clothing of parasitic plants. It is, however, a true vegetable growth, each individual consisting of a single filament, with a minute pear-shaped ball on the top, containing numerous grains, which are the seeds or embryos of future plants. The green slime, which in summer gathers over the surface of stagnant water, is of the same order of vegetation; namely, *Confervæ*—an order entirely dependent upon water for their growth and propagation, and to which drought is certainly fatal. The *achlya* has been examined by Dr Unger, who describes it, when at its full growth, as consisting of transparent threads of extreme fineness, packed together as closely as the pile of velvet, and much resembling, in general appearance, certain kinds of mouldiness. When placed under the microscope—for the unassisted eye can perceive nothing of its true construction—each thread is terminated by the pear-shaped ball already alluded to, which is about 1-1200th of an inch in diameter, and consists of a single cell filled with a mucilaginous fluid, in which float the procreative granules. The contents of this cell are seen to be in constant motion from the earliest stage of their existence; but as they advance to maturity, the mucilage disappears, and then the motion of the granules becomes more rapid and violent, till ultimately they burst their way through the cell, and are transferred to the water, there to perform their circle of being, and to give birth to new races of granules. All this takes place with such amazing rapidity, that we are assured an hour or two suffices for the complete development and escape of the spores; so that we need not wonder when we are told that, once established, the *Achlya prolifera* will often complete the destruction of a healthy gold-fish in less than twelve hours.

Another of these curious parasites is the *Mucor mucedo*, which abounds in bruised fruit and other substances containing fecula or sugar. It belongs to that portion of the fungi generally known under the name of moulds, of which that on stale bread, the ergot of rye, the rust, mildew, and smut in wheat, are familiar examples. These moulds are of all shapes—simple, branched, spherical, radiating, presenting a surface like velvet, or a network of the most delicate texture; and of all hues—green, blue, yellow, and vermilion. The *Mucor mucedo* consists of a single filament, headed by a very minute ball-shaped receptacle. In the young state, this little ball is covered by a thin membrane, which bursts as the spores arrive at maturity, which then present themselves like so many dusty particles congregated round a central nucleus. Being so minute, the slightest touch or the gentlest breath of air is sufficient to scatter them in thousands; and thus the mucors increase with amazing rapidity. As they require abundant nutriment, it is only on succulent parts that they luxuriate, and for this reason they are principally injurious to fruits—the slightest injury from an insect affording them a basis for propagation.


Mucor Mucedo.

From the examples we have just given, it must not be supposed that plants of microscopic dimensions are to be found only among parasitic fungi. There are others equally minute, and still more wonderful in the aggregate, which are of independent growth, and which twine and interlace their tiny branches into a net-work as tough as the strongest felt, and extending over many yards of surface. These are the freshwater confervæ, of which the substance called "water-flannel" may be taken as a well-known example. A specimen is thus described by a correspondent of the Gardeners' Chronicle for

1843:—"A friend put into my hand the other day a yard or two of what seemed a coarse kind of flannel, gray on one side, and greenish on the other, and a full quarter of an inch in thickness. It had been thrown up by the river Trent, and washed ashore in vast sheets. Those who had seen it pronounced it a manufactured article: and so it was, but by the hand of nature. When this substance is handled, it is harsh to the touch, although composed of the finest threads. To the naked eye, it presents no character by which it may be known from any coarse and loosely-woven cloth. The microscope reveals its nature. It is then found to consist of myriads of jointed threads, whose joints are compressed alternately sideways and vertically; they are here and there transparent, but for the most part opaque and rough to the eye. The white side is more opaque than the other, and more unexaminable; but if a little muriatic acid be added to the water in which the fragments of water-flannel float, copious bubbles of air appear. These are bubbles of carbonic acid, extricated by the action of the muriatic acid on a coating of carbonate of lime, with which the plant is more or less completely invested. If, after this operation, the threads are again examined, the contents of the joints become visible: in the green parts of the flannel, they were filled with an irregular mass of green matter; in the white part with myriads of globules, intermixed with a shapeless substance. The globules are the seeds. If a little iodine is then given to the flannel, it is readily absorbed; and the contents, shapeless matter, globules, and all, become deep violet, showing that all this substance is starch. Hence it appears that the water-flannel is a microscopic plant, composed of jointed threads, secreting carbonate of lime on their surface, and forming seeds composed of starch within them. And when we consider that the joints are smaller than the eye can detect, while each contains from fifty to one hundred seeds, it may easily be conceived with what rapidity such a plant is multiplied. Besides which, as their contents consist to a great extent of starch, the most readily organisable of vegetable materials, the means of growth with which the plant is provided are far more ample than anything we know of in the higher orders of the vegetable kingdom." This vegetable swarms on stagnant pools, where it lives on the decaying matter which all waters more or less contain, and thus tends to their purification, the while that its own substance forms food for myriads of animalcules that wander over its trackless fields and endless mazes.

Here, however, we must close our record of microscopic plants, which, it will be seen, belong chiefly to the mosses, lichens, fungi, and other forms of flowerless vegetation. Zoologists tell us, when speaking of animalcules, that not a drop of stagnant water, not a speck of vegetable or animal tissue, but has its own appropriate inhabitants. The same may be remarked of plants; for we cannot point to a speck of surface, unless chilled by everlasting cold, or parched by continuous drought, that has not its own peculiar vegetation. The spores or seeds of these minute parasites are almost infinitesimally small: they are floating above and around us, unperceived by the naked eye, ready to fall and germinate wherever fitting conditions are presented. Nay, as certain changes in animal tissue are ascribed to animalcules, so have certain changes in organised substances, such as fermentation, been ascribed to vegetable growth. Yeast, according to this view, is a true vegetable, consisting of minute organised cells or spherules, which propagate with amazing rapidity so long as they find their proper nutriment in the fermenting liquid. Nor is there anything more incredible in the fact, that the little globular yeast plant should extract its nutriment from the fluid on which it floats, than that the water-flannel should extract its starch or lime from the water which it covers.

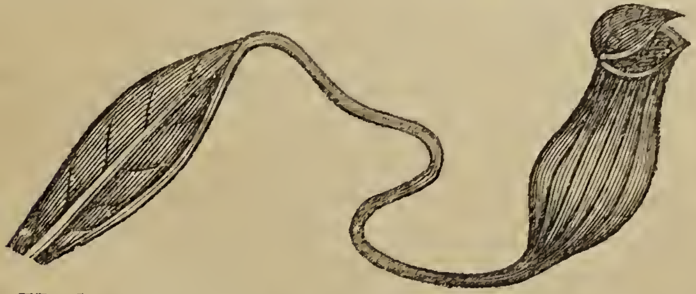
PECULIAR PLANTS.

Under this head we comprehend such plants as stand out in bold relief from the rest of the vegetable kingdom for some noted peculiarity in structure, habits, or properties. It is true that every plant has its own specific distinctions; but there are several which seem to stand apart as the curiosities of vegetation, just as the ornithorhyncus and giraffe stand isolated among animals. They have no congeners in the peculiarity that renders them remarkable.

The cow tree, or palo de vaca of South America, is one of the most interesting of this class. It is known to botanists as the *Galactodendron utile*, or useful milk tree, and belongs to the *Urticaceæ*, or nettle tribe, the herbaceous members of which have their juice thin and watery, while in the ligneous species it is milky and viscous. The cow tree is a native of the Caraccas, and grows in rocky situations at an elevation of nearly 3000 feet. It is thus described by Baron Humboldt:—"On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then to be seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children; and you might fancy you saw the family of a cowherd gathering around him, and receiving from him the produce of his kine. The milk obtained by incisions made in the trunk is glutinous, tolerably thick, free from all acridity, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the trituros or calabash tree. We drank a considerable quantity of it in the evening before going to bed, and very early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest injurious effect. The viscosity of the milk is the only thing that renders it somewhat disagreeable. The negroes and free labourers drink it, dipping into it their maize or cassava bread." Sir R. Kerr Porter describes the palo de vaca as a tree of large dimensions, mentioning that he measured one somewhat more than 20 feet in circumference at about 5 feet from the root. This colossal stem ran up to the height of 60 feet, perfectly uninterrupted by either leaf or branch, when its vast arms and minor branches, most luxuriantly clothed with foliage, spread on every side fully 25 or 30 feet from the trunk, and rose to an additional height of 40 feet, so that this stupendous tree was quite 100 feet high in all. Others were seen at a distance of still larger dimensions.

Equal in utility with the cow tree in yielding an agreeable beverage, but belonging to a very different order, is the ravanala, or traveller's tree of Madagascar. This curious plant belongs to the same tribe as the plantain and banana; namely, the *Musaceæ*, and is known to botanists by the name of *Urania speciosa*. It forms a striking feature in the scenery, as it does in the economy of its native country, and is thus described by Mr Backhouse in his recent Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa:—"Clumps of these trees, composed of several stems rising from the same root, are scattered over the country in all directions. The trunks, or, more properly, root-stocks, which are about 3 feet in circumference, sometimes attain to 30 feet in height; but whether of this elevation, or scarcely emerging above ground, they support grand crests of leaves of about 4 feet long and 1 foot wide, but often torn into comb-like shreds. The head is of a fan-like form, and the flowers, which are not striking for their beauty, are white, and produced from large horizontal green sheaths. The footstalks of the leaves, which are somewhat shorter than the leaves themselves, yield a copious supply of fresh water, very grateful to the traveller, on having their margin cut away near to the base, or forced from contact with those immediately above them, especially those about the middle of the series. The root-stock is of a soft cellular substance, and the fruit, which resembles a small banana, is dry, and not edible. This remarkable vegetable production is said to grow in the most arid countries, and thus to be provided for the refreshment of man in a dry and thirsty land. Probably the water may originate in the condensation of dew, and be collected and retained by the peculiar structure of the leaf: it has a slight taste of the tree, but is not disagreeable."

The *Pitcher-Plant*, or *Nepenthes distillatoria*, is another of those fluid-containing plants whose structure and adaptation strike us with wonder and admiration. It is the type of the recently-established order *Nepenthaceæ*, and is commonly met with in Ceylon and other islands of the East, where it is known by the appropriate name of pitcher-plant, on account of the singular flagon-shaped appendage which holds the water. "Being the inhabitant of a tropical climate," says Barrow in his Cochin-China, "and found on the most dry and stony situations, nature has furnished it with the means of an ample supply of moisture, without which it would have withered and perished. To the foot-stalk of each leaf, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistency and colour as the leaf in the early stage of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt round with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and moveable on a kind of hinge or strong fibre, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fibre, the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is showery or dew falls, which would appear to be just the contrary of what usually happens in nature, though the contraction probably is occasioned by the hot dry atmosphere; and the expansion of the fibre does not take place till the moisture has fallen and saturated the pitcher. When this is the case, the cover falls down, and it closes so firmly, as to prevent any evaporation taking place. The water, when gradually absorbed through the handle into the foot-stalk of the leaf, gives vigour to the leaf itself, and sustenance to the plant As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open, to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open." The accompanying figure represents a leaf of the nepenthes, with its curious appendage and fittings, than the structure of which nothing could be more thoroughly adapted for accomplishing the end in view.



Under this head may be mentioned the shea, or butter tree, from the kernel of which the Africans extract a fatty substance that is whiter, finer, and equal in flavour to the best butter made from cow's milk, with this advantage, that it will keep without salt for many months; the tallow tree, or candleberry myrtle, the nut of which yields a waxy substance used in the manufacture of candle in America; the India-rubber tree, from the thickened juice of which caoutchouc is obtained; the bread-fruit; and many others; but as these have been noticed in various popular works, and as our space is limited, we pass on to the curious phenomena of•

HEAT AND LUMINOSITY IN PLANTS.

We are aware that warm-blooded animals have the power of keeping up a certain temperature within them, which varies at certain stages of their growth, and perhaps periodically. This result is obtained by respiration—the oxygen of the atmosphere uniting with the carbon of their blood, and producing a species of combustion. The more fresh air we breathe, the greater the heat of our bodies, so long as we take proper food to afford the carbon. A similar though less understood phenomenon seems to take place in the respiration of plants. Heat is always disengaged when gaseous products are liberated; and as vegetables respire, however slowly, a certain degree of heat must be produced during that process. In germination, heat is sensibly evolved: a piece of ice placed on a growing leaf-bud dissolves, when it would remain unchanged in the open air; and experiment has proved that the surface of growing plants is three or four degrees higher than the surrounding medium. Again, the internal temperature of a large trunk is always higher than the surrounding atmosphere; and though young shoots are sometimes frozen through, the general structure of the wood and bark is such as to conduct heat so slowly, that the internal warmth is never reduced beyond what seems necessary to vitality. During germination, this heat is most perceptible; and though it be rapidly dissipated by the extent of surface exposed to the air, 110 degrees have been noted during malting, and 87 in the flower of a geranium, when the atmosphere was only at 81.

The luminosity of plants—that is, the evolution of light either from living or dead vegetable structure—is a still more curious phenomenon. Flowers of an orange colour, as the marigold and nasturtium, occasionally present a luminous appearance on still warm evenings; this light being either in the form of slight electric sparks, or steadier, like the phosphorescence of the glow-worm. Thus the tube-rose has been observed in sultry evenings, after thunder, when the air was highly charged with electric fluid, to dart small scintillations of lurid flame in great abundance from such of its flowers as are fading. Sometimes the leaves emit the light, as appears by the following record:—"In the garden of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, on the evening of Friday, Sept. 4, 1835, during a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain, the leaves of the flower called *Œnothera macrocarpa*, a bed of which is in the garden immediately opposite the windows of the manuscript library, were observed to be brilliantly illuminated by phosphoric light. During the intervals of the flashes of lightning the night was exceedingly dark, and nothing else could be distinguished in the gloom except the bright light upon the leaves of these flowers. The luminous appearance continued uninterruptedly for a considerable length of time, but did not appear to resemble any electric effect." Certain fungi which grow in warm and moist situations produce a similar phosphorescence; and decaying vegetables, like dead animal matter, have been observed to emit the same kind of luminosity. From these examples, it would appear that the light was sometimes due to electricity, and sometimes to a true phosphorescence, like that of the glow-worm. Luminosity may, however, be produced by actual combustion of the volatile oils, which are continually flying off from certain plants: those of the *Dictamnus albus* will inflame upon the application of a match, so that the bush may thus be enveloped in flames, and yet not be consumed.

MOTION AND SENSATION IN PLANTS.

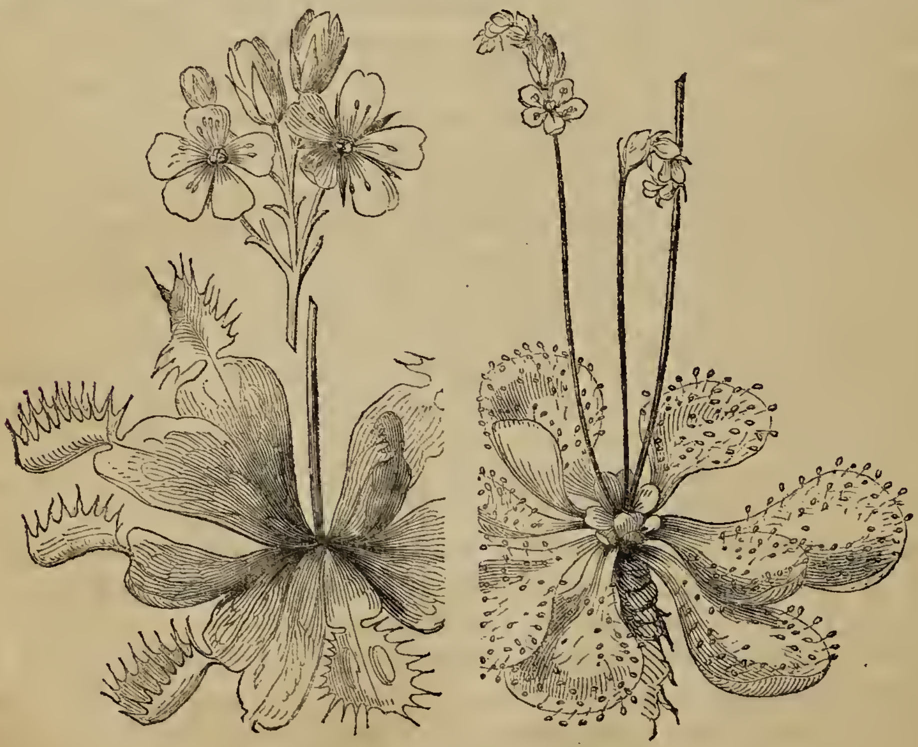
There is no difficulty in understanding what is meant by motion and sensation in animals; they move by muscular contractions and expansions, and feel through their nervous structure. When, however, we speak of motion and sensation in plants, the phenomena assume a more puzzling aspect. Vegetables have, no doubt, woody fibres, sap vessels, spiral vessels, &c.; but then these have no affinity to the veins or muscles of animals. They may serve the same purposes in their economy, but it would be transgressing all rules of sound science to establish an identity between the two sets of organs; to call, for example, these vessels the *nerves* of plants, and to ascribe to them the faculty of sensation, when there is nothing beyond the faintest analogy between their structures. Although plants may not feel, however, as the higher animals do, which have a regular nervous structure and a brain, yet they may possess an irritability analogous to, or even identical with, that possessed by polyps and sponges. Polyps have no discernible nervous structure, yet they seem to feel, to contract, and expand at will; and so may the vitality of plants depend upon the existence of an irritability, if not similar, at least analogous. It is a beautiful and exalting idea, certainly, to believe in the sensation and enjoyment of vegetable life; to people the fields and forests with structures rejoicing in the light and sunshine of summer, exulting in the reproduction of their kind, and becoming dormant during the rigours of winter; to feel and declare with the poet—

> "And 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes."

Science, however, is more rigid and cautious than poetical fancy; and, in the present state of our knowledge, little more can be done than merely to describe the phenomena.

The principal phenomena of vegetable irritability may be divided into three kinds—those caused by atmospheric influence, those depending upon the touch of other bodies, and those which appear to be perfectly spontaneous. Atmospheric influence occasions the closing of the leaves over the part of the tender-growing shoot at night, as may be observed in the chickweed and other common plants, which are then said *to sleep*. The folding of some flowers in the absence of the sun, and the opening of others as soon as that luminary has withdrawn its beams, are ascribable to a similar cause. The white marigold closes its flowers on the approach of rain, and the dwarf celandrina folds up its bright crimson corolla about four o'clock every afternoon. The evening primrose, on the contrary, will not open its large flowers till the sun has sunk below the horizon; and the night-blowing cereus only expands its magnificent blossoms about midnight. Some flowers are so regular in their hours of opening and shutting, that Linnæus formed what he called *Flora's Time-piece*, in which each hour was represented by the flower which opened or closed at that particular time.

The irritability produced by external touch is a familiar, but little understood phenomenon. The movements of the sensitive plant are well known; and it is also known that if the ripe seed-vessels of the noli-me-tangere be touched in the slightest manner, they will open with elasticity, and scatter their contents. The reservoirs which contain the milky juice of the wild lettuce are so remarkably irritable, that the gentlest touch is sufficient to cause it to be ejected from them with considerable force. When this plant is about to flower, if an insect happens to crawl over the surface of the stalk anywhere near to its summit, a jet of viscous milk is propelled, which, if it happens to strike the tiny intruder, glues him to the spot. In the same manner the fruit of the squirting cucumber throws out its seeds and the moist pulp in which they are contained with great violence, and to a considerable distance. The stamens of the barberry, when touched with a pin, spring forward, and appear to



Venus's Fly-trap, and Sun-dew.

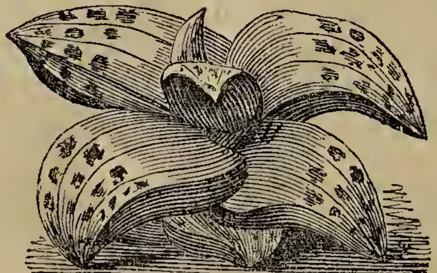
make a bow to the stigma, after which they return to their proper position. The most remarkable instance of irritability by contact is that exhibited by Venus's fly-trap, *Dionæa muscipula*, a native of Canada, and nearly allied to the common sun-dew of the British commons. Its flowers have nothing remarkable about them, except that their petals roll up when they are about to decay; but the leaves are very curiously constructed. They have broad leaf-like petioles, at whose extremity are two fleshy lobes, which form the real leaf, and which are armed with strong sharp spines, three on the blade of each lobe, and a fringe of longer spines round the margin, as is shown in the preceding figure. When an insect touches the base of the central spines, the leaf collapses, and the poor insect is caught, being either impaled by the central spines, or entrapped by the others. The leaf then remains closed, the fringe of long spines being firmly interlaced and locked together, till the body of the insect has wasted away. This apparatus being the nearest approach to a stomach which has been yet observed in plants, an experiment was tried some years ago of feeding a dionæa with very small particles of raw meat, when it was found that the leaves closed in the same way as they would have done over an insect and did not open again till the meat was consumed.

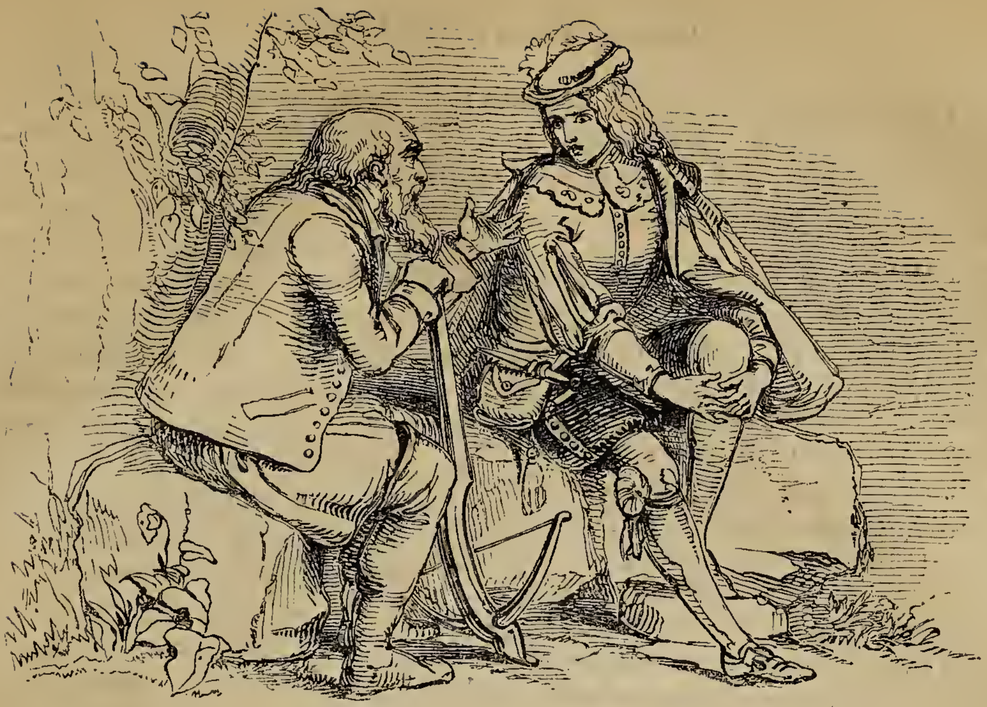
The spontaneous movements of plants are much more difficult to be accounted for than those occasioned by atmospheric influence, or by external touch. We can fancy light and heat contracting or dilating the vessels, and thus occasioning flowers to open or shut, and leaves to fold or unfold; but plants have some movements for which there is apparently no external cause. In the *Hedysàrum gyrans*, for example, which has compound leaves, the terminal leaflet of which never moves except to fold itself close down to its own stalk; but the side leaflets have such eccentric movements, as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to explain them, and which might appear, indeed, to a fanciful mind as though the whole plant were actuated by a feeling of caprice. Generally, all the leaflets twist and whirl themselves about in an extraordinary manner, though the air of the house in which they grow is perfectly still; but frequently the leaflets on only one side will be affected, and sometimes only a single leaflet will move, or all will become motionless together; and when this is the case, it is quite in vain to attempt to set them again in motion by touching them; though sometimes in a moment, as if from the pure love of mischief, after the touching has ceased, the leaflets will begin to move again as rapidly as before. In the like manner the side leaflets frequently continue their eccentric movements all night, while the terminal leaflet remains quietly folded up, and apparently fast asleep. M. Dutrochet ascribes all these movements to an interior and vital excitation; indeed *life* appears to be intimately connected with irritability, as the latter quality exists only in plants in a vigorous condition.

The vitality of plants may be destroyed by giving them deleterious or poisonous substances. These facts have been established principally by the experiments of Marcet and Macaire. Common kidney beans which had been watered with a decoction of arsenic faded in the course of a few hours; they then began to turn yellow, and on the third day were dead. A lilac was also killed by having arsenic introduced into a slit in one of its branches. Mercury, under the form of corrosive sublimate, produced the same effects as arsenic; but when used as quicksilver, no results were observed. Vegetable poisons have been proved to be equally injurious to other plants as mineral ones; a solution of nux vomica killed some kidney beans in the course of a few hours. Prussic acid had the same effect in the course of a day, and deadly nightshade in about four days; while spirits of wine killed the plant to which it was administered in a few hours. These experiments also tend to confirm the idea of sensation in vegetables; in other words, that plants have life more closely analogous to that of animals than most people suppose; that however different their feelings may be from that of ours, that they are at least endowed with sensation; and that the belief in their enjoyment of the air and sunshine may be something more than a mere poetical fancy.

Such is a rapid glance at the more prominent points of a subject which would require as many volumes for its full explanation as we have devoted pages. Our descriptions, imperfect as they are, may serve, however, the useful purpose of directing the attention of many to an unexhaustible field of inquiry, and of the purest and most delightful recreation. The study of nature is open to every one, whatever his means or circumstances. The objects of pursuit are above, beneath, and around us; they are ever fresh and enticing; and we feel that we are as far from having exhausted their wonders to-day as we were twenty years ago.

"Not a plant, a leaf, a flower, but contains
A folio volume. We may read, and read,
And read again, and still find something new—
Something to please, something to instruct,
Even in the noisome weed."





THE ANCIENT MARINER, AND OTHER POEMS,

BY COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

An ancient Mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding feast, and detaineth one.

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she:
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear!
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship driven by a storm towards the South Pole.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts, and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head;
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound.

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

Till a great sea-bird called the albatross came through th snow-fog, and wa received with great joy and hospitality.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And, lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em wo;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!

His shipmates cry out against the ancient Mariner for killing the bird of good luck.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward even till it reaches the line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink:
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the albatross begins to be avenged.

The very deep did rot: Alas!
That ever this should be;
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root:
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird around his neck.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

At the nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy,

See! see! I cried, she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal,
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows; for can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun—the spectre woman and her death-mate, and no other, on board the skeleton ship.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy;
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks men's blood with cold.

Like vessel, like crew.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death, and Life-in-Death, have diced for the ship's crew; she, the latter, winneth the ancient Mariner.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight within the courts of the sun.

We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after another,

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates drop down dead;

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or wo!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

But Life-in-Death begins her work on the ancient Mariner.

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,*
As is the ribbed sea-sand!

The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown."
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not down.

But the ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on: and so did I.

He despiseth the creatures of the calm,

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away:
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

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* For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.—*Author.*

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward, and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmëd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm;

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth them in his heart.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sunk
Like lead into the sea.

The spell begins to break.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the Holy Mother the ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
And when I woke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth sounds, and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the elements.

And soon I heard a roaring wind;
It did not come a-near;
But with its sound it shook the sails
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life,
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen these dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said naught to me.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
Be calm, thou wedding-guest,
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailèd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome Spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

The sun right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong, and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

"Is it he?" quoth one; "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross!
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

First Voice.

But tell me, tell me, speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance, for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life can endure.

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind!

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high,
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is finally expiated;

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship—
Yet she sailëd softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

Oh, dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God,
Or let me sleep alway!

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn;
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weathercock.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Alas! what saw I there?

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood,
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood!

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight;
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sunk
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice;
It is the hermit good;
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood;
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The hermit of the wood

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump;
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk—
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?"

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith," the hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks look warped; and see these sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along:
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feared." "Push on, push on!"
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship suddenly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient Mariner is saved in the pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro:
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see
The devil knows how to row!"

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient Mariner earnestly intreateth the hermit to shrieve him, and the penance of life falls on him:

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit crossed his brow;
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass like night from land to land:
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

And ever and anon throughout his future life an agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of LOVE,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

NOTE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a native of Devonshire, being born on the 20th of October 1772, at Ottery St Mary, of which his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's hospital, London, and distinguished himself as a scholar. Being of an imaginative and irregular turn of mind, he was ill adapted to the ordinary struggles of life, and in youth encountered various misfortunes. About the beginning of the present century, he became acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth; and at Stowey, near the residence of the latter, he wrote his Ancient Mariner, and various other pieces; in which may be seen the richness of his imagination and depth of his poetical and metaphysical temperament. The versification of the Ancient Mariner is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural; yet the poem is full of vivid and original sentiment, and it possesses touches of exquisite tenderness. "There is nothing else like it," says a critic, "it is a poem by itself; between it and other compositions there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself." This lamented poet died at Highgate in 1834. In the present tract, we offer a few of his earliest pieces, trusting to make them favourably known in quarters from which, by their price, they have hitherto been excluded. May every reader be able to say with the author—"Poetry has been to me an exceeding great reward; it has soothed my affliction; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

[FROM THE UNFINISHED POEM OF CHRISTABEL.]

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
  And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
  Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
  And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
  But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
  A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
  Shall wholly do away, I ween,
  The marks of that which once hath been.

PICTURE OF A DUNGEON.

[FROM THE TRAGEDY OF REMORSE.]

And this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
They break on him like a loathsome plague-spot!
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks—
And this is their best cure! uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies
'Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity!
With other ministrations, thou, O Nature,

Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters;
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

THE SIGH.

When Youth his fairy reign began,
Ere Sorrow had proclaimed me man;
While Peace the present hour beguiled,
And all the lovely prospect smiled;
Then, Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee,
I heaved the painless sigh for thee.

And when as tossed on waves of wo,
My harassed heart was doomed to know
The frantic burst, the outrage keen,
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;
Then shipwrecked on life's stormy sea,
I heaved an anguished sigh for thee.

But soon Reflection's power impressed
A stiller sadness on my breast;
And sickly Hope, with waning eye,
Was well content to droop and die:
I yielded to the stern decree,
Yet heaved a languid sigh for thee!

And though in distant climes to roam,
A wanderer from my native home,
I fain would soothe the sense of care,
And lull to sleep the joys that were;
Thy image may not banished be—
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee.

WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

THE TIME, AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O thou wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds explore;
Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight,
Bathed in rich amber-glowing floods of light;

Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
With western peasants hail the morning ray;
Ah! rather bid the perished pleasures move,
A shadowy train, across the soul of love.
O'er disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower, that wreathed the dewy locks of Spring,
When blushing like a bride, from hope's trim bower
She leaped, awakened by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking sun a deeper gleam;
Aid, lovely sorceress, aid thy poet's dream
With fairy wand; oh, bid the maid arise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
As erst when from the Muse's calm abode
I came, with learning's meed not unbestowed:
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.
Oh, dear deceit! I see the maiden rise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
When first the lark high-soaring, swells his throat,
Mocks the tired eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustomed lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleams of dawn;
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew weeps,
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance, soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moonbeams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone-whispering pity in each soothing note.

Spirits of love! ye heard her name! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair;
Whether on clustering pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment, around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
Oh, heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!
Spirits, to you the infant maid was given,
Formed by the wondrous alchemy of heaven.
No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,
No fairer maid e'er heaved the bosom's snow.
A thousand loves around her forehead fly;
A thousand loves sit melting in her eye;
Love lights her smile—in Joy's bright nectar dips
The flamy rose, and plants it on her lips!

Tender, serene, and all devoid of guile,
Soft is her soul, as sleeping infant's smile:
She speaks! and hark that passion-warbled song—
Still, fancy still, those mazy notes prolong.
Sweet as the angelic harps, whose rapturous falls
Awake the softened echoes of heaven's halls.
Oh (have I sighed) were mine the wizard's rod,
Or mine the power of Proteus, changeful god,
A flower-entangled arbour I would seem,
To shield my love from noontide's sultry beam;
Or bloom a myrtle, from whose odorous boughs
My love might weave gay garlands for her brows.
When twilight stole across the fading vale,
To fan my love, I'd be the evening gale:
Mourn in the soft folds of her swelling vest,
And flutter my faint pinions on her breast.
On seraph wing I'd float a dream by night,
To soothe my love with shadows of delight;
Or soar aloft, to be the spangled skies,
And gaze upon her with a thousand eyes.

As when the savage, who his drowsy frame
Had basked beneath the sun's unclouded flame,
Awakes amid the troubles of the air,
The skiey deluge, and white lightning's glare—
Aghast he scours before the tempest's sweep,
And sad recalls the sunny hour of sleep:
So tossed by storms along life's wildering way,
Mine eye reverted, views that cloudless day,
When by my native brook I wont to rove,
While hope with kisses nursed the infant love.
Dear native brook! like peace, so placidly
Smoothing through fertile fields thy current meek!
Dear native brook! where first young Poesy
Stared wildly eager in her noontide dream,
Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
As water-lilies ripple a slow stream.
Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay;
Where Friendship's fixed star sheds a mellowed ray;
Where Love a crown of thornless roses wears;
Where softened Sorrow smiles within her tears;
And Memory, with a vestal's chaste employ,
Unceasing feeds the lambent flame of joy—
No more your skylarks, melting from the sight,
Shall thrill the attuned heart-string with delight;
No more shall deck your pensive pleasures sweet
With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
Yet dear to fancy's eye your varied scene
Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between;

Yet sweet to fancy's ear the warbled song,
That soars on morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my hope! the aching eye ye leave
Like yon bright hues that paint the clouds of eve.
Tearful and saddening with the saddened blaze,
Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze;
Sees shades on shades with deeper tint impend,
Till, chill and damp, the moonless night descend.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR [1795].

I.

Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long when I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind;
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song, and solemnised his flight.

II.

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish;
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!

Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard thy spell;
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

III.

I marked Ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailëd monarch's troubles cry—
"Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay!
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?"
Fly, mailëd monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffined slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled—
(Foul her life, and dark her doom)
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

IV.

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an unimaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude,
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choirëd gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

V.

Throughout the blissful throng
Hushed were harp and song:
Till wheeling round the throne the Lampads seven
(The mystic words of Heaven)
Permissive signal make:
The fervent Spirit bowed, then spread his wings and spake:
"Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated Light,
By the Earth's unsolaced groaning,
Seize thy terrors, Arm of might!
By Peace with proffered insult scared,
Maskëd Hate and envying Scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn!
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf Synod, 'full of gifts and lies!'
By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!
For ever shall the thankless island scowl,
Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow?
Speak! from thy storm-black heaven, O speak aloud!
And on the darkling foe
Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud!
O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow!
The past to thee, to thee the future cries!
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature! rise."

VI.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled;
Yet still I gasped and reeled with dread.
And ever, when the dream of night
Renews the phantom to my sight,
Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs;
My ears throb hot; my eyeballs start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;
Wild is the tempest of my heart;
And my thick and struggling breath
Imitates the toil of death!
No stranger agony confounds
The soldier on the war-field spread,
When all foredone with toil and wounds,
Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead!

(The strife is o'er, the daylight fled,
And the night-wind clamours hoarse!
See! the starting wretch's head
Lies pillowed on a brother's corse!)

VII.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks);
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safety to his island-child!
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

VIII.

Abandoned of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide,
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride—
'Mid thy herds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood,
And joined the wild yelling of Famine and Blood!
The nations curse thee! They with eager wondering
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction! who with many a dream
Of central fires through nether seas upthundering,
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet as she lies
By livid fount or red volcanic stream,
If ever to her lidless dragon-eyes,
O Albion! thy predestined ruins rise,
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Muttering distempered triumph in her charmëd sleep.

IX.

Away, my soul, away!
In vain, in vain the birds of warning sing—
And hark! I hear the famished brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind!
Away, my soul, away!
I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer and daily toil
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,

Have wailed my country with a loud lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the deep sabbath of meek self-content;
Cleansed from the vaporous passions that bedim
God's image, sister of the seraphim.

LINES

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY 1796. WRITTEN NEAR SHEFFIELD.

Sweet flower! that peeping from thy russet stem,
Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort
This dark, freeze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month,
Hath borrowed zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee
With "blue voluptuous eye"); alas, poor flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless year.
Perchance escaped its unknown polar cave,
Even now the keen north-east is on its way.
Flower, that must perish! shall I liken thee
To some sweet girl of too, too rapid growth,
Nipped by consumption 'mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristowa's bard,* the wondrous boy?
An amaranth, which earth scarce seemed to own,
Blooming 'mid poverty's drear wintry waste,
Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong
Beat it to earth? Or, with indignant grief,
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,
Bright flower of hope killed in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet blossom! Better fate be thine,
And mock my boding! Dim similitudes
Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour
From black anxiety that gnaws my heart
For her who droops far off on a sick-bed:
And the warm wooings of this sunny day
Tremble along my frame, and harmonise
The attempered brain, that even the saddest thoughts
Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.

A mount, not wearisome and bare and steep,
But a green mountain variously up-piled,
Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
Or coloured lichens with slow oozing weep;

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* Chatterton.

Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;
And, 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash,
Dance brightened the red clusters of the ash;
Beneath whose boughs, by stillest sounds beguiled,
Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep;
Till haply startled by some fleecy dam,
That, rustling on the bushy cliff above,
With melancholy bleat of anxious love
Made meek inquiry for her wandering lamb:
Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
E'en while the bosom ached with loneliness—
How heavenly sweet, if some dear friend should bless
The adventurous toil, and up the path sublime
Now lead, now follow; the glad landscape round,
Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy to mark
The berries of the half-uprooted ash
Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash—
Beneath the cypress or the yew more dark,
Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
In social silence now, and now to unlock
The treasured heart; arm linked in friendly arm,
Save if the one, his Muse's witching charm,
Muttering brow-bent, at unwatched distance lag;
Till high o'erhead his beckoning friend appears,
And from the forehead of the topmost crag
Shouts eagerly: for haply *there* uprears
That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
Which latest shall detain the enamoured sight
Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
Tinged yellow with the rich departing light;
And haply, basined in some unsunned cleft,
A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
Sleeps sheltered there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
Stretched on the crag, and shadowed by the pine,
And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
Ah, dearest Charles! it were a lot divine
To cheat our noons in moralising mood,
While west winds fanned our temples toil-bedewed:
Then downwards slope, oft-pausing, from the mount,
To some low mansion in some woody dale,
Where, smiling with blue eye, Domestic Bliss
Gives *this* the husband's, *that* the brother's kiss!

Thus rudely versed in allegoric lore,
The hill of knowledge I essayed to trace;
That verdurous hill, with many a resting-place,
And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour

To glad and fertilise the subject plains;
That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
And many a fancy-blest and holy sod,
Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
Low-murmuring, lay; and, starting from the rocks,
Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
And mad oppression's thunder-clasping rage!
O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,
Cheering and cheered, this lovely hill sublime;
And from the stirring world uplifted high
(Whose noises faintly wafted on the wind,
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy theme supply),
There while the prospect through the gazing eye
Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at fame,
Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,
As neighbouring fountains image, each the whole.

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

The stream with languid murmur creeps
  In Lumin's flowery vale:
Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
  Slow waving to the gale.*

"Cease, restless gale," it seems to say,
  "Nor wake me with thy sighing;
The honours of my vernal day
  On rapid wing are flying.

To-morrow shall the traveller come
  Who late beheld me blooming:
His searching eye shall vainly roam
  The dreary vale of Lumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek,
  My wonted haunts along,
Thus, faithful maiden! thou shalt seek
  The youth of simplest song.

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* The flower hangs its head, waving at times to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, oh gale! it seems to say. I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field; they will not find me. So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field.—BERRATHON. See Ossian's Poems, vol. ii.

But I along the breeze shall roll
The voice of feeble power,
And dwell the moonbeam of thy soul,
In slumber's nightly hour.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found?
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptered state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.
In a cottaged vale she dwells,
Listening to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears;
And, conscious of the past employ,
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

SONNET

TO A FRIEND, WHO ASKED HOW I FELT WHEN THE NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

Charles! my slow heart was only sad when first
I scanned that face of feeble infancy;
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst
All I had been, and all my babe might be!
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,
And hanging at her bosom (she the while
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile),
Then I was thrilled and melted, and, most warm,
Impressed a father's kiss; and all beguiled
Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear,
I seemed to see an angel's form appear—
'Twas even thine, beloved woman, mild!
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child.

LINES

TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

Once more, sweet stream! with slow foot wandering near,
I bless thy milky waters cold and clear,
Escaped the flashing of the noontide hours;
With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers

(Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
For not through pathless grove, with murmur rude,
Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude;
Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
The Hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
Pride of the vale! thy useful streams supply
The scattered cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
The elfin tribe around thy friendly banks
With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
Released from school, their little hearts at rest,
Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
The rustic here at eve, with pensive look,
Whistling lorn ditties, leans upon his crook;
Or starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread
To list the much-loved maid's accustomed tread:
She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
Loiters, the long-filled pitcher in her hand.
Unboastful stream! thy fount, with pebbled falls,
The faded form of past delight recalls,
What time the morning sun of Hope arose,
And all was joy, save when another's woes
A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
Like passing clouds impictured on thy breast.
Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
Or silvery stole beneath the pensive moon:
Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!